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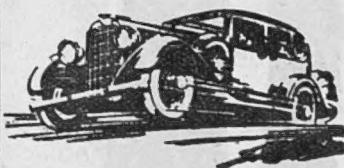
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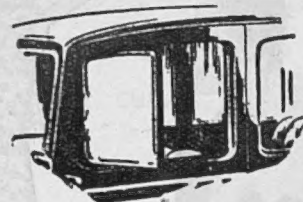
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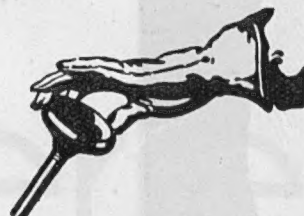
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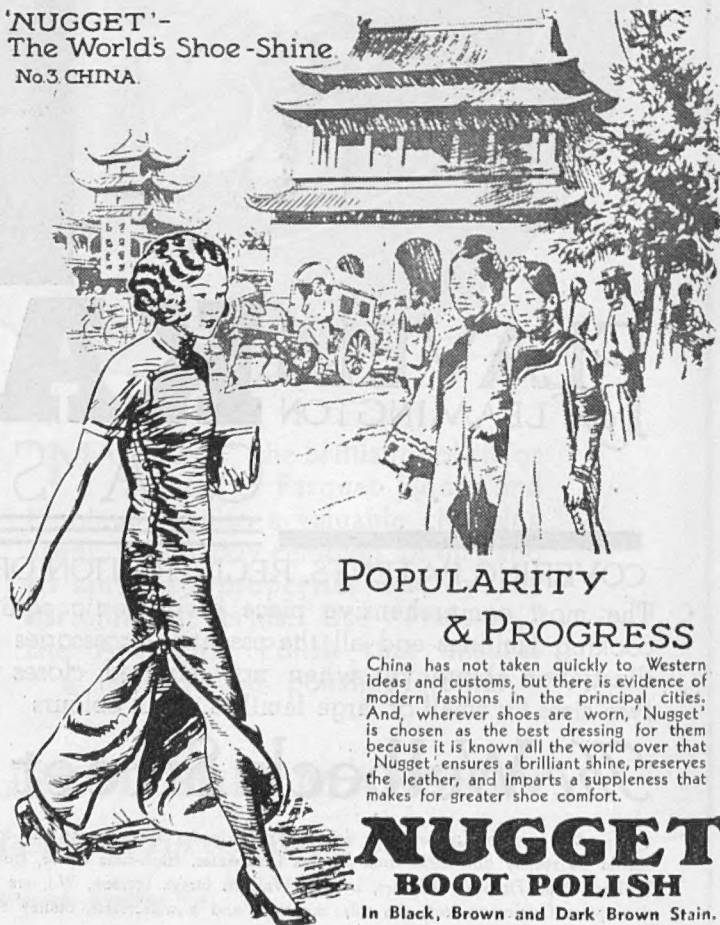
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by Debenhams



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Well-cut Ensemble (left). The sleeveless dress has deep inverted pleats in the skirt. The Cardigan Coat to match is attractively finished with crossway material for trimming. In several colours. Sizes

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Keep your kitchen bright and spotless with a good supply of these durable linen towels. Each 2/11, 3/3, 3/9

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This hat has a very graceful line and can be supplied in all sizes, with edges and trimming of various shades, also in natural cream, or nigger brown.

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UNA (above)

A smart Gown in organdie printed in a charming flower design in pink and blue on a cream ground. For Garden Parties, Weddings, and Evening Functions, this gown is a delightful choice for the very young. Also in black and pale blue grounds. **65/-**
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MARIAND (on left)

A charming Evening Gown in stiffened lace over heavy silk crepe, ideal for formal Garden Parties and evening wear. Colours: Salmon, Blue, Green, Red, Black and White. **65/-**
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HAT (top left)

A delightful Hat in fine woven straw with a becoming tilt to the brim. Trimmed with cre ribbon and a posy in front. **52/6**

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Fifty Years Ago...

Dramatic Flashbacks
on the
Screen of History

No. 5

The Craze for Exhibitions

IN this year of grace 1934 a Health Exhibition would produce no thrill of novelty or adventure in our bosoms, but it was different about half a century ago, when the Fisheries Exhibition, the first of a famous series housed in South Kensington, achieved such popularity that another followed as a matter of course.

This was the Health Exhibition opened in May, 1884, by the Duke of Cambridge who, for once, appeared at a public ceremonial without his famous umbrella. With misplaced ingenuity, it was called the "Healtheries," and was followed in its turn by the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, which suffered an even worse word-twisting fate by being nicknamed the "Colinderies."

The promoters may be commended for bringing the question of health prominently before the public at a time when it was not considered of the importance it is to-day, but this Health Exhibition had to be run on popular lines to attract patronage; and many of the exhibits had little or nothing to do with the title. A large part of the decoration was devoted to a reproduction of Old London, than which nothing more unhealthy can be imagined. Machinery in motion—another of the attractions—appeared as far removed from health as the exhibit of dresses beneath which barbarous stays wedged women's bodies into the fashionable shape. Still less connected with bodily welfare was the display of military uniforms which, surely, were more in key with the science of slaughter than the habitat of health!

Nevertheless some of the exhibits lived up to the title. Models of sanitary houses may well have given pause even to the wealthy who felt it no disgrace to occupy premises where sanitation was considered of secondary importance; a working laundry suggested that cleanliness was next to godliness; safety appliances in workshops may have made manufacturers ponder upon duty to their own workpeople, while a school of cookery doubtless suggested new ideas to the housewife.

The most popular of all the exhibits was that of foods of various sorts, and stallholders were so lavish with their samples that a satisfying meal was obtainable by taking what was offered in a walk round the building. For the more haughty a shilling dinner was provided, well cooked and solid enough to satisfy all but the gourmet.

But though the exhibition was patronised mainly for the sake of amusement, and was most crowded on a fine summer's evening when paterfamilias and his wife and children sat in the gardens listening to the band and watching the illuminated fountains, yet it did something to stir the conscience of the nation to better things.

There were a series of conferences at the Albert Hall, where the inspection of all properties let out in single rooms was advocated; public bodies were encouraged to erect artisan dwellings; attention was called to the necessity for purging vestries of members interested financially in house abuses, and it may also be that these conferences did something to assist the birth of the London County Council four years later, when it took the place of the notoriously inefficient Metropolitan Board of Works, which died unwept, unhonoured and unsung.



"V.C.'s"

PATRICIA CAVENDISH, actress, who 'decided' that the slump was the time to strike out and—struck: for she started a highly successful Boxing School for Women in addition to her stage work



HERE is a portrait of "Live Wire Amy"—Mrs. Crossley—taken some 14 years back when her son was born and just at the time she decided to "go into business" with such amazing results

of the Great Slump

HERE are some "stills" from that amazing "film" of the dreadful war that followed the Peace of 1918—the war of attrition from which are just emerging—the Great Peace and the Greater Depression. Pictures, intimate interviews that make fine showing—of men and women who took their commercial lives in their hands while the rest drew back, scared—ordinary people who built or maintained businesses and—confidence.

Here is a selection of them—interviewed briefly and almost telegraphically: nearly always under protest because time is precious. The two young men, apparently mad, who bought a cabbage patch and made the aeroplanes of Britain and the Continent land there; one amazingly dynamic woman who has, during the post-war years, exchanged a small cottage in Cheshire for twelve furniture shops, two cafés, one cinema and the habit of success; two silent and retiring brothers who made Younger Britain roadhouse-minded; one brilliant woman who painted rainy days bright all over the world; two girls, handicapped (so they realise) by good looks, who persuaded the commercial air world that women can run an air taxi firm; a young man who dared to de-bunk modern furniture and then to face-lift the homes of Mayfair; an accountant who started the most successful small theatre of recent years by working all night in a Hampstead cellar; and an ex-office boy who card-indexed the film world, as well as an ex-master mariner, a woman, who kept the home fires burning for a concert party in a Kensington basement...

These and others, all V.C.'s of the Great Slump, who took a chance bravely—and brought it off!



MR. DENMAN, the man who told me the story of "Two Madmen and a Cabbage Patch" he is the third partner of Airwork, Ltd., and helped his two friends to create Heston Airport
(Right) **NIGEL NORMAN**, a young man who had a conviction and the courage of it!

First, and perhaps the most astounding of them all, Amy Crossley, "Live Wire Amy" of Manchester, whose business life spans the most deadly years in our commercial history and shows nothing but success. Mrs. Amy Crossley—interviewed on the telephone to the sombre chorus of "another thrrrrree minutes," on the day—casually remarked, "I've just opened two more furniture shops."

Her story puts all Slump Funks to shame: it began not long after the war when a Mrs Crossley lay in bed, in her 5s. 6d. a week cottage in Cheshire, contemplating her newly born son, Alan.

"I've got something to work for, nurse," said this most amazing young mother. "I must go into business."

"You've got all the 'business' you'll need to look after your baby," that nurse



is alleged to have replied (and reasonably), but "Live Wire Amy," temporarily laid by the heels, thought differently; and so did her immediate entourage when a few days later, in reply to an advertisement from the Crossley cottage, two people called: one to buy the piano for £20 and another Mrs. Crossley's fur coat for £4.

It was from this capital that the sixteen furniture showrooms in one shop, twelve shops in all, and other details, materialised . . . for, once well enough, Mrs. Crossley "et fils" started forth with a bright new pram, a new smart suit for mother—up the smart street of the village buying old clothes: to return to the less smart streets, selling them. Live Wire Amy had started. She had (as she said on the telephone) "commenced business" and lit the candle that has become a con-

**ANDRE VAN
CYSEGHEM**,
producer at the new
Embassy Theatre,
who took a chance
(with Ronald Adam,
the founder) during
the depression,
and won through



By Joan Woolfcombe



JESSICA BORTHWICK and **VLADIMIR
LAUNITZ** who weathered the depression
at the head of a special Russian music troupe



DOROTHY SPICER (left), mechanic,
and **Pauline Gower**, pilot—the daughter
of Sir Robert Gower—with their famous
taxi "Helen of Troy," after my flight
when I interviewed the pilot in mid-air!



HUGH PERCEVAL—the Englishman
who made himself an expert from an
office boy according to a level-headed
plan that just ignored the Depression



Russell of Baker Street

MISS MILLS, famous
creator and director of
"Milcata," who steered
her business to its
present prosperity right
through the slump



**CAPTAIN ARUNDELL
CLARKE**, the Indian
Cavalryman, who de-bunked
modern furniture and face-
lifted the homes of Mayfair all
through the worst of the slump

Intimate Interviews with some Optimists who successfully defied Depression

flagration. For she sold everything she could lay her hands on and converted it into profits.

One day, however, she attended an auction to buy a table and, baby in arms, decided "This is not good enough—I could do it better myself." What actually happened was that—she did: and she became the first woman

in Britain to hold an auctioneer's licence.

She had had elocution lessons—or, rather, one lesson—before she started to teach it. (In proof of this she recites the "Water Mill" in an Oxford accent and remarks that the teacher taught her this long before her venture into business . . .)

In spite of her courage and her elocution she remembers that the day before her first auction she was scared—scared almost stiff, for buses were chartered to see her debut. The day was dismally wet, and even her husband said "I do believe you are frightened. . ." She remembers that and remembers how she ran upstairs (oopstairs it (Continued on page 112)

The Blank Rounds

Two Men, One Woman—a Jungle Setting for the Old, Old Drama

By F. E.
Verney

THE Pundits of Bloomsbury and Bamboozle declare that every story worth a darn has a clearly defined theme, as a sermon has its text. But as life does not give a darn for the rules of fiction, and this is no sermon anyway, I cast upon you the onus of deciding by the dénouement whether or not the Tenth Commandment, the last line of the Marriage Service, or the tragic perversity of woman is its theme.

Most people who read newspapers, which—according to the conceptions of Fleet Street—means all the world's women and a few men, will remember the marriage of Lady Eva Sandowne to Neil Seagrim. EARL'S DAUGHTER WEDS BIG GAME HUNTER. JUNGLE ROMANCE ENDS AT ST. MARGARET'S. According to those sapient scribes who compose journalistic omelettes to the recipes of Hollywood and Elstree—which is to say, of synthetic eggs—this "news-making" couple met in the glamorous East African bush, and fell in love to a symphony of yowling lions, safaris, tsetse flies, burra pegs, rhinoceri, and Fortnum and Mason sleeping bags.

In actual fact they met at a dinner party at Government House, Cape Town, to which Seagrim had been "Commanded" by H.R.H. as a matter of official routine in his capacity of Native Commissioner en route for leave in England; and the Sandownes as distinguished visitors on a winter cruise to South Africa. I established a proprietary interest in the marriage by initiating their introductory quarrel in the process of dutifully creating social amity at my end of the table. Lady Eva was not too pleased by the inattentive table manners of her dinner partner, and when I mentioned that he had just come down from three years in the Barotse bush, Seagrim bluntly contributed that he was eating

bully beef on the end of a clasp knife when she was silver-spooning rice pudding within the ancestral nurseries.

But they travelled to England on the same Union Castle liner next day, and it was on that blue and gold pathway between the azure combers of Table Bay and the indigo magic of Funchal Harbour where they developed their pre-emption

on the orange blossom resources of Bond Street.

They spent a fortnight in Cape Town on the return journey, and as they combined in

enigma to me on account of his reserve, but I got to know Lady Eva rather well in that two weeks of dinner parties, race meetings, tennis and dancing; and I was not at all surprised that a woman-starved bush bachelor like Seagrim had fallen for her. I saw many others doing the same thing despite the plain gold band on her slim third finger. In fact, I came



placing on me the responsibility for their marriage, I split the difference with Providence by giving them their farewell fling with civilisation before they entrained for Livingstone and the remote recesses of Barotseland.

Seagrim remained something of an



"ALL the same, a station like this is no place for a woman," proclaimed Delamain. "Seven days' walk to the nearest doctor and over a month if you want to buy a box of face powder. You might as well be dead"

precious near it myself, though Cape society is full of attractive women who know all the moves of the game. About her personality there was a simple directness and that unconscious allure of sex which is particularly deadly to the male of the species.

Most women, however, have a habit of wanting more, that which they have not, than that which they have. Apparently Eva had wanted a real man; and I reckoned she had got one. But it is one thing for a woman to own an obvious he-man in places where the breed is rare, and quite another to be owned by one in his indigenous background. Consequently a year later, when I finally accepted Seagrim's offer of the best big-game shooting in Africa, I was not unprepared to find the marriage in that state out of which tragedy evolves.

On the ninth day of my march from Livingstone railhead I expected the Seagrims to meet me at the native village of Kumina. Instead, to my surprise, I was awaited by a dusty native in the blue smock and red soudanee cap of the administrative service, with a letter of apology tucked into the slitted haft of his spear.

I was now in Seagrim's "district," and I soon discovered that whatever might be his merits as a husband, there were no flies on him as a Native Commissioner. At each village I reached the headman met me with gifts of fowl and eggs, mealies for my carriers, and inquiries as to my wishes. And at the camping stages in my itinerary, grass huts had been built for my accommodation, and wood stacked for my camp fires. The natives were remarkably quiet and well behaved, and seemed intensely anxious that I should find no cause to report dissatisfaction with them.

On the sixteenth day after leaving Livingstone, my host and hostess met me at the foot of a sloping glade in the forest that looked like a bit of English parkland.

Seagrim appeared more of a he-man than ever in his khaki shorts, with legs and arms burnt to the sienna tint of his square-jawed face; and Eva, in that remote setting of primeval forest—well, it was just as well that she was a wife and had her husband with her. There could, indeed, have been no greater contrast with that environment than she was, though she wore shorts and shirt, and the slim knees above her jade shooting stockings and tan brogues were a deep golden brown.

"We never really thought you'd come, you know, Verney," she declared, as she wrung my hand and smiled that demoralising smile of hers.

"Of course we did," said Seagrim, as he ran an inspecting eye back along my line of laden carriers and whipped his half-wild dogs away from my legs. "I've saved a troupe of lions for you, Verney—man-eaters; they've been chewing up some of my villagers; and there's a big herd of elephant waiting your gun."

"You are not going after them yet," Eva warned. "We've got all kinds of things for you up at the boma—strawberries and cream—and iced cocktails—everything but people."

"The boma's on this hill," Seagrim pointed. "I'm sleeping you in the compound if you don't mind. We've got another man stopping with us—drifted in unexpectedly from Mongu. That's why I couldn't meet you at Kumina."

The boma surprised me as much as the happy appearance of Eva, and the strawberries and iced cocktails. It was a neat brick bungalow with a reed-thatched roof, which, excepting for its wide verandahs cased in with wire mosquito netting, might have been a Kent cottage. It formed one side of a large square compound of baked red earth that was being groomed by half a dozen natives in loin-skins under the supervision of a black spearman in an indigo-blue shirt and red fez. One-storey buildings of baked mud and reed-thatch formed the other three flanks of the square, and on the forest side of the bungalow sloped a well-kept fruit and vegetable garden which the Seagrims had made out of the bush.

"I built the house myself with prisoner labour," Seagrim told me under the lemon tree where we had paused.

"We've got a tennis court as well," put in Eva, delighted by my surprise, "but our nearest neighbours are at Mongu—seven days' march away, so we don't use it much. Neil seldom has time for tennis."

While Eva ran into the bungalow to prepare the promised cocktails Seagrim

and I stopped in the compound to show my *capito* where to pitch my sleeping tent. Here my fellow guest joined us.

"This is Delamain," Seagrim introduced. "He's in the Rhodesian Police—has a platoon at Mongu—great man with the ladies."

"So I should imagine," I nearly said, meeting the gaze of a pair of violet-blue eyes in the fair bronzed face of a lean-jawed Apollo in tennis flannels.

Delamain grinned placidly.

"That's more than I can say for you, Seagrim."

"Quite," Seagrim rejoined. "Forty-five does not compete with twenty-seven at that amusement." Delamain fell gracefully into step beside me and apologised



"I DON'T think where women are concerned," I said dryly. "It may clear the atmosphere if I tell you I saw you with Lady Eva in your arms an hour ago"

for having been the cause of my doing the last five days of my journey alone.

"I was on my way down from Mongu on leave," he explained, "and got a bad go of malaria the day before I reached here. How long are you stopping?"

"Until I've got a lion or two. Then shoot and fish my way down the Zambesi back to Livingstone."

"That means *via* my station—Mongu. I generally go the river way myself—it's easier on a barge than walking."

"Why not this time?"

"It takes several days longer by river."

"Did you ever hear such a cock-eyed reason for a long trek—considering the man's leave doesn't date until he reaches Livingstone?" Seagrim challenged.

When we got inside the verandah Delamain relieved Eva of the cocktail shaker. She smiled up at him and said:

"I don't know what I shall do when you go away, Billy—you are as good as a parlourmaid and much less trouble."

"Any time you want one just let me know," he rejoined. "And I'll sign on for life."

The wide verandah was furnished as a comfortable sitting-room. There were plenty of books, a big gramophone, comfortable chairs, and old silver on a sideboard. With ice clinking against the side of my glass, Eva

exchanging repartee with Delamain, and Seagrim comfortably hooking a long leg over a chair-arm, I decided I might write off the marriage as a success.

Seagrim said: "Well, I don't want to scratch you on the back, Verney, but it's good to have you here. Excepting for Christmas at Mongu, we haven't seen a white soul for best part of a year."

"Thanks for nothing," said Delamain, picking Eva's handkerchief up for her.

"How do you like it, Eva?" I asked.

"Very much," she said, with a glance at her husband. "It was strange to begin with—an all-black world in the middle of a burnt-up nowhere—but there's lots to do and—oh, well—that's all."

"All the same, a station like this is no place for a woman," proclaimed Dela-

main. "Seven days' walk to the nearest doctor and over a month if you want to buy a box of face powder. You might as well be dead."

Dinner that night was another revelation of Seagrim's masterful annihilation of jungled space. I say Seagrim's because Eva confessed at the beginning of the meal, nearly as well found as in a well-run London flat, that she always left out half their requirements from the list she compiled for Livingstone once in three months, and that he filled in the blanks. She added that he had also trained the cook and the two table boys.

"Don't be too modest, darling," Seagrim jested. "Don't forget the strawberries you've grown in the garden. Where is that champagne, by the way—the one and only bottle we are opening in Verney's honour?"

"I'm sorry, Neil," said Eva. "But—I've had an accident with it. I dropped the bottle."

"Oh," he said, in a cold, colourless sort of voice, "dropped the bottle, have you? That was very careless of you."

The remark was harmless enough, but to my astonishment Eva's hands began to tremble and she dropped her fork.

Seagrim said something in Barotse to one of the boys, who showed a pair of scared eyeballs and muttered a reply.

"I thought so," Seagrim said to Eva. "Why didn't you tell me the cook's boy broke it a week ago?"

"Because I did not want you to beat him, Neil," she stammered.

"I won't have you interfering between me and the boys like that, Eva," he said. "I can't keep 'em up to the mark if you do. Please don't do anything like that again."

"Oh, hang it, Seagrim!" burst out Delamain, "why make such a fuss over a bottle of fizz? Eva's absolutely terrified."

"Don't be absurd, Billy!" she intervened, pulling herself together. "I've got a touch of fever, that's all."

To create a diversion from this rather unpleasant incident I asked Eva if she missed London, theatres, dances, film shows, and the social round. To my surprise she said "No," though her tone was unconvincing.

"Of course she doesn't," Seagrim declared. "All that social stuff means nothing when it's boiled down. It's no more than a game of bluff and sex; sensation-chasing; people running around in circles after their own tails; and it is full of pettifogging worries and restrictions at that. We have all we want up here—fine climate, no bills, no taxes. We play second fiddle to nobody."

"It is evident that you don't," I thought. I said: "Anyway, I will bet that when you get into a London taxi again, Eva, you won't care what fiddle anybody is playing anywhere so long as the Embassy Club band is not on strike."

"Bet your life she won't," added Delamain. "Monarch of all he surveys is all very well for Robinson Crusoe Seagrim, but it is no catch for Man Friday, Eva. Think of it, my dear. Piccadilly—Bond Street—the old Savoy after a show; all the lights and life, and being alive again."

She smiled at him, and, as I have said before, when Eva Seagrim smiles at a man he needs more than an ordinarily strong head.

"You are a tantalising person, Billy," she said. "I make a point of not thinking about it."

Seagrim came with me to my tent on his way to do his nightly tour of the jail and staff huts.

"My head 'messenger' is a very good fellow," he explained, "but in these sort of places one has to keep a close rein on things for the sake of morale. Slackness means boredom, and boredom plays the devil with the best."

It was a warm night, with the moon hanging on the forest trees like a huge, glowing fire-balloon. It was early, and I was in no hurry to turn in. I slipped off my flannel suit, put on pyjamas, lighted a pipe, and sat down on the edge of my camp-bed. An absolute Eden the place was, I decided. Eva had not done so badly after all.

I stood at my tent door for a few minutes, listening to the night noises of the encircling forest, the croak of bush-frogs, the whistle of a night-hawk, the scream of a distant leopard, while I scanned the china-blue night sky, ablaze with stars, a canopy that seemed, like that great globe of moon, to be resting on the surrounding trees. In the direction of the jail-sheds, at the far corner of the compound, I heard the rattle of a guard's spear, and the crisp voice of Seagrim on his rounds. Then, across the clean, rolled surface of the compound two shadows were suddenly projected from the bungalow, through a glazed window in the mosquito-screened verandah. They merged into one against the light of a lamp. It was Delamain embracing Lady Eva. I was so taken aback that I stood googling as if at a murder. Indeed, that word flashed to my mind. If a broken bottle of champagne sent Seagrim off the deep end, what would this sight do. I moved quickly towards the house with the intention of disturbing the tableau.

"Hallo!"

It was Seagrim calling to me.

"Hallo!" I shouted back; and the shadows disappeared. But when I reached the spot where my host was standing, I saw at once that he must

have seen that embrace. Yet he said, in a perfectly level voice:

"My head 'messenger' tells me those man-eaters got two more villagers last night. What do you say to going after them to-morrow?"

"I'm all for it."

head and Delamain standing near her chair, raising a glass to his mouth. Seagrim must have had a direct view.

I whistled softly to myself, and returned slowly to my tent, full of uneasiness. "What now?" I wondered. Under the influence of my (Continued on page 92)



"I won't have you say things like that," she cried. "Billy's a dear, and if you don't know already, you might as well know now—I'm in love with him!"

"Good. Then you'd better turn in. The village is twenty miles from here. I'll send a couple of trackers off now. Sleep well."

I watched him go to the messenger's hut—amazed at his self-control. Had he seen? I turned. From where I was standing I had a clear view right into the verandah. I could see the top of Lady Eva's

Riviera

By Ferdinand Tuohy



A VIEW of the Promenade des Anglais, Nice. This magnificent road is divided in two by an island in which palm trees are planted at intervals

WITH no other foreign strip of territory have people of British race so identified themselves as with the Riviera. Recently, a dual local manifestation commemorated the fact in the shape of a 150th anniversary of the first regular settling of *les Anglais* in the region and the centenary of Lord Brougham's "discovery" of Cannes. Such parallel evokings serve to conjure the long and varied list of our fellow-countrymen and women, extending from the Throne itself down to rakes and adventuresses, who have, through the generations and by their individual presence, built up the English saga along the Mediterranean shore and thereby done nothing else than summon into being, gradually and sometimes interruptedly, the far-famed coast. "If others have also swarmed locally, we not only swarmed first and kept on swarming, but to-day, in difficult times, continue in greater presence than any others. There's a local saying, "If the English are here, all is well," and while this may not be strictly true any longer, it does indicate a laudable recognition on the part of the natives.

A long and varied list, I said. Statesmen and swindlers, honeymooners and condemned, dukes and degenerates, princes and peers, courtiers and courtesans, soldiers and sailors, proconsuls and painters, novelists and sportsmen, great ladies and professional beauties, gamblers and clerics, sportsmen and millionaires—the Riviera has lured them all on. There have been poor periods and famous interludes, waves and pauses, and morals, habits, costumes and hygiene have changed completely, yet the steady migration has only once been stopped—during the Napoleonic Wars, when it definitely was not healthy for Britannics to be seen locally for long years after a certain young artilleryman had

got busy Toulon-way. Nevertheless, even in that interlude some inveterates braved things, during the two years of peace after the Treaty of Amiens, while Arthur Young was actually seen on a donkey at Antibes in 1807. The Nice country was not French then; it was Sard, yet everywhere had the wonderful young Army of the Revolution conquered and spread fear.

A recent exhibition at Nice, *Les Anglais sur la Riviera*, tells some of the personal story, but not by any means all, being more art show than historical record. Yet it does bring out one eloquent fact, namely, that until we started taking an interest in things, the entire coast-line, which to-day must



ONE of the most striking buildings on the water-front at Nice is the Casino de la Méditerranée, built by Mr. Frank Jay Gould. (Left) An Edwardian view of the Grand Salon of the Casino at Monte Carlo



Cavalcade...



THE REV. LEWIS WAY, who was responsible for the construction of the *Chemin (later Promenade) des Anglais*, in 1830. (Left) Lord Brougham, who persuaded the King of France to grant 2,000,000 fcs. towards the construction of a port at Cannes



THE sunshine parade. The Promenade des Anglais, Nice, showing the new Casino de la Méditerranée, built by Mr. Frank Jay Gould

count 400,000 inhabitants, could not have numbered ten thousand souls! Its chief centres when we appeared were Nice (5,000), Cannes (1,500), Cagnes (800), and Menton, Roquebrune and Monaco and a few kindred humble fishing-villages. "The great sun-city" of which local boosters sing in 1934 was English at bedrock and, appropriately enough, the Navy started the ball rolling.

THE first name of any Englishman locally is that of Admiral Mathews who, after the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, commanded a protecting squadron off the coast (then Sard) and used to go ashore with his officers. They found the climate so benign that they wrote home about it. At that time the rich and travelling English used to winter at Montpellier, and if any ever turned left at Avignon it would only be to pass through the savage country lying onwards to fair and civilised Italy. Madame de Staël does mention having come across three English tourists ("a hardy race!") near Villafranca, apparently about 1760. If so, they were the pioneers, for the second name we come across is that of Smollett, who cordially disliked the natives in his letters from Nice, yet managed to support matters for nearly two years (1763-65). He was the first to put the Riviera in print, and no doubt people who now rush down in blue trains would hardly have been more enthusiastic than was Tobias in writhing over his progress from Boulogne, all of two weeks and studded by evil and verminous inns. The poor invalid even had to be carried across the Var pick-a-back. There was no bridge until 1792, year in which the coach (Continued on page 102)



AS it was in 1855. The Promenade des Anglais, showing its one solitary hotel. (Reproduced from a print from a recent exhibition at the Musée Masséna at Nice, entitled "Les Anglais sur la Riviera")



AS it is to-day. The Promenade des Anglais is the finest water-front street on the Mediterranean



HAD you seen Hugo Trent shouldering his way through the West End at midnight, you'd at once have concluded that he was a young man of wealth and fashion. And you'd have been partly right. Fashion there was—in every line of his well-tailored suit—but the wealth that once had lined its pockets was now absent. For this lack of funds Hugo

*AS she paused at his table,
he sprang to his feet
and invited her to sit down*

had only himself to blame. Nevertheless, he blamed his father.

"Get out," his father had ordered. "I have done enough for you. Fooling around the place on my money is all you're fit for, and I'm not giving

anybody a salary for doing that. Here's the last £5 you will get from me. I don't want to see you again until you've proved that for two years you can earn your own living. The door is over there!"

Through the door of his father's office Hugo, dazed by this unexpected turn of events, had passed into a new world; a world to which he was thoroughly unaccustomed, in which a man had to

Catch as Catch Can

"When Constabulary duty's
to be done

—to be done—

A Policeman's life is not a
happy one

—happy one"

By

Sewell Stokes



*AT the door of
the Be Yourself
Club he passed a
negro porter and en-
tered what had once
been an imposing
private residence*

do a job of work to keep alive. It was disconcerting, to put it mildly. A fiver was about as much use to Hugo as a cork is to a drowning man. He'd been spending twice that amount in a single evening. Considering how well the Old Atrocity—as Hugo disrespectfully called his father—thrived on the fat dividends yielded by his various company promoting schemes, his final gesture to his son had been a mean one. So, at any rate, his son thought.

HUGO'S severance from the paternal pay-roll had occurred rather less than two years ago. Since when he had managed to earn his own living. He was earning it now, as he turned the corner from Piccadilly into Bond Street. Weighty matters occupied his mind. Not that these were altogether unconnected with pleasure. In a way this was a "night out" for him, a welcome change from the daily routine. He meant to make the most of it, to enjoy himself as he'd done in the old days. Well, perhaps not quite as much. There were limits. . . .

At the door of the Be Yourself Club he passed a negro porter and entered what had once been an imposing private

residence. On the right, seated behind a counter, he saw a young woman, studying a ledger. As she looked up to enquire what she might do for him, he noticed that she was an extremely good-looking young woman. Her face and rather aloof manner were vaguely familiar to him. But he could not call to mind where he'd seen her before.

"May I go down?" he asked, smiling, and nodding his head in the direction of a staircase leading to the basement.

"Are you a member here?" asked the young woman, entirely disregarding the smile.

"As a matter of fact I am not. I happened to be passing, heard the music, and, being fond of dancing. . . ."

"Then I'm afraid you can't go down."

Implying—with a look—that this was final, the young woman returned to her ledger. Hugo stood his ground, but she appeared unaware of his existence. He wasn't sure what to say next. Unused

to such treatment, he was nonplussed. But not for long.

"Won't you," he suggested rather lamely, "make an exception in my case?"

With another look—clearly indicating that she thought all men fools, and Hugo more foolish than most of them—she said with conviction:

"Sorry, but you're really not worth it."

"Worth what?" asked Hugo, puzzled.

"The risk of being heavily fined and having my licence taken away." Staring at him, she added: "For all I know, you may be a policeman."

Hugo was shocked. He endeavoured to persuade her that his pride had been deeply wounded.

"Do I look like one?" he asked, incredulously.

"These days," replied the young woman, unmoved, "it's impossible to tell. One can't be too careful. Under-graduates are joining the Force every day. I'm told 'C' Division is full of them."

"Not really?"

"Really. And now I come to look at you," she continued, fixing him

*Illustrations by
Albert Bailey*

with her very blue eyes, "your face is familiar to me."

"No doubt," said Hugo, with more than a touch of sarcasm, "you've noticed me on point-duty."

At that they both laughed. And Hugo's laugh, always a popular one from the women's point of view, did the trick.

"You may go down." She pushed the ledger towards him. "Just sign here. That will be ros., please."

Signing himself as "Nigel Smith," he paid and went downstairs. He did not want to go now. He would much have preferred to stay and chat with the blue-eyed young woman behind the desk. Something about her—everything in fact—appealed to him. You are, of course, tired of hearing about men who fall in love on the spur of the moment. That, however, was more or less what had happened to Hugo. He'd fallen—heavily.

The patrons of the club, Hugo discovered on entering a small room in the basement, were doing their utmost to justify its name. Stimulated by a variety of drinks, they were proving conclusively that, for them, being oneself meant being idiotically childish. To music provided by three weary musicians, men and women capered over the space cleared for dancing like excited infants. From the surrounding tables, their friends, laughing helplessly, waved flags and rattles at them. The time was ripe, one felt, for a fleet of nursemaids to wheel the guests home in their perambulators.

"Like to dance?" A red-haired girl, whose profession it was to issue such invitations, stood over Hugo's table.

"Not at the moment," Hugo excused himself. "How about a drink?"

Two whiskies were ordered.

"Haven't seen you before, have I?" inquired the girl.

"It's my first visit," Hugo told her.

"How are things?"

"Pretty good, so far."

"So far?"

"Well, nothing's happened to us yet. But it will. It always does. I've worked in night clubs before, so I know. Easy money till there's a raid. After that a fine, and pop goes the licence. We've not been raided here, though, not in a year."

"Tell me," said Hugo, gazing round the room appreciatively, "who owns this dump?"

"That is asking." The girl shook her red curls. "Couldn't say. But it's managed by Syrrie Howard—you know, Lord Howard's daughter."

Syrrie Howard! Yes, Hugo knew. That was why the face of the blue-eyed young woman upstairs had seemed familiar. He'd run across her at parties, in the old days. Stupid of him not to have remembered her at once.

"Frightful, isn't it," drawled his companion, "the way the aristocracy has to work these days? When Lord Howard kicked the bucket, leaving more debts

than it's any man's business to leave, his daughter had to get down to it. And she got down to this."

"Frightful," agreed Hugo.

"Plucky of her too."

Just then Syrrie Howard, preceding a party of fresh arrivals, came into the room. She moved among the tables with an easy grace, exchanging a word here and a smile there, apparently anxious for the comfort and enjoyment of her rowdy flock. Hugo's admiring gaze followed her attentively. He was filled with admiration for, among other things, her calm manner of dealing with a clientèle which she could scarcely have found congenial.

"I'm a worker, too," Hugo assured her.

"Not a very serious one, I'm afraid. You never were that kind, were you, Mr. Trent?"

Hugo gave a little gasp of surprise.

"So you know who I am?"

"I didn't at first, then I remembered. You're Sir William Trent's son, aren't you?"

He admitted his identity. After which he set out to convince her that he was a very different person from the young man she remembered meeting at parties. Oh, very different. He even went so far as to agree that being kicked out of his home had done him a world of good.

THE austere beautiful Syrrie, from her accustomed place behind the desk, gave Hugo what can only be described as a look of contempt



"I've got a real job," he told her. "It doesn't bring in much, but enough. I'm keen on it, too, and working hard."

She was unimpressed, and disinclined to believe him.

"Men with real jobs," she observed—and her eyes searched his own—"can't usually afford to come here. And men who are working hard, never do. That's been my experience."

He continued to persuade her that this excursion to the night haunts of London was exceptional. Just a treat that he'd saved up to give himself. Very seriously he asked her to believe that. Because he wanted her to realise that he'd turned over a new leaf.

"I'm rather surprised," he said, determined not to let her have it all her own way, "to find you running a place like this."

Seemingly a little annoyed, she said: "You don't imagine I like it, do you? But when father died, leaving less than nothing, there was nothing for me to do but face the facts. And I'm facing them. One's got to live. By the way," she lowered her voice, "why did you sign a false name in the book? Afraid of a raid?"

"Well, these places get raided, don't they? One never knows when the police are going to turn up."

With a touch of pride she said: "I don't let policemen into the club."

"Not knowingly, of course. But how can you tell? Why, you even suspected me!"

"That," she said, "was silly of me. I

he sat in an office of the Police Station, and wrote:

Vine Street.

P.C. 123 "C" Trent.

I beg to report that on the 19th December, in evening dress and acting under instructions from S.D. Inspector Evans, I went to the Be Yourself Club. I entered the vestibule, and on the right behind a counter was a woman—No. 1: Age, about 25; height, 5 ft. 10 in.; fair hair; blue eyes. At first she would not admit me.

Then she said: "Just sign here." I signed myself in the book as "Nigel Smith," and she said: "That will be ros., please." I paid her this amount and went downstairs to the basement. I entered a room about 25 feet by 10 feet, in which were ten tables and a small rectangular space in the centre for dancing. There were about 40 persons, men and women, present, some dancing, but the majority seated at tables, in possession of intoxicating liquor. At the far end was a band consisting of 3 members. A professional dancer—No. 2, sat at my table. I ordered two whiskies, for which I paid 10s., and was served without question. The woman No. 1 came in, and appeared to be acting

in a supervising manner, going from table to table, welcoming fresh arrivals. A little later the woman No. 1 sat down with me, and in the course of conversation said: "I don't let policemen into the club." When she left me I purchased further whiskies, being served by one of the waiters without question. This was my first visit to the club, and I was able to purchase intoxicants without question on each occasion, the sale of which was general to all.

THE writing of this report worried Hugo a good deal. Doing one's duty was one thing. But describing the loveliest girl in the world as "the woman No. 1" was another. Never had he liked his job less than he did now. Rather than continue with this special work of sniffing around night clubs, he'd have gone back to patrolling the streets in uniform. Tramping about for eight hours at a time; waving one's arms in the face of unruly traffic; answering the absurd questions of the amazing number of lunatics always at large; arresting criminals—any of these jobs was preferable to masquerading before Syrrie under false colours. What would she say when she discovered that he'd caused her club to be closed down? Hugo tried not to let himself think of the answer to that question. He wondered, too, when he would see her again. But not for long.

If events had shaped themselves according to Hugo's liking, it would not have been necessary for him to visit the Be Yourself Club again. Not in an official capacity, anyway. But events, as usual, shaped themselves otherwise.

A FEW days later Inspector Evans, whose fiercely waxed moustache plainly told the world he was not a man to be trifled with, said to Hugo: "I want another report on the Be Yourself. Get along there to-night. We'll have that joint closed up soon."

For a brief moment it was Hugo's intention to inform (Continued on page 82)



ought to have known. To be a policeman, a man needs—guts." She rose from the table. "Sorry, Hugo."

With that she left him. He felt as if he had been lightly—not too lightly—slapped across the face. But she had called him "Hugo." Had he, then, made some progress with her? Might he hope that in time, if he persevered, she'd grow to like him. He sincerely hoped so.

But the hope grew faint—wilted almost to nothing—as, some hours later,

The Skeleton in their Cupboard



A RECENT
portrait of
Madame Stavisky

Left:
MADAME
STAVISKY
arriving at the court
for her interrogation



CELIA NONO, a
cabaret dancer who
appeared at Stavisky's
Paris music-hall



STAVISKY, the arch-swindler whose
colossal frauds caused the fall of a French
Government and tremendous riots in Paris

THE Count had said, as they drank their apéritifs: "Let us dine and play, and then go on to my villa to discuss our business. Does that suit you?" But, certainly; anything suited him (so long as he could get this young fellow down to business); and, flashing his dazzling, false smile, he had agreed that business must not interfere with pleasure. But he had not reckoned on the Count wanting to play on past midnight, and at the high-play table. At last he said: "Shall we go now, Count? It is nearly two in the morning." To his relief, the Count had agreed.

As at the Normandy, where they had dined, inquisitive glances followed them as they left the Casino. Even in that conglomeration of celebrities, notoriety, magnates, aristocrats, fashionable actresses, courtesans and crooks, they attracted attention, if only because they seemed such odd companions: the tall soldier, whose lean, hard face was stained with Moroccan suns, the bejewelled, soft-bodied, flamboyant financier, with his long nose, and narrow, restless eyes in a mask of false geniality. Whispers ran in their trail.

"Stavisky's losing again. . . ." "He's lost half a million francs to-night. . . ." "Oh, no; not more than a hundred thousand." . . . "Three nights ago I saw him win two millions, playing against the Greeks. . . ." "What does he care, anyway? He could buy up Deauville if he liked. . . ." "I'm not so sure; they say our magnate was up to his neck in American stocks, and lost enormous sums when the market broke last month. . . ." "Bah! these fellows always come out right side up. . . ." "What's the Count doing with him?" "Perhaps he wants Stavisky to invest his money for him. . . ." "Perhaps Stavisky would like to help him invest it! I heard he got caught in the Wall Street break last month." "Oh, he's too clever to lose his shirt in Yankee stocks." "Don't be too certain. He's a gambler. . . ." "What's the Count worth?" "Millions. He inherited an American fortune—his mother was American, you know. . . ."

The Count's open sports car hummed softly through the Deauville night. In ten minutes they reached his embowered villa on the outskirts. "The servants have gone to bed," said the Count, producing a key. They went into a panelled room hung with the trophies of sport and war. "We shall be very private here," said the Count. "A whisky-soda? A cigar? Make yourself comfortable in this chair. I will sit at my writing-table. It makes me feel more business-like; I am not accustomed to business. Ha, ha!"

No. 3. Stavisky The Bad Man of France

dends of £500,000. There are seven trente-et-quarante tables, three baccarat tables and thirty roulette tables. Each turn of the roulette wheel yields a little percentage.

Science demonstrates that. The bank cannot lose at roulette. So long as people come in and play, your profits are assured; and last year 25,000,000 people went in. Then there are the hotels, theatres, restaurants, tennis courts, industries, concessions of all sorts. There is the bathing beach and the summer casino. Ah, there is no end to the revenue-producing businesses in that delectable spot.

"Now, my dear Count, I will give you a third interest in my purchasing syndicate for a quarter of a million pounds. You will be in on the ground floor, and you will make a quick profit. When the purchase is complete, I shall resell to (Continued on page 85)

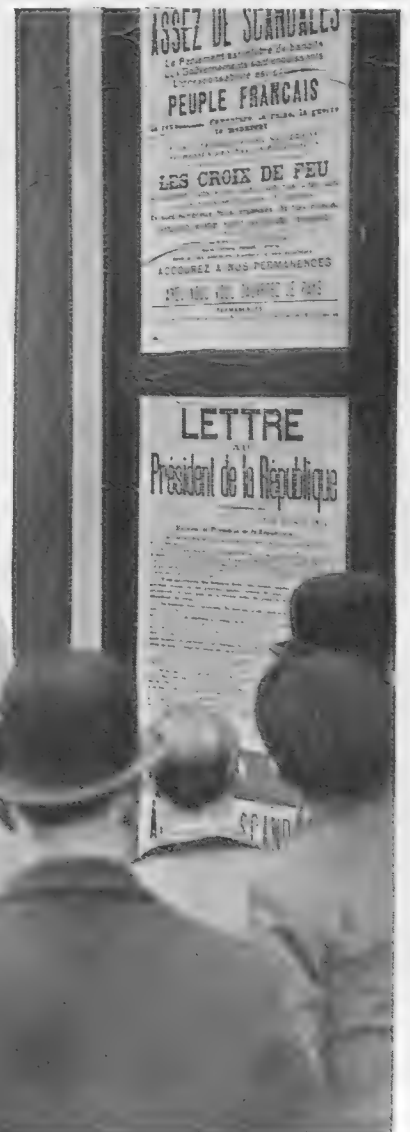


A CAR-LOAD of policemen transporting seven prisoners in connection with the Stavisky affair from Bayonne

"Ha, ha!" echoed the financier, settling into the big leather chair. "Well, my dear Count, I understand that my dear friend the judge, your father-in-law to be, has given you, in confidence, the outlines of my plan. I will re-state the project briefly. Just after the war Sir Basil Zaharoff and Baron Rothschild bought control of Monte Carlo. They got it cheap, and they made a huge profit out of their investment. It was such an opportunity as comes only once in a lifetime. However, this opportunity has now recurred. I am in a position to secure an option. I need not tell you that it is a magnificent property. The Casino is capitalised at £400,000. It pays annual divi-

Continuing a New Short Series by C. Patrick Thompson

WHILE the Economic Tide is Rising we can recall with detachment the Incredible Exploits of the High Financiers whose Downfall was brought about by the Slump. In this short series of articles Mr. Patrick Thompson presents Ivan Kreuger, Alfred Lowenstein, Stavisky, and others. He shows that only a miracle could have averted the fate of these piratical financiers—one of those miracles which may happen in fiction, but not in fact



M. JOSEPH GARAT, the ex-mayor of Bayonne, who is under arrest in connection with the Stavisky frauds

M. CHIAPPE, the former Prefect of the Paris police. Forced to resign by the French Government

FRENCH citizens reading posters inviting them to make demonstrations against the Government. The demonstrations led to terrific riots and bloodshed

THE MARCH of



A British Jewel that may go for Debts . . .

An Island in Pawn

I HAVE just heard an amazing story about a gold mine we own in the Atlantic. A gold mine that could pay for a great part of our War Debts. In fact, a gold mine which, it has only just been disclosed, is said to have been already offered in part settlement of the British Debt.

The gold mine is the Island of Bermuda.

One of our oldest colonies, Bermuda is now playground supreme for American holiday-makers. Two days' luxury cruising from New York, it lies sleepily in an old-world atmosphere that prohibits motor cars at all and sustains a positive court spirit of *noblesse oblige* amongst the old colonial families who still control it. Became as famous and as sought out overnight as a film actress, when the White Star and Cunard Lines (see "When Our Ships Come In"), hitting on the brilliant idea of attracting tourists to their depression-hit ships by offering cheap week-end cruises, selected Bermuda as the ideal port of call: there is deep enough water to hold the transatlantic liners . . . there is strong enough whisky to hold the then-prohibition-tied American tourists.

The Gold Mine

As a result, millions of pounds come annually into our coffers which otherwise would be spent in America; while in addition we may thank Bermuda for starting the cruising craze.

But what gives particular rise to Bermuda at this moment is a story which I regard as so unusual that I shall repeat it as it was told in United States House of Representatives by one of the members:

" . . . Several years ago Mr. Ramsay MacDonald held a secret conversation with then-President Hoover at the latter's woodland camp at Rapidan, Virginia, about which there have been many speculations, but which has remained in unveiled silence until to-day . . . when I believe the time has come to make public what they said to each other.

"I am told that Mr. MacDonald offered to transfer the Bermuda Islands to the United States in part payment of the British Debt . . . and that Mr. Hoover declined the offer . . . and that now the title of the British Government to Bermuda is to be disputed in the British Courts and that the case of the Crown is not a strong one. . . ."

I ask you: does this imply that Bermuda, the jewel of the Atlantic, is, like the family jewels of people pressed for debts, to go in pawn?

If so, I vigorously protest. I would rather part with the whole of our £32,000,000 surplus—Bermuda is worth more than that to us.



This little American couple may cause a Directoire in France

Switz and Wife

DAYS of Rumour are days for Spies: days on shipboard where curious friendships spring up for no apparent reason . . . days at the races where every sort of tip is avidly tapped by bookmakers' spies . . . days of unrest, when governments are threatened, great political factions rising to the right and rising to the left: days of fantastic, twisted half-facts that are worth millions in gold to people who can double-twist them and make them sound like whole-facts: people who thrive on rumour . . . secret sellers . . . in one word, SPIES!

One must have the salt-cellar close at hand. I take it up . . . and proceed cautiously to intriguing rumours behind the Switz-led international spy ring which, it is claimed, may cause a greater sensation than the Dreyfus case when it is fully exposed during the next two months.

I have heard, through usually reliable "inside" political circles, three stories about or explanations of this great spy ring which has among its merchandise for sale, it is said, plans of the entire fortifications of all Europe:

1. That the entire case is a fake, the "spies" having been either framed or paid to play their parts.

2. That certain armament interests have manoeuvred the spy plot in order to decoy talk from themselves which was becoming too unpleasant.

3. And this is, to me, the most amazing of all: that very powerful interests in one of the world industries has, out of pique because Russia has refused to sign over to them full control over her own output in this industry, retaliated by trying to create ill-feeling against Russia through spreading tales that the Switz spy ring, which it deliberately finances for this purpose, is backed by Soviet revolutionary interests!

I repeat that one must take a good bit of salt with these rumours, but should they be true, particularly the last, the ramifications are tremendous and include the allegation that the reason Russia has refused to allow the above-mentioned industry to gain control of world markets is her fear lest, should Russia go to war with Japan, any controlling power in such an industry could be of too much service to Japan.

While in Rumour No. 2, above, the allegations are that, as a result of the spy ring, there will very likely be a radical swing of the French either to the extreme right or to the extreme left; and that possibly a Dictatorship will be set up in France subsequently!



Is Advertising going high-brow?

They've just told me . . .

THAT pupnapping—a canine variation of kidnapping—is the latest racket in America, prize dogs being held in ransom for anything from \$10 to \$5,000, while frantic owners employ radio, newspapers and police bulletins to instruct the pupnappers in the special care and diet of the stolen dog pending settlement and return . . . that an airplane leaves England every few nights for France loaded with prize dogs stolen from Mayfair, Hyde Park being the particularly fruitful "happy hunting ground," where they find their way to Paris, Berlin and New York fanciers, in whose shops they are unsuspectingly offered for sale again . . . that next door to the famous Grand Hotel at Brighton is a neat, white little building with, in simple gilt letters, the name over it: Grandor.

Art in Advertising

. . . that Marie Laurencin, ranking French impressionist and unique as a woman painter with serious position, is painting advertisements for a steamship company, one of which I reproduce here, a step which I regard as significant of the "high-brow" trend in public taste and one which gives me titillating speculation as to the "pulling power" of some of Picasso's nudes for the copy of a bath-soap manufacturer or some of Derain's landscapes for a big seed-grower's advertisements . . . that Russia is combating Spanish influenza with a chlorine inhalant which, they claim, effects an instant cure . . . that diplomatic life in Russia for William Bullitt, first American minister to the Soviet, has been rendered particularly difficult by his own compatriots who are "sore" because he has wisely refused to wangle to them American cigarettes on his duty-free Ambassadorial privileges, American tobacco being otherwise almost prohibitively expensive . . . that, speaking of taxed cigarettes, a fast one is being pulled by manufacturers in America who are evading the tax on the *per capita* amount of cigarettes per packet (standard being 20) by turning out packages containing six extra long cigarettes which can be cut into three each . . .

They've just told me, too, that Men May Discard Waistcoats under double-breasted suits as a result of the Prince of Wales having appeared on several recent occasions without one . . .

And, finally, I hold to the last what I should like to believe may be a "scoop," and that is that the big star of next year's London legitimate season will be Tonio Selwart, a young Munich actor who speaks perfect English and who is to appear here in "Pursuit of Happiness" before long.

TIME:



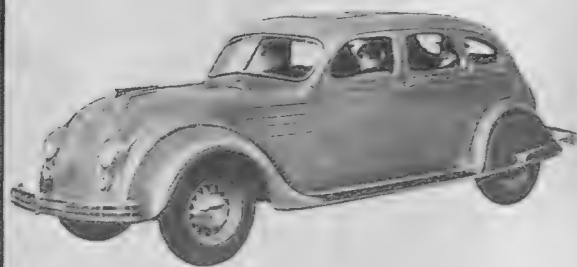
*It may be advertising, but
at least it's entertaining*
Wired Wireless

By Wilson



In future our ships won't be German
When Our Ships come in

McCarty



*You can read a book in
this Car at 80. But—!*
Hit or Miss?

THE B.B.C. is under fire again—or still. But tumult as we may hear through the portals of Broadcasting House, if not through its hushed microphones, one light is clearly emerging as a solution to the entire problem of getting Better Programmes: and that is the possibility of establishing a separate broadcasting company.

Why not?

Here is a plan: let the B.B.C. carry on to its heart's content, but let there be also granted an additional charter for the operation of another broadcasting company to give entertainment only.

Such a company would be privately owned and maintained, and would be run on a paying basis, as all show business should be run... the profits being derived from "hiring out the air" to advertisers, as is done in America.

Further, such a company would be made up almost entirely of people who, unlike the B.B.C. staff, laid their chief value to the fact that they were *primarily show people*. You are not going to get theatrically sound programmes so long as you choose for your director a man who is, intelligent and brilliant as he may be, primarily a technical engineer and until the last five or six years had no practical experience with *show business*.

But let us remember one thing in regard to such a plan: we would never allow a "Roxy" or a Fairbanks or a David Sarnoff to gain control, as their recent visits here have possibly hinted. . . . Whatever company we might permit must be *all-British*.

Wired Wireless

But here is another alternative which might do in the B.B.C. quicker than anything: it is called Wired Wireless.

It consists in giving us entertainment, not through radio machines, but direct over our telephone or electric power lines! A simple loudspeaker which we could plug into either and receive the programmes given us by the company leasing the wires. No aerials! No expensive radio sets! No annual tax! Just a yearly subscription, or monthly subscription, to an entertainment organisation!

Startling as this plan may seem to most of us, I know that it is precisely what may be done, what has been discussed, and what, furthermore, is *ready to be launched within a few months' notice* if the B.B.C. does not cease to regard itself as controlling only a fascinating novelty—wireless—and realise that radio is primarily for entertainment.

So remember this next time you write a letter of protest!

SAILORS—a cheerful lot who keep their Seyes on the horizon and the stars—are generally to be trusted as to which way the wind is blowing . . . So I take it as proof of Good Times when reliable "contacts" at the White Star and Cunard Lines tell me that the merger of their two lines, just passed in the House of Lords, will be in effect by the first week of this month of May.

For here is what they have lined up for us:—

1. Better mail services.
2. Smaller operating costs.
3. Creating of work for at least 50,000 people for at least five years.
4. New ships, the biggest of which—the already famous 534—will regain for us the Blue Riband of the Atlantic.
5. Closer British team-work to win back the large passenger clientele which the German lines have been taking from us.

The first of these—improved mail services—is, as far as I have observed, a side of the shipping merger which has not been generally mentioned in the Press. I exchange many letters with friends in America, yet, in spite of the speeding up of our Post Office services in every other department, it still takes three weeks to get a reply from the U.S., just as it did 20 years ago.

Improved Mail Service

The reason for this, the Cunard tell me, is the Depression. Not lack of fast ships, but a lay-off of many ships, like the *Homer*, from the regular mail service in order to make up lost money by short cruises. Thus we have a White Star liner going each mid-week and a Cunard liner going each end of the week. There is practically nothing in between—that is, nothing that the few big ships still in the Atlantic service, sailing two days later, would not overtake.

For this service of carrying your and my letters across the Atlantic we, the taxpayers, pay £100,000 to both the Cunard and White Star Lines. Now, when the new giant Cunarder is completed, we will obtain, for that same £100,000 to each, a service that will be improved by 33 per cent.—for one extra sailing per week means a mail every other day instead of a mail only twice a week.

In passing, let me call your attention to the fact that of our four biggest ships, constituting the present service above—namely, the *Berengaria*, the *Majestic*, the *Aquitania*, and the *Mauretania*—the first two, or 50 per cent., were made in Germany. In future, beginning with the 534, the building of our British boats will be done in England, where British hands will benefit instead of German.

THE Government's "Safer Roads" campaign is up again.

But so is launching of the latest advance in motor-cars: the new Chrysler Airflow, designed to eliminate air-resistance so completely and to have such scientific springing that you can go 80 miles an hour in it and read a book at the same time—a criticism which, I may add, few books can withstand.

And it at once strikes me as sad that though our motor cars go faster, our motor laws do not, as they should, become stricter in proportion; but, on the contrary, remain statically suited almost to horseless carriage days.

How else can we account for the 7,202 deaths that were reported last year alone, not to mention the 216,328 persons who were injured through motor cars?

In spite of the new Road Traffic Bill, the Ministry of Transport's way of reducing accidents is still the most inefficient, lax and outmoded system ever tolerated from any body elected for the regulation (and safeguarding) of a public enterprise.

Just try to picture to yourself what a furore there would be if our steamship casualties were anything like 6,000 a year! If our railways, publicly supervised, lost one-tenth of this number due to lax, each-man-for-himself methods of allowing trains on the roads! If 6,000 foolish, thrill-seeking bathers were drowned at any publicly supervised beach! Or if 6,000 miners—not 40, not 100, not even 600, but 6,000—lost their lives in an occupation in which the hazards are infinitely more difficult to regulate than in motoring!

Then Demand You This

- That severe driving tests be required of all prospective licence-holders.
- That parking on the right (or wrong) side of the road be prohibited. It is a relic of the horseless carriage days when a man could amble suddenly across the road to a hitching post as whim dictated.
- That neglect to dip, dim, or switch off headlights when approaching another car be criminally prosecuted.
- That we give up our polite, vague Victorian admonition to drive slow at intersection of lanes with main highways, and issue an absolute order to STOP DEAD under penalty of imprisonment, not fine.
- And that bicycles be not equipped with little white patches, as genteelly suggested, but that they be abolished from the motor highways altogether and be given separate paths of their own.



Land of the Mirage

*The Green-eyed Monster
runs amok in the Desert*

By James Francis Dwyer

IT should not have happened to Richard Harland. That is to say, the probability of such an unfortunate incident taking place had been reduced by foresight to a minimum. The Harland men chose their wives so carefully. So very, very carefully.

Racing men were the Harlands. Contemplating matrimony they pored over the records of the female ancestors of the prospective bride. The feminine form-sheet, so to speak. Deeply and darkly they studied it. If a female antecedent of the girl had run off the track, faltered under the marital handicap, or flinched under the domestic whip, there was no marriage. When a Harland man led a lady to the altar the folk from Barnstaple to Tiverton accepted the promenade as proof positive that there wasn't a crooked branch or a dead twig in the bride's family tree.

The Harlands searched for thoroughbreds. In discussing women they spoke of

"pedigrees," "dams" and "sires." They talked of "running 'em back," as if they expected to find in the records of the dim past the mention of some human Blair Athol or Eclipse from whom the lady had sprung. Old "Dead-heat" Harland, founder of the Harland fortune, had once remarked, peevishly, "If you can get the breeding of the slowest mare in the valley of the Exe, why the hell can't you get the inside stuff about a woman who's going to double your feed bill."

And now Richard Harland, grandson of this same "Dead-heat," had made a distressing discovery. It concerned his wife, Denise. Denise, whose blood was the bluest in Devon. How Richard had pored over the history of his wife's family

before marriage? Courageous men and noble women. Running true always. No whips required for the men or blinkers for the ladies. He was thrilled by the story of their lives. Thoroughbreds. Moving down through the years in fine and solemn procession, the sole purpose of their existence, so Richard thought, being the production of a spotless bride for himself.

The blow was sudden, vicious, devastating. Richard, innocently searching for a map in the jacket of his fever-stricken companion, had found a photograph of his own wife. A photograph of Denise! A smiling, elfin Denise; the print, so he thought, expressing childish amusement at being discovered in the inner pocket of Alan Merrick's jacket!

Harland tried to soften the blow by disbelief. It couldn't be Denise! It couldn't be! Some woman like her, perhaps. Some friend of Merrick's. Why—why—Denise! Oh damn it all, it couldn't be Denise!

The smiling photograph unloosed a proof of identification that rocked Richard Harland. Upon the shadowy lace

Illustrations by

Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

that covered the white bosom was a scrawl that rose, cobra-like, and struck at his cowardly pretence. Smashing down the doubt that wasn't doubt but a pad for his stupid pride. It was her own handwriting! Her own name! Just "Denise." Jeering at him. Jeering at the barrier of silly scepticism that he tried to throw up to protect his conceit. Harland conceit. "Pick 'em with pedigrees!" There was a laugh in the scrawl! A wiggly, wriggly, inky laugh.

Harland leaned against the tent pole to steady himself. His throat was ash-coated, little fires flamed behind his eyeballs, the muscles of his face ran wild and permitted frightful grimaces. The name "Denise" sprang from the print and ran up and down the discoloured canvas.

Again came the comforting doubt. The photograph might not be real. The djinns of the great sands played tricks on travellers. The heat might have affected

Harland's eyes. There were mirages. The print might not be in his hand. Sight and touch were in collusion to fool him.

Slowly, ever so slowly, he advanced the photograph. Towards his mouth. His grimacing, slobbering mouth. With a throaty snarl he bit at a corner!

He spat savagely. Curses came jerkily from his arid throat. The print was real. It was Denise! His wife! Hiding in the inner pocket of Alan Merrick's khaki



RICHARD, innocently searching for a map in the jacket of his fever-stricken companion, had found a photograph of his own wife

jacket! Over the fellow's heart. His heart!

Harland wheeled clumsily. Hands outstretched, he stared at the camp stretcher in the shadows. Upon it lay a young man quite unaware of the shock produced by the photograph taken from his pocket. The hot clutch of fever was upon Alan Merrick. His handsome head rolled from side to side in semi-delirium, swinging the mass of black hair with quick jerks across his damp forehead. The lift and fall of the black mop was pitiful. The hair seemed to protest against the restlessness of the head.

Stealthily Richard Harland approached the stretcher. He dropped upon his knees. The dry lips of the sick man quivered under the passing of ghostly words. Words that the parched lips could not make audible.

Harland thrust an ear close to the mouth of the young man. A hungry ear that strove to capture the verbal ghosts. The tremendous silence of the wastes filled the tent. The fat noon silence that has body and form, and out of which the desert djinns build the dancing mirages of league-high forests and unearthly cities.

For an hour Harland listened. Ghostly words slipped over the lips, taunting the straining ear. Harland silently cursed their muted passing. The fellow might even then be whispering of Denise! Spilling secrets now that the hand of fever had destroyed the locks of clandestine cupboards.

Angry, rattled, panic-struck, Harland got to his feet, staggered to the tent flap and tore it wide. The desert glared at him. The stretches of the Grand Erg, hot, bone-white, spiteful, leapt up as a *cadre* for his anguish. A physical setting by means of which the mental anguish could be better registered.

He knew that he would remember for all time the panorama before him at the moment. Remember it with an agonising accuracy. Never would it be washed out. The finding of the photograph of Denise had made some special emulsion for the plates of memory. An emulsion that bit deeply and fiercely.

Always and always Harland would remember the violet shadows on the rose-tinted dunes. The dunes that were like the breasts of giantesses stroked ceaselessly by the hot winds. A league-long scrawl flashed across the dunes as the bosom simile slipped through his mind. A scrawl that wriggled and quavered in the heat. It was the signature on the photograph—"Denise!" It fled towards the horizon.

THE clump of straggly palms leaning over the desert well would stay like a cobweb on his vision through the days to come. And the snarling camels, their forelegs doubled back and strapped cruelly, their snake-like heads moving irritably. The six Arabs sprawled in the mean shade, their legs seeking the shadow coverlet as the vicious sun ate it up. All would be etched deeply, etched with the gall of anger and battered pride.

Harland called a name. An Arab with a face like a dried

sheepskin disengaged himself from the tangle of legs and arms and ran to the tent. Harland, hampered by his arid throat, gave orders. They would break camp at sundown. They were turning back. They would make for Beni Abbès on the *piste* of the *Trans-Saharienne*. There they could get a car that would carry the sick man swiftly to Colomb-Béchar.

The Arab showed astonishment. The wind-wrinkled face peered within the tent. Harland spoke again. They would construct a litter for Merrick. There was material aplenty. When the temperature dropped after sunset they would move.

Harland's right hand pinched the photograph of Denise hidden from sight in his coat pocket. Pinched it viciously. "I'll take him back to you!" he growled; as the Arab returned to the camel boys. "Take him back so that he can see you before he goes! I'll do it! By God I will!"

There was a following wind from the Grand Erg. *Le vent tiède du Sahara*. Sweeping up from the desolate

stretches of the Tanezrouft. Thrusting northward the odours of the moist jungles beyond Lake Tchad.

It was alive, strangely inquisitive. It gambolled around the plush-footed camels of the caravan like a prying hound. Why the sudden change of plans? Why the drive back towards the railhead and civilisation? Wasn't there talk of gold? Alluvial gold that could be scooped up in handfuls from the dry bed of the Zousfana?

THE wind tickled the strong neck of Richard Harland. It fingered his face, his set mouth. It questioned him. What was wrong? A flat-faced foolish moon helped the breeze in demanding explanations. Why the retreat?

At moments in the night march Richard Harland was startled to hear his own voice. In an effort to soothe his wounded pride he was making a silent review of the circumstances leading up to the finding of the photograph, but again and again he found himself whispering aloud to the listening night. After each of



At moments
Harland was

these discoveries the red disc of memory would revolve noiselessly till anger and irritation would press the needle of speech upon it, and again the wind would listen.

"Thoroughbred, Denise! . . . Hah! . . . Thoroughbred. . . . Funny. . . . This—this fellow. . . . Served three years in the Legion. . . . Met us in Paris. Had pillbox full of alluvial gold. . . . Knew where it could be scooped up in this flaming desert. . . . Wanted money. Camels, supplies. Looked good to me."

"Looked good to you!" whispered the wind. "Of course. Your game. Throwing dice. Gambling. Low stuff."

Richard Harland frowned. Did the remark come from the night breeze? Denise never thought him, Harland, a thoroughbred. Neither did her family. "Gentlemen," said the family of Denise, "never gamble." Damned rot, of course. Annoying, though, to hear it.

Silently he built up his case. He was the victim of treachery on the part of his wife and a man he had befriended. They

had fooled him. Cleverly, cunningly, they had played him as a simpleton.

He glanced at the staring moon that flung the camel-shadows fifty yards over the sands. Across the moon danced the black tracery. The signature that was on the photograph! "*Denise*" . . . It fled, leaving Harland sweaty and nervous.

Again the needle of speech touched the slow-moving record of memory. "*Liar!*" he gasped. "*She!*" . . . Begged to come as far south as Marseilles with us. . . . Pretended that she wanted to be with—with me! . . . Should have known. . . . She listening all the time to that swine. . . . Telling her about *La Légion Etrangère*, *Bat d'Af*, all that muck. . . . She thought it—thought it romance!"

The breeze pounced upon the word "romance" and rushed with it to the wafer of Chinese white that was the moon. Bounced the word over the wastes. "Romance?" it gurgled. "Why, of course it was romance! After years with you his stories of Africa were splendid romance to her!"

Harland was annoyed. The infernal breeze was on the side of Denise and the sick man. It fought against the indictment he was preparing. A Harland man made a monkey of! It was unbelievable.

Venomously he spat his accusations at the night wind. "Doped me proper!" he snarled. "At Marseilles she said—oh, the damned liar!—she said she would like to be with me as long as she could! Something—something might happen in the desert! *By heavens, it has, it has, hasn't it?* But she pretended that the something might happen to me! *To me!* 'Let me come as far as Oran!' she said, 'I'll wait for you there.'"

The breeze told the moon. "She's at Oran," said the breeze.

Harland laughed crazily. The Arabs turned and stared at him. "Yes, she's at Oran!" he cried. "And I'm bringing him back to her! Thoroughbred, I am! Just like Denise! Thoroughbred! She said Merrick was one! So am I! Dick Harland, thoroughbred! Takes it on the chin! Brings back his wife's lover at any



in the night march Richard startled to hear his own voice



cost! Romance? By God, I'll give her romance!"

The night wind, seemingly frightened by this outburst, crept away. The only sounds were the snarls and belchings of the camels. The hours were monstrous weights hanging from the stars and crushing vitality against the dead sands.

Harland's hatred ran a league-long track from the heart of the Grand Erg

ALI had the good fortune to reach his knife before the other choked him. He buried it deep in the ribs of the visitor

northward to Oran. A visionary track up which a little demon of his own making ran backwards and forwards with unbelievable speed. One second to Oran, four hundred miles away, one second on the return trip.

The demon brought pictures of Denise.

The demon had seen her! Yes, yes! In that big bedroom looking out on the *Place d'Armes* where he, Harland, had left her! She was in the bedroom praying for Alan Merrick!

"Praying?" gasped Harland. "Praying for him!"

"Yes, yes!" cried the hate demon. "Praying for his safety. Afraid he might suffer. Rough stuff the desert. Thirst, vipers, and storms, y'know. Kneeling

now at the side of the bed. Nice white bed. Nice white hands clasped. Pretty hands, hasn't she? Red little lips moving. Almighty sure to listen to Denise. Couldn't resist her. She's saying—d'ye want to hear? Well she's saying right now, 'Dear God, who owns the desert, please protect dear Alan—'

A brutal oath slipped from the lips of Richard Harland. He tried to throttle the infamous demon he had created. He tried to blot out its whispering with dreadful words.

"I'll give her prayers!" he cried, and again the camel boys stared at him with frightened faces. "I'll bring him to her! Die in her arms! I'll stand and look on! Dick Harland, thoroughbred! *Home they brought her warrior dead!* Wire her from Beni Abbès! Tell her to come quickly to Colomb-Béchar. Express will land her there inside twenty-four hours! I'll have him there for her! Lead her into the room, stand aside and watch! Watch how thoroughbreds take it! . . . God!"

THEY halted before dawn at the well of El Kader. Harland made a close examination of the sick man. His temperature was high. At sunrise he had an interval of consciousness. He showed a disposition to question Harland. The latter lowered his head and listened.

"Where?" gasped the sick man.

"Where?" repeated Harland. "Oh, I get you. We are making for Beni Abbès. Get a car there for Colomb-Béchar." After a short silence he added, "I'll wireless Mrs. Harland from Beni Abbès and get her to meet us."

A gasped-out "Why?" came from the lips of the sick man. A strange, crippled query that rose like a ghost-bird from the parched lips.

Harland looked down into the face of the other. "Wouldn't you like to see my wife?" he asked.

Merrick's eyes widened. He studied the face of his questioner. With great difficulty he whispered an answer. "If—I if I am going—going to die I—I would like to see Mrs. Harland," he gasped.

Harland continued to stare at Merrick till the latter lost the clutch on consciousness and slipped off into a semi-delirium.

Harland dropped on his knees beside him, the listening ear advanced. He moistened the dry lips. Now, with the thought of meeting Denise on his mind, the fellow might babble of her. He might.

But Merrick didn't whisper of Denise. Harland managed to catch the skeleton murmurings. Merrick was speaking of a past. A past that had driven him from England. A past that had thrust him into the Legion.

Harland grinned as he captured the whispers. Merrick, so it seemed from his own words, had been forced to flee from London. Something was missing. Money. The lips denied the theft.

Harland moistened those dry lips with a feather. Hurriedly.

This—this was something! Something that he could hurl at Denise. Something to make that moment of sweet revenge still sweeter.

Merrick continued to babble. Someone else had done it. The listening Harland grinned. Of course. The Legion was filled with men who had shouldered the blame of others. Oh, Lord, what fun to have this shot for Denise. Thoroughbred, she thought Merrick. Thoroughbred indeed. "A damned crook," snarled Harland. "Women are fools!"

The confessional whisper ceased. Harland got to his feet. He mixed himself a drink. The hate demon that had pictured Denise praying for Merrick tormented him. Again and again it flung up before his eyes the bedroom of the hotel at Oran. Denise would have her breakfast of coffee and rolls at the window, looking out over the cool *Place d'Armes*. "She's there now," said the whispering demon. "Nibbling a croissant and thinking of him . . ." Harland poured himself a second drink . . .

The red sun licked at the terrified shadow patches. A tinted rock thrust up out of the sand became a molten fang. Respiration was difficult.

The Arab with the wind-dried face sang softly in the meagre shadow thrown by a stretched blanket. It was a song of love. A low, buzzing song that bit into the ear like the humming of a blowfly.

The song annoyed Harland. It seemed to accentuate the heat. He opened the tent flap and cursed the singer.

A laughing camel-boy with a hide like waxed velvet explained. The singer would reach his own village on the morning following. The song was in praise of the young wife he had left behind. The singer would surprise her by his unexpected return. In the soft darkness before the dawn Ali of the lined face would crawl into the arms of his beloved.

The explanation maddened Harland. He hurled a rock at the singer, and the man, unable to control the melody that

was in his heart, moved his blanket out into the waste and again took up his song.

The words came thin and faint to the ears of Richard Harland. They told of the charms of the young wife. She had eyes into which a lover fell to be drowned by their sweetness. She had limbs that were more beautiful than the limbs of a gazelle. She had black hair that made fairy ladders up which a husband could climb to the stars, and her breasts were like those of the moon goddess.

It was sickening to Harland. It brought a strange madness upon him. The heat and the song were unbearable. Who was crumpling a roll and thinking of her lover? Was it the wife of this damned *chanteur*? Was it she who said prayers for a dashing friend? No, by God, it was Denise! *Denise at Oran!* His own wife. This singing idiot in the sands was mocking him!

Harland rushed a boy out to where the singer squatted. If the fellow didn't stop his infamous song he, Harland, would flay him alive.

The messenger took the command. The singer moved half a kilometre further into the desert. He was a white speck in the ocean of sand. There he sat and told the glaring, vicious sky of the beauties of his wife. Harland couldn't hear him, but the sight of the love-stricken wretch in the sand brought terrible curses from his lips. At times he thought the singing Arab unreal. He was something the desert had created. A symbol, a prefigurement of uxorious husbands.

"Bring him back," said the hate demon. "Be kind to him. He is your double. Perhaps this copper-tinted wench that he is singing of—well, we shall see. Bring him into the shade."

The messenger went out again, and the amorous husband returned to the camp. He smiled at Harland and thanked him.

It was the hour of the grand mirage. The horizon boiled. It rushed up towers of incredible height. It built cities of pearl, and milky seas with floating islands stretched tauntingly towards the camp.

The day rolled along like a chariot with wheels of flame. Harland's irritation grew.

WHEN night fell they moved forward. Again the warm wind from the Tanezrouft (Continued on page 109)





*Decoration by
John Austen*

The Man of Honour

THE hard-faced woman sent for a dictionary to prove her case. "A promise is a promise." And that was that.

You would not think that friends could get so excitedly argumentative. But it was a dull evening in one of those seaside hotels where people stare at strangers.

The motor journey, part of a tour, had been, that day, a bit trying. Besides, it had lasted a fortnight—and even friends get a bit jumpy after two weeks of sitting in a motor car all day and finding a new uncomfortableness each night.

"Scenery" palls. Even change becomes monotonous.

Someone had said, "We promised to call on them, you know."

Then they started to argue as to whether the promise was binding. The "call" meant a journey across half a county. It wasn't worth it . . .

The hard-faced woman, one of the five tourists, stupidly lost her temper. She wanted to be back in London, anyway. But "a promise was a promise."

She found, in the dictionary, discovered in the possession of the telephone girl who was learning how to spell the language of love, the word "promise," and pointed out "to engage to do something; to afford reason to expect; to assure by promise."

Really, it was an argument between those who wanted to make the call and those who didn't. But the dictionary's analysis led to a philosophic speculation, yes, and memories of incidents that . . .

They used the word "honour," yes, even "plighted" entered the talk.

"I held her to it," said one of the tourists, and laughed as though he had done something heroic by taking advantage of words used casually.

Then the very blunt man who had been driving all the way put it in his brutal way.

"It is no good speculating in suppositions," he said. "It is no good theorising about promises. You only know when you face up to a fact. Now a man I know had to stand up to it suddenly, one day," he said. "I will tell you his story and I will put to you his problem. Then you can all tell me what you would have done."

And so he told his story.

IT was a long, boring journey, cold, for the war was on, and the trains were badly heated. You got used to discomforts in those days, but they seemed very trying that day.

There was a restaurant car, but food cards made it a very unsatisfactory meal. The car attendant seemed very stupid. But then all the regular ones were at the war, and the men taken on seemed to be deaf with age or crippled into slowness.

As for the newspapers—well, who believed them, anyway? The traveller saw that the official communiqué, dated overnight from G.H.Q. on the Western Front, recorded "another push." But that he did not believe. He had been out there, a few days before, and he knew that the casualties all around him

were not mentioned in those short and optimistic despatches.

Who could read newspapers during the war, anyway? Who was interested, with the noise of those guns still in your ears, in knowing that silly flaccid blondes were singing, on the West End stage, "We don't want to lose you, But we think you ought to go," when you knew that any sane man would run as far away from the war as possible if he could, especially if he were a part of it?

Then there was the speech of the Great Statesman who had said overnight, "We will win through even though all our best and dearest perish in the winning," when everybody knew that that Great Statesman's two sons were nicely entrenched somewhere in Whitehall.

There was a play, too, criticised, a play the leading actor in which was supposed to be in uniform and wore it, indeed, in the daytime about the Strand. Just the same he went on acting at night.

The man in the train wondered how these things were managed. . . .

You could not read anything, for you could not believe anything.

So he just stared out of the train, which went mile after mile across a country which did not seem to know that it was being saved from Something so comfortably distant across the sea.

Then, unexpectedly, the train stopped. Why was it stopping there? It was not scheduled for a stop for nearly another hour.

Then the traveller noticed that there was waiting on the station a woman



By Hannen Swaffer

dressed in heavy mourning and that the porter, who saw her into the train, leant towards her in an attitude of sympathy.

A moment or two later, the train started again, and the woman in black, to the bored man's relief, entered his carriage and sat opposite.

And then the train went on its slow way, as indeed did the entire war always, slowly, boringly.

So it was that he watched her. A curious sympathy for what must be her great sorrow filled his mind.

You got used to suffering and death in those days. But why was it her veil was so thick?

He could not see any sign of the features. No contour or shape was visible through the veil. He sat there, eyeing sympathetically the outward signs of mourning, the black gloves . . .

And he saw that the woman's head was bowed as though some more than usual grief had driven all her thoughts into the innermost recesses of her mind.

He could not understand it, but he was compassionate almost beyond degree.

A great strong man, one who had seen, quite recently, death in its most violent forms, watched suffering to a degree beyond description, and been deafened

by History's most deafsome din, wanted to help this woman, to say something . . .

He could not tell, through the mourning veil, whether he was facing advanced age or maidenly innocence.

Several times, he nearly spoke. But the figure opposite to him did not move and made no sign. It would have been sheer rudeness, unpardonable insolence.

In half an hour, the train stopped again, at another small station.

The woman got out. And the train went on again . . .

You can build around death, of course, the structure of a pitiless tragedy or the fabric of a great romance. The actors themselves are usually but dimly conscious of the parts they play.

Death is death and Sorrow is sorrow. It is the eye of the artist that selects the all-inspiring from the sordid. It is the mind of the poet that transmutes an incident into words that echo majestically through all the ages. It is the skill of the dramatist who, by ignoring non-essentials, brings into deep relief the significant, and drops the curtain in an arresting moment.

Otherwise, to those who watch, Death is death, and Life is life, and their pains and their pleasures are a confusion

which has no shape.

"Do you know why the train was stopped?" the traveller asked the attendant, when next he passed through the carriage. "Do they often stop trains outside the schedule?"

The attendant knew more about it than expected. He would have been told that the train was to stop. But the traveller did not expect that the man would make even more mysterious the mystery behind that thick veil, that stupefied reserve, that iciness into which deep sorrow had frozen its shape.

Yes, there had been a funeral which had taken place near where the train had first stopped. The woman lived a few miles from the second stopping place, in a mansion that stood in large grounds with a high wall around.

The neighbouring villagers knew nothing about her. She gave largely to local charities. Whenever anyone wrote for help, it was sent, by cheque, almost by return. And so her reputation had gone around the countryside as that of a mystery woman who was never seen, a Lady Bountiful upon whom eye never fell.

She had been to the funeral of a great friend. But she was

always veiled whenever, infrequently, she drove abroad.

Yes, the attendant knew her name and dropped it casually.

The traveller found it strange, but for the rest of the journey his mind's fancy wandered around the woman. Nor did his speculations cease when the boring journey was over and he reached London—no, nor when, in a few days time, he was back in France.

Men, perhaps, are urged to sudden decisions when, all around them, Calamity crashes and Death is seen on every hand. When the times are quieter, they are more casually perambulative.

So it was that, from the trenches, he sent a letter, one born of a quick decision. He was in love and he said so. He said it in a long letter, written within the sound of gunfire, addressed with the woman's name and saying "Near Leantort Station," which he remembered as the second stopping place.

His letter was a mixture of blundering frankness and a strange romanticism. He was in love, he said, with a woman he had never seen. It could not be her face, for he had never gazed on it. It could not be the beauty of her soul, for her silence had betrayed

(Continued on page 78)

A Shred of Evidence

*The Triumph
Policeman
Holmes's brain
regulation*

IN Ashcroft Police Station, on a warm, wet evening of late spring, sat a large, lonely, love-sick policeman, Alfred Elphick by name.

His earnest eyes, like those of the chorister in a justly forgotten song, to Heaven were bent. Anyhow, he was looking up; and it might have been supposed that he was learning by heart the repulsive features of a gentleman (wanted for trying to abolish his next-door neighbour with a chunk of rock), whose portrait on a poster disfigured the wall.

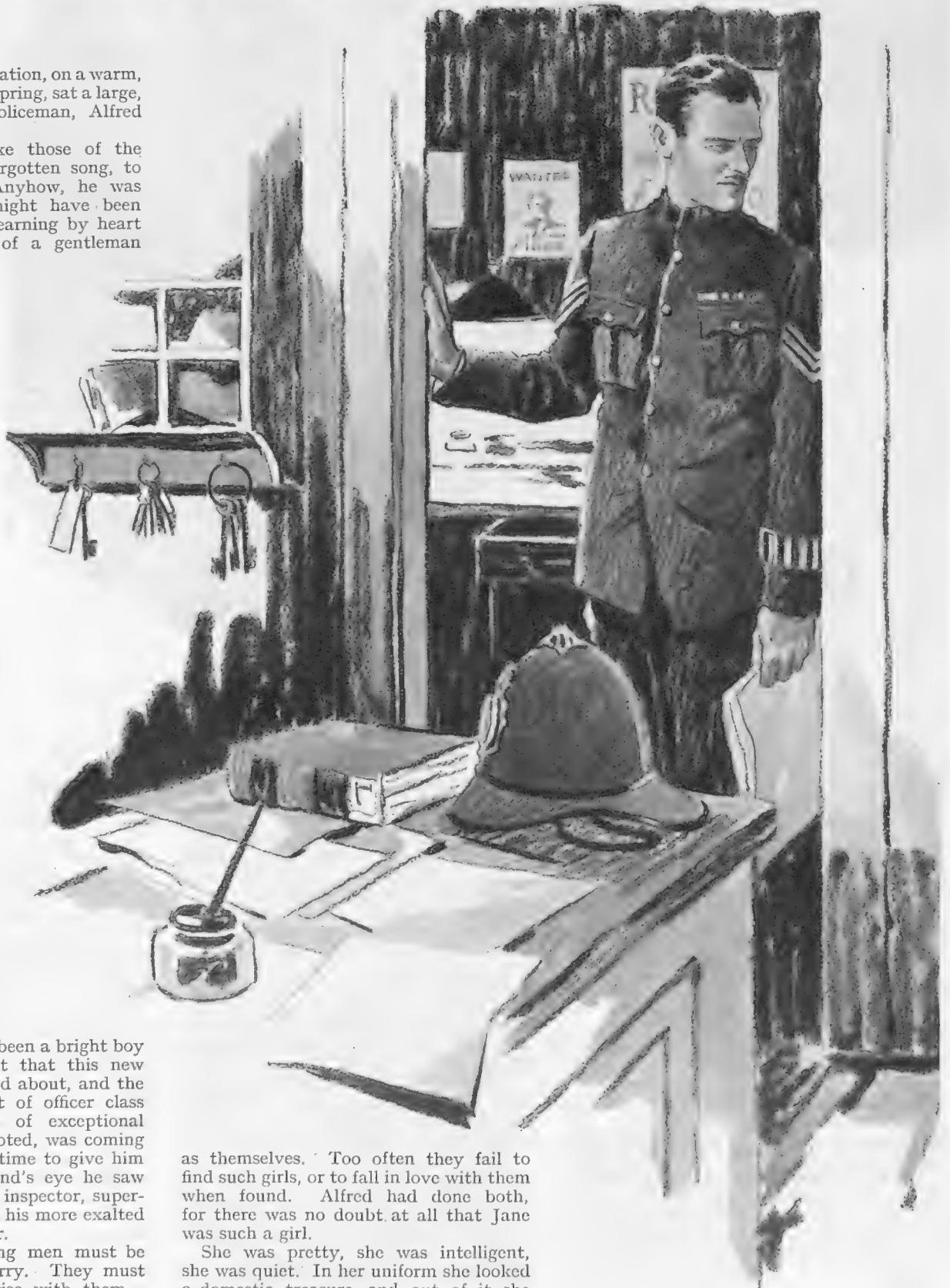
Actually, however, P.C. Elphick was not conscious of the poster, nor of the wall, nor of the grim building to which the wall belonged. He was thinking of Her—of Jane Barton, the trim, pretty parlourmaid at Stavely Old House; the girl whom he intended, when (and if) he ever again managed to see her, to ask to be Mrs. Police-Constable Alfred Elphick.

Alfred was immensely proud of himself for having fallen in love with Jane. He was an ambitious young man who meant to get on in the world. He had not joined the police with any idea of remaining in an obscure country district and struggling up by slow stages to be sergeant. He had been a bright boy at school; and he felt that this new police college they talked about, and the establishment of a sort of officer class to which young men of exceptional promise might be promoted, was coming along just at the right time to give him his chance. In his mind's eye he saw himself inspector, chief inspector, superintendent, and even—in his more exalted moments—commissioner.

Now, ambitious young men must be careful whom they marry. They must marry girls who can rise with them—girls, in fact, as ambitious and as gifted

as themselves. Too often they fail to find such girls, or to fall in love with them when found. Alfred had done both, for there was no doubt at all that Jane was such a girl.

She was pretty, she was intelligent, she was quiet. In her uniform she looked a domestic treasure, and out of it she looked like a lady. She spoke like one, too.



*of a Love-sick
with a Sherlock
under the
helmet*

By W. A. Darlington

*Illustrated by
Geo. D. Alexander*

When Alfred indulged his wildest fancies, and imagined Sir Alfred Elphick, K.B.E., Commissioner of Police, showing royalty round Scotland Yard, Jane fitted perfectly into the part of Lady Elphick.

Whether she loved him in return Alfred did not know. Side by side with his ambition he had an attractive modesty, and it seemed to him unlikely that a girl like Jane would consent to tie herself to a mere constable. No doubt the task of persuading her would be a long one; but he intended to start on it at their very next meeting. At

present, though, the chances of that meeting were obscure and uncertain.

Jane, and Stavelly village, were distant from Ashcroft a bare three miles. Yet to P.C. Elphick, impatient after the manner of lovers, it was as though sundering seas roared between them. Jane had her night out on Wednesdays; and the mysterious working of the duty roster, complicated by the confinement to bed of P.C. William Totheroh with an attack of mumps, made it unlikely that Elphick would be free on a Wednesday evening for several weeks to come.

To-night was Wednesday. At this very moment, Alfred supposed, Jane would be at the pictures. Probably she would be listening—in a mood softened by the contemplation of some lovely star's surrender—to the blandishments of that eligible bachelor, that handsome snake-in-the-grass Prescott, Mr. Fulton's chauffeur. Alfred clenched his fists, and decided, in words borrowed from the title of last week's big picture, that he was the Toy of Fate.

It may be remarked, in passing, that if Alfred could have seen his Jane at that moment he would have felt considerably cheered.

She was at the pictures, sure enough; but she was alone, and the heroine's surrender meant nothing at all to her. Indeed, she had difficulty in keeping her mind upon the drama before her. Her imagination substituted for it another in which P.C. Alfred Elphick, summoned by an urgent telephone call, rescued an incredibly lovely syren from a fire, or burglars, or something, and forgot a mere parlourmaid in the grateful syren's embraces.

As for Prescott, Jane had no thought of him, or he for her. He looked a practised seducer to Alfred's inflamed eye; but in reality he was a quiet creature, deeply in love with an internal-combustion engine, and having neither time nor inclination for jaunts with females.

But Alfred did not know. Sunk in gloom, he continued to muse. The telephone bell tinkled in the main office, and the sergeant's voice was faintly to be heard. P.C. Elphick mused on, with no presentiment of what effect that tinkling bell and that muffled voice were to have on his future.

Jane, he calculated miserably, would soon be setting out in the bus back to Stavelly with the insinuating Prescott at her side—possibly with his lascivious arm about her waist. . . .

"'Ere—you, Elphick," said the sergeant, poking his head round the door, and speaking with a rare tone of urgency and excitement. "Get a truncheon an' a pair of 'andbolts and stand by. The inspector'll be along with a car in a couple o' ticks, an' 'e wants you an' two others with 'im. There's been murder done. Mr. Gregory's been shot, playin' cards at Mr. Fulton's. Shot from the garden, it seems. You've got to go at once to Stavelly Old 'Ouse. . . . Come on, man! Wake up!"

But Alfred Elphick stood in a daze of wonder. He had misjudged Fate, that kindly goddess who restored the lover to his lass even if she had to slay a wealthy South African magnate to do so. A light of happiness came into his eyes. The sergeant mistook its cause.

"Pleased, are you?" he said, remembering that young Elphick was said to have ideas above his station. "See yerself doin' a bit o' sleuthin', I s'pose. Well, let me tell you this, me lad. It'll

"THERE'S been murder done. Mr. Gregory's been shot, playin' cards at Mr. Fulton's. Shot from the garden, it seems. You've got to go at once to Stavelly Old 'Ouse. . . . Come on, man! Wake up!"

GEORGE D. ALEXANDER
94



be your job to keep yer mouth shut, while the inspector does the sleuthin'. 'E don't get a murder every day of the week."

The words brought Alfred Elphick to his senses. Certainly one didn't get a murder every week. This was his first chance of professional distinction, and there must be no thought in his mind of dalliance with Jane. Even if the murder did belong to Inspector Harris, surely there would be a chance for himself to show his mettle by a tactful word here and there.

WHEN the police car arrived at the Old House, it became very clear that the sergeant had been right. This was Inspector Harris's murder and nobody else's. It was, in fact, the only one he had ever had, for Ashcroft was a peaceable place; and he was plainly determined to make the most of it. His manner as he went up the steps was a nice blend of the star actor taking the stage and the victorious general entering a captured fortress.

The door was already open, and the tall figure of Mr. Ernest Fulton, owner of the Old House, was silhouetted against the light from the hall. He was a lean, hard-bitten man of fifty or so, who—like Peter Gregory, now lying dead in the house—had made a fortune in South Africa.

"A bad business, inspector," he said gravely.

"Indeed yes, sir. May I see Mr.—er—the deceased?"

"This way, please."

He led the way to a small, squarish sitting-room set out for bridge. Except for the bridge-table and its appurtenances, there was nothing in the room but a side-table with bottles, siphon and glasses, and a couple of spare chairs. There was no sense of bareness, however. A thick pile carpet on the floor, a mantelpiece elaborately carved with fruit and flowers, and three big pictures made the room seem rather full than otherwise.

The bridge-table was mute evidence of a game rudely interrupted. A half-played dummy hand lay on the table. The rest of the cards and the four scoring-blocks had been swept into the middle of the table, but four pencils still lay in their places at the players' right hands. Three of the four chairs were pushed back from the table; and in the fourth, slumped forward, sat the body of Mr. Peter Gregory, of Stavely Hall. The local doctor, Coxley by name, was examining a tell-tale small hole at the back of its neck, just by the apex of the spinal cord.

"Hullo, Harris," he said. "I've just finished. Quite dead, I'm afraid—looks like a .22 bullet. And not much doubt where it came from, either."

He nodded towards the open French window behind Gregory's chair. In the middle of the pane, at a height level with the dead man's shoulder, was another tell-tale small hole.

The inspector nodded.

"That's a .22 all right," he said. He turned to his host. "Well, Mr. Fulton," he said, "let's have your account. Elphick, take this down, will you? Thompson, you take the door. Fogg, see if you can find anything in the garden."

P.C. Fogg disappeared nervously



"FIND a clue. You're always saying you want a bitterly. "If I did find one, they wouldn't look

through the French window, with the air of a Christian martyr going to the stake. He evidently held the view that a garden whence came a .22 bullet which killed a South African magnate was a garden to be avoided.

"Now, sir," said the inspector.

"Well," said Mr. Fulton, "we had just sat down to bridge—my wife, Mr. Dale, Mr. Gregory and myself. . . ."

"Time?"

"Oh—about ten o'clock. Mr. Gregory and I were partners. He sat with his back to the window, as you see. I was opposite him, of course."

"And the others?"

"Dale was on Gregory's right, with his back to the fireplace, and my wife opposite him."

"Yes?"

"Dale dealt the first hand, and my wife played it. Then Gregory dealt, and we went up to five no trumps. I was dummy, so I got up and went over to the side table to mix some drinks. . . ."

"Make a note, Elphick—side table against wall opposite French window," put in the inspector in rapid parentheses.

" . . . and while my back was turned



chance. Well, here's one." "A clue?" He laughed at it. A clue isn't a clue unless the inspector finds it."

I heard a sudden sharp crack. I swung round, rather startled, and was just in time to see Gregory collapse."

"And then?"

"For a moment or two we did nothing. The thing was so unexpected. Then my wife pointed to the window and screamed, and we saw the hole in the glass."

"The window was shut?"

"Yes. It had come on to rain, and my wife felt chilly. Then I guessed what had happened, and dashed to Gregory's side. But he was stone dead, I could see that."

"And after that?"

"I flung open the window and ran out into the garden to see if I could find whoever it was that had fired the shot. But there wasn't a trace."

The inspector went to the window and glanced out. "I see you've got crazy paving on all the paths. Not much good looking for footprints there on a wet night."

"I'm afraid not."

"And how long was it between the firing of the shot and you going into the garden?"

"About two minutes, I should think."

The window had to be opened, and it sticks sometimes."

"And then, sir?"

"I came in, rang the bell for Merritt, my butler, and telephoned to you and the doctor."

"And did Merritt hear the shot?"

"He says not. The servants' quarters are over on the other side of the house, and Merritt tells me they had the wireless on."

"Um!" said the inspector. He paused for a moment, and then changed his tack.

"Tell me, sir—you've known Mr. Gregory some years."

"Rather. I knew him by reputation in Africa, and I got to know him personally after I retired and came here."

"Was he a man with enemies?"

"Oh, yes." Fulton's voice was entirely matter of fact. "He was very successful, you know, and his methods were rather—well—ruthless, at times."

"Ruined other people to get rich himself, you mean?"

"That's what it amounted to. Out of business hours he was a good fellow, but in them he was as hard as they're made."

"Ever hear of anybody threatening to do him in?"

"Oh, yes, often."

"Eh?" said the inspector, startled by the calm remark. Mr. Fulton laughed.

"Oh, well, it was a rough life. One didn't pay much attention to that sort of threat."

"Might somebody have tracked him down here?"

"They might," said Mr. Fulton doubtfully.

"Can you suggest a likelier solution?"

Mr. Fulton shook his head.

"I don't know that I can. . . . By the way, it's quite possible that the shot was meant for me."

"What?"

"Well, why not? I made a fortune out there, too, and I expect there were plenty of people with grudges against me. To a man out in the garden I'd be a clearer and bigger target than the back of Gregory's neck. I was standing up, you see."

This, thought Elphick, was all very well as a piece of speculation, but had no practical value at this stage of the proceedings. The inspector evidently thought so too, for he branched off in a different direction.

"Playing for high stakes?" he said, indicating the bridge-table.

"Bob a hundred," said Mr. Fulton laconically.

"Did you often play together?"

"Yes, regularly. We didn't find people in this district very friendly towards Colonials, so we four took to playing together three times a week. Dale's from South Africa too, you know. We were friends out there."

"So I'd heard. Did you always play here?"

"No. Sometimes here and sometimes at the Hall. Once in a way at Dale's."

"I see, sir. Thank you. Well, I think now. . . ."

"I think now," cut in the doctor suddenly, "that we'd better move the body out of this room and let me extract the bullet."

"Right, doctor. Here, Thompson and Elphick, you two (Continued on page 78)

BAJAZET I, Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, called "The Thunderbolt," owing to the ruthlessness and rapidity of his actions



OLD TALES RETOLD

A Duel of Emperors

WE have travelled far together, you and I, along the borderland of History and Legend. Thus far, I have sought to tell you of little-known and half-forgotten happenings which, but for the poor resurrection I could afford them, would have slid away to that dead Limbo where vanished Beauty lies enshrined. This month, my story is one yet living—though not in the West. It is told and retold in the Bazaars of the Orient, yet it is not legend: it is sung in the songs of Araby, yet it is not false.

It is that rarest of rare things—true tradition. Its modern accretions were told to me by a friend who heard them in the Nilotic night, spangled with stars, while the ancient River of Egypt moved from its mysterious head-waters to the Middle Sea.

MY story is set in the days when Europe was a welter of warring princelings and a fury of looting lords; when the last of the Plantagenets had

Written and Illustrated
by

F. Matania, R.I.

been cast from the English throne; when Italy was a maelstrom of faction and the Empire—not Holy nor Roman nor even an Empire, in Voltaire's bitter gibe—was tottering to its fall—the opening of the fifteenth century.

Constantinople was within fifty years of surrendering the Cross to the Crescent; America was almost a century away from—discovery.

But, though Europe was a continent

of smallness, Asia, as ever, was a continent of Empire. The tradition of Babylon, of Assyria, of Chaldaea, of Persia, still persisted. But the mantle of the great conquerors—of Tiglath, of Cambyses, of Cyrus, even of that Lord of the Earth, Genghis Khan, was riven.

No more did all Asia own one despotic sway. Two giants dominated the Eastern stage.

Bajazet I, Sultan of the Ottoman Turks, loomed along the frontier of Europe. His sudden incursions, crossing that dividing line, had a deadliness and a voracity that had given him the nickname of "The Thunderbolt."

Farther afield bulked a figure even greater. A lame son of a Tartar chieftain had, by sheer force—of character, of cruelty, of ability, of ferocity—set himself

on the throne of Samarcand. His name—Timur the lame; in his own wild tongue, Timur-i-leng; in English, Tamerlane.

He is the hero of that smoky masterpiece, riven by the lightning of inspired verse, "Tamburlaine the Great," writ by that Elizabethan cut off in his early youth, Kit Marlowe; who wrote in deathless "Mighty Lines" of his early ambition and his boyish dreams of power—dreams soon to be translated into reality—

*A god is not so glorious as a king,
To ask and have, command and be obeyed,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis. . .*

Bajazet extended his empery to the north and east; Tamerlane his dominion to the west and south. Both were

China—his Promised Land that he never conquered—to the borders of Asia Minor.

And there, fronting him, stood Bajazet, leader of a warrior race—owning as levies a hotch-potch of Kurds, Saracens, Moors, Arabs, Syrians, Slavs, and . . . Tartars.

All individual nations are swallowed in the maw of an Asiatic Empire—even as all individual souls are engulfed in the Asiatic heaven.

Neither would consider an alliance. The upshot was . . . War.

Following the habit of the East, it began with a war of words. Letters that passed between the great despots testify to their fury not only with the sword but with the tongue, letters still extant—

Apostle of God, bulwark though it be of Holy Islam, shall be dashed from thy hand. Repent while yet there is time and, Oh Thunderbolt, avert *our* Thunder which is suspended above thy presumptuous head."

So the brutal Tartar. But the insult of the Turk was more subtle—and more insulting—

"Be the armies of thy tribesmen numberless, be the arrows of Tartary never so swift, what shall they avail against the scimitars of my invincible Janissaries? Those princes who have sought the protection of my Shadow will I guard. Within my tent will I house them. There—if thou darest—come to seek them! May my wives be thrice divorced from my bed should I fly from thee; and, dost thou fail of the courage to meet me, mayest thou receive *thy* wives only after



THE spoils of victory. The wives and daughters of Bajazet being taken from Brusa to Kutayia, in which town Timar had taken up his residence

Oriental, despots, warriors. . . The clash was certain.

TAMERLANE pursued the tradition of Genghis, the tradition of Terror. He pursued it with such success that all of twenty-seven States felt his iron heel upon their necks; no fewer than nine kings the weight of his wrath. His sway extended from the Aral to the Ganges and the Persian Gulf; from the Wall of

"What is the just basis of thine insolence?" writes Tamerlane to his foe. "Dost thou brag of battles—thou who hast won but skirmishes in the forests of Anatolia? Darest thou flaunt such miserable trophies as these to proclaim thy prowess? Only for that thou hast smitten the infidel Christian in accordance with the Order of the Quran have we abstained from treating thee as would an elephant an ant and crushing thee beneath our heel. Provoke us no further or that sword, blessed though it be by the

they have thrice endured the embrace of a stranger!"

Tamerlane answered this letter by no pen, but an Order.

At that order Tartary was convulsed with sudden life.

In the myriad camps, a horn was blown. The Tartar horn—the Fiery Cross of the Eastern tribes—echoed and re-echoed through valley and dale; it called from hill to hill.

OLD TALES RE-TOLD: *continued*

Eight hundred thousand strong, the warriors of Tamerlane obeyed his summons. Eight hundred thousand human wolves, slaving for blood and loot, marched south behind their leader.

They cut through the Turkish terrain a swath that lay—first red with blood, then black with desolation—an evil ribbon athwart the land. The Turkish city of Sivas in Cappadocia lay in their path—and, like a swarm of locusts, they devoured it.

Tamerlane, content at the all-but-mortal wound he had dealt the pride of the Ottoman, retired, garlanded with the laurels of victory.

But Bajazet swept forward to his vengeance—and his doom. In 1402, again from Sivas in Cappadocia, Bajazet hurled his insults at his victorious foe. He marched towards Angora.

But Bajazet, proud Sultan of a proud race, was in his decline. Excess of all kinds had sapped his vigour and impaired his judgment. He was, by age and physique, in his prime, but the life he had led—and his raging anger against Tamerlane—delivered him into his enemy's hands.

His generals implored him to retire. His line lay through ill-watered land. One-fourth of his force was Tartaric, and might well desert to their blood-kin on the other side. The whole heterogeneous army was riddled with disaffection and dissatisfaction; their pay was in arrears, diverted to maintain the luxury of the Sultan's suite.

But Bajazet cared nothing for lack of water—not though the streams had been turned from their courses by the ruthless prudence of Tamerlane. He did not thirst for water—though a Muslim, he drank wine! While a round five thousand of his force perished for want of, literally, the water of life, Bajazet thirsted too—but only for the blood of his foe.

With a superficial ingenuity of which a great general should have been guiltless, Bajazet thought to use his disaffected Tartar troops as cannon-fodder. Put them in the front line and save the Turks, he said. But he forgot that front-line troops can desert more easily than those at the rear, who have to pass to the enemy through their comrades' lines.

AT the first shock of battle, as a rain of Greek Fire—the traditional weapon of Near Eastern combat and the precursor of the liquid fire of modern war—was launched from the horde of Tamerlane, the Turk-led Tartars stampeded and . . . sacrificing their flag to their friends, joined the foe.

Across the field, still aflame with the fire-balls, the Ottoman army charged with traditional, reckless, fruitless valour. The Tartar cavalry swept round its flanks like a whirlwind. The terrible horsemen—kin to the Huns of Attila and the mobile arm of Genghis—cut off its retreat.

On a rise in the ground Bajazet, surrounded by the Royal Bodyguard of Janissaries, the "Immortals" of the Turkish force, turned at bay. The gallantry of that last despairing stand comes down to us in the words of Solakzadé, the historian of his race.

"The Thunderbolt," he writes, "still wielded a heavy battle-axe. When once he struck, what need for a second blow? He scattered the foe as a wolf a flock of sheep."

But the invincible weight of numbers proved—invincible.

Bajazet, Sultan of the Ottoman Turks, Victor of Nikopolis and Kosovo, Bulwark of Islam, Conqueror of Men, was taken alive. His hands were bound behind his back. His axe was wrenched from his grasp. He was led captive to the Tartar tents.

The duel was over.

Well he knew what Fate—Fate, whose other name was Tamerlane—had in store for him. "*Vae Victis*" was ever the cry rather of the East than even of Republican Rome, from whence it came. And in Tamerlane ran the blood of a race that literally lived on cruelty.



*To the very throne of Tamerlane
the gesture of submission. Clad in*

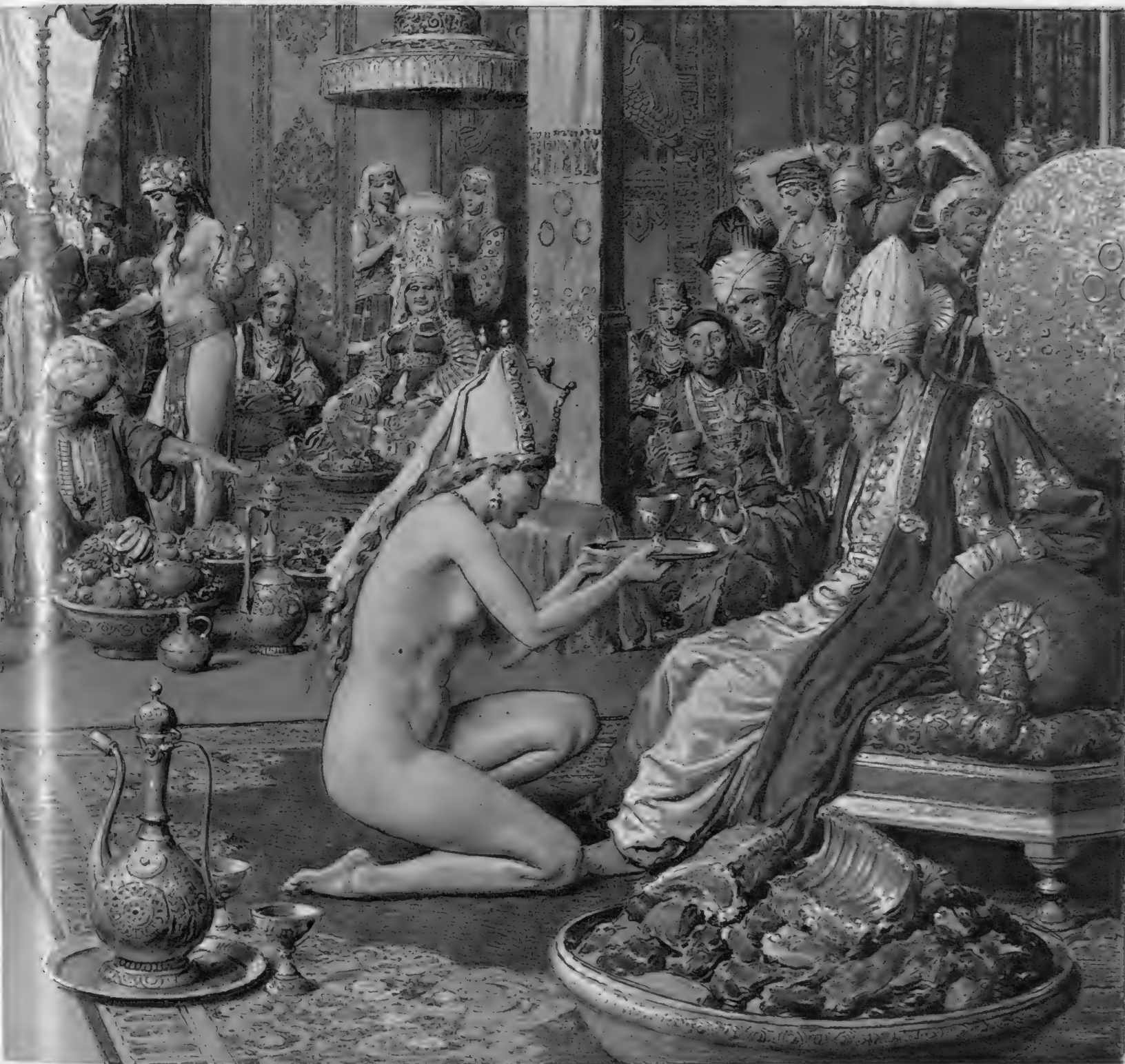
But Bajazet owed nothing in pride to any Tartar. He was an Ottoman.

WITH the stoicism of the Orient and the stiff neck of the Turk, he faced his conqueror, to whom he had been led at midnight. The shadow of the man he might have been—unsapped by debauchery, unblinded by anger, unimpaired by excess—fell upon him for an instant, making him greater in defeat than ever he had been in victory. Proud, disdainful, insolent, he awaited his sentence.

Tamerlane, for once, responded to the chord of mercy—possibly because Bajazet did not strike it. The Sultan was treated almost as a guest.

Bajazet, superficial in judgment as ever, construed clemency and respect as weakness—and sought to escape. Even as the old Bajazet prompted the attempt, so the old Tamerlane revenged himself for it.

A Duel of Emperors



*she moved. Superbly she made
naked pride, she knelt before him*

Such kings lapse easily into atavism. The taut string of human soul cannot maintain itself always at the concert-pitch of superhuman tension.

But the punishment meted out was not that of tradition. Bajazet was not put in a cage and toured round the country as an object of disdain, as the poets of the West, Marlowe and Racine, ignorant of the language and victims of a mistranslation, have implied. The word they read as "cage" means "litter." Tamerlane—himself a king—was too great a royalist for such reprisals.

The Sultan was—a subtler penalty—borne, chained, in a litter like a woman.

And the litter was cage enough for the captive lion.

Lying in his chains by night, he thought of his wives. He conned them over one by one.

Despina, the Serb princess, wed after the bloody—and victorious—field of Kosovo, where his father had lost his life and

he had succeeded (after the murder of his brother, Yakub !) to the throne. . . . Despina, his white-skinned, pale-haired Serb. . . .

And Maria, grand-daughter of the King of Hungary—that Sigismund, later Emperor of the Germans, who had sought to raise Bajazet's ten-year-long and unavailing siege of Constantinople, City of the Græco-Roman Cæsars, capital of the Empire, doomed to fall to the Sultan of a not-far-distant day; Sigismund, whom he had defeated at Nikopolis, whose scion he had wed as token of his conquest And Angelina, swart Greek, with her noble bearing and her Attic wit. . . .

Each of them an earnest of a victory—decorations for valour—worn not on his breast but in his heart.

What of them ?

Were they to be borne from Brusa, where he shined them from the common gaze, to Kutayia, where the tent of Tamerlane was pitched ?

They were.

With a subtlety of venom, the Tartar revenged the Sultan's yet-rankling insult; he struck at his captive through his women. . . .

NOW was the hour of the triumph of Tamerlane.

Following the Tartar habit, rich tents were erected to house the traditional banquets.

Etiquette at these feasts was at once strict and debauched. Each newcomer, lest he offend against the prescribed canon, was taken beneath the arm-pits by two Tartar lords delegated to the duty; led into the presence of the Great Lord; forced

No feast is considered a real festival until the guests have drunk themselves into a state of swinish uncontrol. The wine servants kneel before the guests. So soon as one cup is emptied, another is presented. When one server is weary, another takes his place. The duties of such servers are but two: to fill—and to give.

Do not think that one attendant cares for a group of guests—he is limited at most to two, for such is the pace of drinking that only two can he serve efficiently.

Does a guest refuse a cup, he is held to have offered an insult to His Highness, at whose invitation alone he is present. Furthermore, all cups are to be presented brimful and none may be returned save when it is empty even of the dregs. . . .

Jar upon jar stood round the room,

at the feast. Only her towering head-dress adorned her.

To the very throne of Tamerlane she moved. Superbly she made the gesture of submission. Clad in naked pride, she knelt before him.

Upon the beauty of her form was levelled every drunken eye save those of the Tartar sentinels ranked round the litter of Bajazet, who stared, as was their wont, straight to the front.

The Turk was smitten into immobility. His eyes filmed. His brain lost consciousness of time and place. . . .

This was his wife: torn from the sanctity of the harem; wrenched from the altar of his heart; profaned by the



***F**ORTY-EIGHT years old, in the plenitude of his vigour, Bajazet died—nominally of apoplexy; in reality, of a broken heart*

into the ritual number of obeisances. Then and then only was he released.

The banquet itself was ritual. On such occasions only did Tamerlane permit the drinking of wine, but, when wine was to be drunk, the guests were to be drunk also.

Clavijo, Ambassador of distant Spain, reported—

but no guest had eyes for the wine. Serving-maid upon serving-maid filed in through a curtain, but none had eyes for the women.

For, at the head of the women, stood—a moving statue.

Slender, marble-white, radiant in beauty, immaculate in pride, moving with the step of a goddess, Despina, Princess of Serbia, legal consort of the Sultan of the Ottoman Turks . . . naked

gaze of the vulgar; defiled by the mob; desecrate. . . .

His chained hand groped blindly for the scimitar that had been taken away. In his heart burned the yearning of Caligula—that mankind had but one neck that he might sever it. . . .

This, then, was the revenge of Tamerlane: a revenge, in its inception, not devoid of ironic humour.

Despina was a Slav—fair-haired, white skinned—*beida* in Arabic.

"Since she alone has wished to be *beida*," said the Tartar, grimly, when he heard of her, "then let her be *all beida* (the idiom for naked)."

The Turkish wives and concubines—swarthy of skin, dark of hair, were, by permission, dressed. Despina, the legal wife, married with rite and ceremony, was threatened with the torture of her children if she did not consent to bare her body to the eyes of men.

Like Godiva of Coventry, she did not hesitate.

To-day, in the songs of the Arabs, as Godiva in the English tales, Despina—whom they call *Idisini*—ranks as the prototype of devotional sacrifice.

BAJAZET was borne from the banquet, broken. The memory of his past glories—Kosovo, Nikopolis, Constantinople, Angelina, Maria, Despina—was the ultimate torture.

My Italian Dante knew well the human heart when he wrote "No greater grief is there than to remember days of joy when misery is at hand." Your English Tennyson has the same poet's insight: "A sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things."

But for Bajazet the end was not yet. He must serve his lame master as the stool from which he flung his crippled leg across the saddle that was his spiritual home. Worse, he must fret out his heart waiting for deliverance at the hands of one of his six sons—deliverance which never came.

Bitterest gall of all was the news that Soleiman, one of these six, had fled before Muhammad Sultan, grandson of Tamerlane, without striking a blow. The horde of Muhammad had stabled its horses in the Mosques of the Prophet

and bivouacked on the altars of Allah . . . and Soleiman had fled.

MUHAMMAD SULTAN was a true scion of his race. The Jews of Brusa sent a delegation to him, claiming they worshipped the same God as he. He spoke them fair and praised their law. He bade them assemble their chiefs in the chief synagogue "that no harm might come to them."

No sooner had they done so than a volley of fire-balls smote the sacred edifice—and the doors were locked.

Even Inquisitorial Spain had a little to learn of the art of the *auto da fé* from the barbarian chief in whose veins ran, like liquid fire, the blood of Tamerlane.

Bajazet lay in durance—there was no news of reprieve; there came no tidings of rescue; there was not even an offer of ransom.

He was kept well informed of such news as there was—his lands laid waste, his cities pillaged, his people decimated, his throne an empty sham. . . .

Smyrna, on which he had cast his eyes as Sultan, fell under the Tartar sway; and a thousand inhabitants who failed to escape were beheaded.

A cairn was erected to mark that Tartar victory: a cairn builded from a thousand skulls.

At Ephesus, the Tartars were greeted by a procession of children organised with singing to appease the Tartar wrath.

"What noise is that?" asked the Tartar leader.

He was told.

"My wrath is not appeased," he said grimly. "Ride them down." . . .

But the blow that finally slew Bajazet was yet to fall.

After eight months of captivity, his daughter was, at Tamerlane's command, yoked in marriage to a Tartar commander, Yeni-Sheir . . .

Forty-eight years old, in the plenitude of his vigour, Bajazet died—nominally of apoplexy: in reality of a broken heart.

Only one ray of humanity lightens my story.

The news of his death was brought to his widows, now enslaved in the Tartar camp: poor, pitiful creatures of the aged cripple who seemed to live by force of malevolent will alone; who feasted on hatred as other men on bread; who cherished loathing as happier souls cherish love. . . .

But of that ill-fated sisterhood of misery two—Angelina of the Hellenic nobility, Maria of the royal Magyar line—emerge into the light for an instant.

WHEN Clavijo returned to Spain, Tamerlane sent gifts of characteristically Oriental generosity—and taste—to Clavijo's master, Henry III . . . two women of Europe, Angelina and Maria.

They emerge, looking towards the future and the West for one breath of peace to solace them for their misery. . . .

And in Europe—itsself only struggling into the high light of the Renaissance—but Europe illumined with the inner light of culture, of civilisation—and of Christendom—they found not only peace but love, marriage, and . . . happiness.

Despina achieved a higher, though a harder fate—immortality.

ANGELINA and Maria
en route for Spain.
Tamerlane made a present
of them to Henry III



THIS is a practical table in limed oak, with shelves for books, two small cupboards and a reversible baize top—a table adaptable to many uses at a moderate cost. Price £5 5 0, from William Spriggs



Re-enter the Occasional



A SCHEME which exploits the decorative possibilities of the modern occasional table, together with its practical ones. This is a small sitting-room designed by Chermayeff



WALNUT is used for this table with its capacious shelves and interesting octagonal design. This is from William Spriggs. Price £5 5 0

THEY say that if you keep an old thing long enough it will become fashionable again and, in one respect, we have proved this to be true by appearing for the past year or two in our grandmothers' clothes; but whether, in view of this, one is justified in clinging to a Victorian what-not in the hope that what-nots will once more be the rage, or in treasuring an aspidistra lest these should be the darlings of the future, I am not prepared to say. One can be sure, however, that all the past favourites which have any real claims to practical utilitarian value will return to us suitably modernised, as witness the occasional table.

Nobody would recognise in the slick, practical, often convertible unit of to-day the offspring of the heavily ornamented,

lace-bedecked occasional table of past drawing-rooms; for, even if its purpose is to be frankly decorative the modern small table is practical and beautiful too. In remembering our problems of space it obligingly fits into a corner or flaps conveniently at one side so as to occupy a space commensurate with its importance when not in use. Then, if its special function is for the service of fire-side tea, it presents a smooth, shining glass face for the purpose, so who shall worry about stains and scorchers? At other times a reversible top becomes a baize-

covered one for cards and, of course, all the most well-bred occasional tables are made of wood to match the suite, or painted to "go" with the predominating colours in the room.

In a modern sitting-room designed by Chermayeff—you will find it illustrated on this page—as much use is made of the occasional table for practical and decorative purposes as ever fell to the lot of its Victorian ancestor. Not only to assist in the equable balance of his scheme has this designer made use of small tables—(notice how gracefully distributed the furniture is, and with what thoughtful consideration of height and space)—but he has also made a focal point of one by illuminating it. Effective as this is from a purely decorative point of view, the arrangement is also one of practical com-

fort, as the photograph shows.

In the very small hall, a diminutive table is sometimes the only item of furniture for which room can be found, though this is no reason why the importance of its effect should be curtailed. Another illustration on this page shows with what dramatic effect a small table of wrought iron and marble was employed against a plain expanse of wall. The tall vase of foliage, it will be noticed, gives height and added importance to the group without detracting from the charm of the table itself.

*Showing a new face on an old subject
of practical interest to the home*

By Winifred Lewis



TWO simple tables by Maurice Adams are seen above. One has a black, opaque glass top with chromium legs, and the other is of black macassar ebony

VERY practical and adaptable to the uses of a trolley is the walnut table on the left. The glass top solves all problems of heat and stains. Maurice Adams, price £5 18 0

Table



A SMALL marble-top table with elegant wrought-iron legs is decorative and practical. The smaller table to the left is of painted wood. Herman Schrijver

A very vital point to remember in connection with the small table is that there are things not suitable to stand upon it, and one should exercise restraint in the choice of what is used for purely decorative effect. A delicate, spindle-legged table, for instance, surmounted by a lusty plant in an equally robust pot, spells ridicule both for the plant and for the table, whereas both might be attractive on their own.

Equally unfortunate is the arrangement of a diminutive table against a vast expanse of bare wall. Yet one has seen these things.

If situated, however, with proper regard to its neighbours and in sensible relation with the background used, the small table can be a very decided factor in the decoration of a room and far more than just a place to rest a cup or book.

Between five and six pounds will buy the most elegant and useful of occasional tables to-day, and many are to be had for less. Three guineas, or thereabouts, is the price of the chromium and glass round and octagonal shaped tables which one sees about, while small "nests" are even less.

I have seen one very practical set of nested tables with rubber tops, which one would never distinguish from wood. The advantages of this are that the surface is impervious to heat, stains and most blemishes which quickly ruin the appearance of the average polished surface.

The design of these tables is important enough to invest them with value as a decorative unit in a scheme of furnishing, and they are of really useful sizes. Still another table, this time intended for the smaller hall, is made of unpolished walnut, and stands about three feet high. It has a plate glass top upon which a bowl of flowers can be arranged without fear of water staining the top and a useful drawer for the telephone directory and oddments such as gloves. The width of this table is 2 ft. 6 in. and the depth 12 in. It costs £6 10s.

Other tables specially designed for the bedside have compartments for a telephone and books. One very popular type has a cupboard fitted with electric kettle, cups and a tea-pot, so that the early morning refresher can be prepared without getting out of bed. This can be obtained in any wood to match the suite, and is quite moderately priced.



BONAR THOMPSON

BOOKS: Reviewed by

Thrills—

Wanted and Unwanted

“Pirate Junk”:

by Clifford Johnson
(Cape, 7s. 6d.)

“Kapoot”:

by Carveth Wells
(Jarrolds, 18s.)

IN March, 1933, four British officers were captured by Manchurian pirates, taken off their ship, the *Nanchang*, and held prisoners for five months. One of their number, Mr. Clifford Johnson, managed to keep a diary on odd scraps of paper, and this remarkable journal is the main ingredient of *Pirate Junk*. The diary is a model of its kind, concise, lucid and picturesque, and it tells an extraordinary story. As Mr. Peter Fleming points out in his Introduction, the *Nanchang* case failed to interest the more sensational Press because the four officers were careless enough to get kidnapped after, and not before, Mrs. Pawley. Mrs. Pawley was 19: she was that character dearest of all to the Fleet Street Barons, a girl-wife; and they fairly let themselves go on her behalf. A thousand



CLIFFORD JOHNSON

TO the ordinary Englishman, Herr Ernst Toller is known principally as the author of propagandist plays of advanced and often difficult technique. The autobiography of his earlier years, now published in English under the title of *I Was a German* (Bodley Head, 5s.), introduces us to a man who is primarily interested in politics, a man who never mentions his plays save as intrusions on his political life. Ignoring, for the moment, the exceptional ability which shows itself in every line of this book, we can here follow a life which, for the last twenty years, must have been by no means uncommon in Germany. Full of enthusiasm, young Toller joined up at the beginning of the war. He is invalided out of the Army, utterly disillusioned. The monarchy falls, and his hopes, like those of all the other independent spirits of his time, are founded upon the republic. But he soon sees that the republic has got into the wrong hands, into the hands of the old gang who, in most countries, have succeeded in exasperating the young. Toller throws himself once more into politics, and suffers not only imprisonment, but a good deal of personal violence. Finally, as a Communist and a Jew, he represents everything most abhorrent to the new regime.



ERNEST HEMINGWAY



PIRANDELLO

So much for the bare outlines. But what gives the book not only interest but charm is the personality it reveals. Spiritually and physically, there is in the composition of Herr Toller nothing which corresponds to the popular notion of the Bolshevik. In every word he speaks there breathes a gentle beauty. He hates oppression; the idea that German culture ought to be spread outside Germany fills him with loathing. With reluctance he admits that the State may sometimes have to use force, but violence never. The cruelty of man to man is his endless despair. A gentle revolutionary, indeed, but none the less a sincere one, made dangerous to his political adversaries by his eloquence. It is humiliating to reflect that in all countries, in Russia as well as in Germany, Herr Toller will be in opposition to the existing order. There is something wrong with a world which has to defend itself against so good a man.

A publicist, too, is Mr. Bonar Thompson, who tells the story of his life in *Hyde Park Orator* (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.)—but what worlds away from Herr Toller! Mr. Thompson doesn't believe in ideals or in the danger or discomfort which they bring. He wasn't taken in by the King and Country stuff, and he passed a very happy war. He doesn't believe any longer in any political creed, still less in “the great big blubbery, bullying, chuckle-headed mob,” his audiences. He doesn't believe that there is the faintest necessity for a reviewer to read a line of the book he reviews. In short, Mr. Thompson believes only in Mr. Thompson, money, Shakespeare and Mr. Sean O'Casey. Mr. O'Casey has written an introduction to this most enjoyable volume, and he tells Mr. Thompson a few home truths about himself. Either Mr. Thompson won't believe them, or he knows them already. In any case, he won't change. I am glad. He is an amusing cynic and, as such, a great success. Moral uplift would make him simply frightful.

Mr. Victor McLaglen, the screen actor, has had a go at even more trades than Mr. Thompson. In spite of this, and in spite of the fact that he hasn't got such a nimble mind, he has managed to do far better for himself. Mr. Thompson is probably too clever, whereas there is about Mr. McLaglen a rather

ARNOLD PALMER

Autobiography — or
Souls are cheap to-day

ship's officers might have been carried off next day, but our dailies must perforce have remained silent, for they had not an adjective left. So the story of Mr. Johnson and his colleagues is here told fully for the first time. It is the most stirring yarn imaginable.

As a sailor, Mr. Johnson had all the trouble he needed in his daily life. Suffering and excitement came to him unsought. With the author of *Kapoot*, the pursuit of danger is a hobby. He has been uncomfortable in many places and professions, but never, he assures us, did he know what hardship meant till, as a tourist in Russia, he left the beaten tracks. Mr. Wells reached Russia in a mood of expectant sympathy. He quitted it shocked and horrified. As a dispassionate reader of a good many books on contemporary Russia, I am bound to say that I have been impressed by Mr. Wells's account of what he saw and was not meant to see. His manner is rather flippant, and he should try to curb his morbid craving for notes of exclamation. But his experiences are convincing, and the reflections to which they give rise cannot be argued away. Even after the customary deductions have been made from these travellers' tales, a pretty solid mass of evidence remains of the actual conditions of existence in Russia to-day.

endearing simplicity. He is not a great writer, he never gets near intimacies or revealing peculiarities either in himself or in the people he has met. To a certain extent, *Express to Hollywood* (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.) is just one more "public" autobiography by a "public" figure. That is to say, it is a literary blank. But it is entirely unpretentious, and infinitely preferable to most Hollywood productions.

Still looking for new biographies, I next opened two American publications. I thought they would follow on, quite naturally and easily, after Mr. McLaglen's account of Hollywood. But I soon forgot all about Hollywood in the surprise of finding myself, after all these years, shocked. The film star raised no (Continued on page 76)



COSMO HAMILTON



ERNST TOLLER

Fiction

"Five Days": by *Eric Hatch*
(Putnam, 7s. 6d.)

"The Begonia Bed": by *Elizabeth Kyle*
(Constable, 7s. 6d.)

"Winterfield": by *Marjorie Booth*
(Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.)

"And Quiet Flows the Don": by *Michael Sholokhov*
(Putnam, 7s. 6d.)

"Her Wanton Majesty": by *Gleb Botkin*
(Putnam, 7s. 6d.)

ONE American, two English and two Russian stories make up, in the order given, the novels set forth above. Mr. Hatch's tale is a gay, irresponsible affair, containing a most endearing ruffian of the name of Swazey. I make the introduction with some confidence, feeling sure that you will like him and that your only regret will be that Mr. Hatch doesn't let us see more of him. The two English novels are much more serious affairs, the work of ladies in psychological vein. Miss Kyle writes

"beautifully" rather than beautifully, and one is conscious of a slight sensation of strain. With a little more freedom in the telling, hers would have been a really good, instead of being merely a quite good, novel. She shows us three stages of English society, moving backwards from 1933 to 1919 and, later, to 1888. *Winterfield* is the story of a retail chemist in the Paddington area. Like all Miss Booth's work, it holds the attention easily; for she is a real novelist. I hope she won't get too serious, and sacrifice spontaneity to deliberation. I have enjoyed reading her book, but I don't believe she enjoyed writing it as much as some of her earlier novels.

Mr. Sholokhov's book conforms so closely to everyone's mental picture of a Russian novel that it comes, at times, near to parody. It is immensely long and "powerful," and it is translated into the peculiar prose used only by English translators of Russian novels. Its interest lies in the revelation of the extraordinary persistence of Russian peasant characteristics in the face of a complete social and political upheaval. Last, there is Mr. Botkin's historical novel dealing with the life of Catherine I of Russia—not the Catherine played by Miss Bergner, but the mother of the Empress Elisabeth who appears in the same film. Mr. Botkin is a happy-go-lucky writer, untroubled by literary scruples, but he has vigour and he succeeds to a surprising extent in the difficult task of bringing an historical character to life.



MARJORIE BOOTH



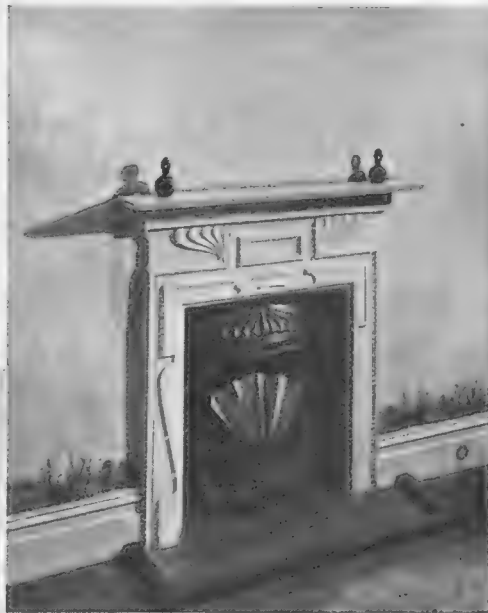
GLEB BOTKIN

But You *can* afford These



ABOVE, an old-fashioned fireplace has been boarded, fitted with a modern Ferranti books. This renovation can be carried out in at a moderate cost and without much

IN the smaller bathroom where built-in cupboards are impracticable, this simple arrangement gives generous accommodation and adds to the importance of the scheme. Plywood is used for the cupboards, topped with tiled linoleum and painted to match the walls. A London joiner estimates thirty shillings for making these fittings



THIS time of year has a depressing knack of throwing light upon those small infirmities of decoration and furnishing which one has quite successfully contrived to conceal during the winter months. We won't attempt to explain it; let's simply say that it's Spring. Everybody blames everything on to Spring, so why not this?

It's not entirely the infirmities themselves that depress, either, so much as the sacrifices which they impose, and their callous habit of repeatedly reminding us of very expensive and longed-for improvements which we will never have the money to carry out. Moreover, when feeling the sacrifice most keenly, having just settled down to a sober programme of whitewash and paint, we invariably happen upon some acquaintance who is on the point of introducing another improvement into her highly-improved home, and whom we know to have no more money than ourselves, and end by convicting her of some dark sorcery.

All of which shows how disturbing the Spring is and comes down to the fact that the lady convicted of sorcery has sifted this home-making business to the bottom whilst we have passed the time in sighing.

Seeing something she would like to introduce into her own home and far from sighing at its costliness, our friend sets about discovering how the same thing can be accomplished at a different price. A richly-painted wall is not a painful reminder of treasures out of reach, but an interesting problem in "reproduction." She has eyes for the general effect rather than for the individual unit and upon this wide interpretation of things seen she bases her own experiments.

In short, she never dismisses an

ABOVE is a view of an old fireplace and, left, the same after renovation. The new fireplace is made of wood-pulp composition and is simply placed over the old one, without any structural alteration, at a cost of four pounds. Design by Burak



Why not renovate your home this Spring? Here are some suggestions and what they would cost



boxed in with building fire and a recess for average circumstances gives a giresome demolition



A MODERN aspect is given to this room by masking the old, heavily moulded door with plywood. This simple renovation is estimated at ten shillings per side by a London joiner. The useful bookshelves could be fitted, unpainted, for thirty shillings



PAPERED with white lining paper and then varnished, this bright entrance hall has all the expensive appearance of oil-painted walls. The effect of this treatment is out of all proportion to the cost

ambition before patient enquiry and practised consideration have assured her that there is no cheaper way out. She finds that there invariably is.

It is perfectly true that we impose sacrifices upon ourselves for fear of the cost when, actually, we have only the haziest conception of what that cost will be. Here is a case in point:

Suppose oneself to be the owner of a house, a rather older type of house; a charming, even a well-bred house, but lacking in those modern characteristics which give one the feeling of being in step with to-day. One would love to modernise a little, perhaps to replace the heavily-moulded doors with something modern, slick and unadorned; to dismiss the nasty bedroom fireplaces and to substitute something neatly attractive and in keeping with modern schemes, but we dare not even enquire what it would cost to make the changes.

Asked to give an estimate for replacing the old moulded doors, the average builder will, ten chances to one, suggest entirely new ones. That's his job. Ours is to remind him that a plywood face will look equally as well and cost half the price, whilst adding, if we feel like it, that Masonite, which is a fibre building board, will cost still less—the result of our prompting being that the estimate boils down from £5 to £1 per door and we have the improvements made instead of dismissing him.

Look at the neat bathroom cupboard arrangement I have had sketched for this page. Imagine a small bathroom where no adequate space for cupboards presents itself. Looking at the highly-enamelled surface of this cupboard fitment with its neat shelves for clean towels, shaving equipment, stores of soap and toilet articles, one might imagine it to be quite an ambitious undertaking.

Actually, a London carpenter has estimated 25s. each for making these cupboards in an average size. So a mere 30s. will equip a bathroom with an important piece of furniture and solve many problems of storage into the bargain. This price is without painting, which would cost 10s. extra, but it is a poor adventurer, anyway, who cannot apply a coat of paint herself.

Something similar to the nest of bookshelves, shown in the bigger sketch, can be made in plywood for about 30s., without painting or staining, so who would sigh for a bookcase or lament the uselessness of a corner recess? All these prices are, of course, dependent upon size and circumstances to some degree, but help to show that improvements can be made at a really modest cost.

Albert Mansions

Illustrations by
Jack M. Faulks

*"I took one look
at you,
That's all I meant
to do,
And then my heart
stood still"*

BANNU is officially described as a town (and district) of British India in the Derajat Division of the North West Frontier Province. Unofficially its description is at once shorter and more informative.

They are wretched little stations, these Frontier garrison towns. The climate is filthy in the summer and miserable in the winter. In the spring and autumn only is it tolerable. Bannu is less bad than D.I.K., however, but worse than Kohat.

Men live there on the edge of sudden, furtive little wars in which one exists without comfort and dies without glory.

Major James Kirby, R.A.M.C., was appointed to take charge of the Station Hospital at the beginning of a hot weather that shall not here be identified. He had a fine reputation for the treatment of tropical diseases—I believe he either had a Brevet (can R.A.M.C. officers get Brevets?) or had been given specially rapid promotion. He was so well regarded by Simla that his appointment was offered rather than thrust upon him.

"A lot of sand-fly fever last year, Kirby, unusually virulent, and apparently these I.M.S. fellows didn't quite know how to cope with it. So we transferred old Edwards. You might be interested perhaps. . . . ?"

Kirby agreed. He was feeling rather at a loose end. His wife had died six months before—of peritonitis—and though his heart had not been broken, he missed her grievously. She had always been kind to him.

Kirby, as he himself very well knew, was a difficult man to be kind to, and the less he loved his wife the more he admired her.

So he went to Bannu.

There was plenty of work, and the men he met were as pleasant as usual—and as dull as usual. He established himself at the F.F. Mess, made friends with the G.O.C., and played polo and tennis, and golf on the ridiculous little links outside the Fort. And of course, he occasionally



An
Indian
Romance—with
a sinister
dénouement

By H. T. W.
Bousfield

pretend that Captain Harley Morrison of the 85th Mianwalis had the average amount of brains. A round, courageous, conscientious (rather lazy) officer, Morrison was the sort of man every other man receives with cheers. On arrival at the tiny Club, Morrison's back would be slapped and a drink would be bought him. And then the interrupted conversations would be resumed. When Morrison bought drinks in his turn, his back would be again slapped. But nobody wanted his opinion.

"Poor old Morrison. A good fellow, but a bit of a mutt!"

The goodness of Morrison, the absence of all trace of that cattiness which distinguishes most men long on outposts—or in prisons—attracted Kirby, who prided himself upon psychological studies. He started by regarding Morrison as an exhibit, he ended by discovering a genuine affection for him.

Morrison listened respectfully whenever Kirby desired an audience. One could get some mild fun out of launching upon him a spate of scientific words that sounded nothing so much as the cry of a larger Oxford Dictionary in distress. Morrison was easily awed.

Yet he was good at all those things that distinguish men in such places. Good at polo, an exceptional shot, and a very sound tennis player.

You could pull the old boy's leg, but he'd take a set off you 6-2, even if he

THEN he heard Morrison behind him. "Oh—er—James, I want to introduce you to my wife"

shot the few things there are to shoot in that part of the world.

His friendship with Morrison was one of those unreasonable things that just happen.

Even if we subscribed to the prevalent idea that a regimental officer is of necessity a born fool, it would be idle to

did swear it must have been a fluke. The chief claim Morrison had to fame, it appeared, was his wife.

On occasions when the evening was late, when a sadness crept into reminiscence, and the local gup was exhausted, Morrison would be mentioned, and experienced men with red faces and grey hair would tell Kirby about Mrs. Morrison.

There was a paragon. Hazel-eyed, brown-haired, lovely figure, clever, good at games (ball games and card games too) and—oh, I don't know. She had *personality*.

"That's it. Personality. And even the other women can't help liking her. You wait. She'll be back this cold weather, and then, you mark my words, you'll fall for her."

"But it won't do you much good. It doesn't do any of us much good. What she sees in that fellow! But he's an excellent chap, Morrison."

As October drew nearer, and wives and rumours of wives descended upon Bannu from various hills, Kirby mentioned delicately to Morrison that he had heard much of Mrs. Morrison.

"She's really rather pretty, you know," said Morrison. "Awfully popular, and all that. Really, of course, she's far too clever for me. But I don't think she minds."

He smiled sentimentally.

"She'll be here on the fifteenth. That reminds me." He pulled out a pocket-book.

"Rather fatuous to carry one's missus's photograph about, but I do. Don't know why."

He produced it.

Kirby found himself looking at a rather ordinary amateur snapshot. The girl—she couldn't have been more than twenty-five at the outside—was undeniably pretty. But her face certainly did not suggest that it could launch any considerable number of ships.

"Very charming," said Kirby.

"If you come round to my bungalow next week," said Morrison, "you'll find our drawing-room all opened out and dusted and so on, ready for her. There's a real good portrait of her, done in London when she was presented, but of course, I've kept it covered up with everything else."

There followed a very long account of Captain Morrison's whirl-wind wooing two years ago in London.

Kirby listened with growing boredom.

THE fifteenth arrived. Most of the senior wives had returned round about the first. Each evening since then, more of them had showed up at the club, some of them elderly, many withered, most of them cheerful, courageous, dowdy good sorts.

They drank a few cocktails and played argumentative bridge, and their husbands beamed upon them. Everybody was determined to believe that life was worth living—right up to retirement to Cheltenham or Ealing, and even after that.

But Kirby, whose brains were bad for his courage, was not cheered. The trivial round, the common task, the

sallow faces and the injudicious hats, all at once oppressed him. All at once he conceived a dislike for sand-fly fever and the treatment of it, for Imperialism and the protection of it, for the Afghan, the tribesman, the Indian, the English.

Then he heard Morrison behind him.

"Oh—er—James, I want to introduce you to my wife."

He had only to turn round; he only did turn round, and she was there.

A small person, slim and yet rounded, and her skin was still pink, and a sort of golden white, and her eyes were hazel.



THEY were in the shadow of the pavilion. He took her very deliberately into his arms

"How do you do?" she said in a quiet voice, and she smiled as polite people do when they are being introduced.

Kirby also asked how she did. His voice sounded quite normal. He was surprised to find her disengaging her hand from his. In the distance he heard Morrison crying a greeting to someone else.

"Look after Ann for a minute," called Harley Morrison, and was gone.

Kirby found himself sitting down. "Have a cocktail?"

Whilst they were being brought, neither of them said anything. Then:

"I've heard a great deal about you, Mrs. Morrison."

"Will it interest me, do you think?"

"No."

"I don't really care for drinks." She put down her glass. "I do want to see if they've made a job of the new grass courts."

"Come along."

The new grass courts were not very good, but James Kirby didn't bother about them. He was trying to appear not too stupidly silent, and at the same time to reason with himself.

Calf-love can't come back when one is nearly forty. A place like Bannu makes men unusually susceptible to any tolerably attractive woman. One can't fall in love with a woman in one moment, particularly if her husband is one's friend. Or, even if that has nothing to do with it, one can't just meet a woman and—

James Kirby had made a very serious discovery.

He had never been in love before.

There are cases, rarer than our romantic writers would have us believe, where two people of the opposite sex discover an immediate affinity. Kirby and Mrs. Morrison ceased to pretend to talk.

They tramped vaguely over the new tennis courts and back. It began to grow dark. In Kirby's memory ran a little song he had heard somewhere:

*I took one look at you,
That's all I meant to do,
And then my heart stood still.*

He glanced at her, he summoned his anatomical knowledge to convince him that her chin and cheek, her ear and the line of her neck were anyway no more than human. His emotions had quite definitely dethroned his intelligence.

"Mrs. Morrison," he said in a harsh voice, "I've had it dinned into me that every man in this station is in love with you. I'm not surprised at that."

"Well?"

He broke off.

"You're not going to? Are you being polite, Major Kirby?"

He looked round. They were in the shadow of the pavilion. He took her very deliberately into his arms.

"Damn you," said Mrs. Morrison, most properly.

He kissed her. "Possibly," said James Kirby, "you're right. But we've found each other."

"You mustn't; you're mad." But she stayed still and kissed him as she said it.

"Don't say conventional things to me. You know I'm the other half of you. I feel I ought to say 'How you've grown!' I feel I could ask if you've been a good girl since I saw you last. I could spank you and feed you on bread and water. I could lie down before you and put your foot on my head."

"Oh, hush! Someone might hear you."

"I shall take you back to the clubhouse and say good-night to everyone and go home, because I've got some work to do."

They turned, and he began to whisper rapidly.

"Doesn't your heart shudder a little because we've found each other? Don't you want to kiss me again? Don't you know we belong to each other? Don't you know we've always been together? But something, lately, must have gone

wrong. I'm getting so old—so much older than you. Hurry, or we shall have missed a life. Hurry and come to me."

He left her on the verandah. She laughed gaily as she went in.

Everybody said how much good Nathia Gali had done her.

"WHAT did you think of my friend James?" asked Morrison, as

they dined on stewed goat, tinned asparagus and caramel custard.

Mrs. Morrison drank a little soda-water.

"Was that the funny, fierce, dark man who walked me round the tennis courts? I think he's probably rather a dear. But, how unlike a doctor—you said he was a doctor, didn't you? I can't imagine him, somehow, with a little black bag or a bottle of cough mixture for granny."



"Please don't make fun of him, Ann darling. He's really a great friend of mine, and in spite of that, everyone says how clever he is."

"In spite of that? Harley, why must you cultivate this inferiority complex? Do you really want me to think nobody with brains could like you?"

"Well, darling, I don't pretend to be a—er—genius, or anything like that. And James is supposed to be something rather special. I only meant I can't be quite such a fool if he likes me, can I? I want you to like him. I think you will. I—er—asked him to dine to-morrow. I thought we might have the Frasers too, and their niece, what's-her-name. They don't play bridge, like me, but we might have a game of vingt-john."

"Why not?" said Ann. "Do you know, Harley, I've got such a frightful headache, I simply *must* go to bed—now, this instant minute."

She got up.

"But darling, you haven't finished—"

"I've had heaps." She smiled and patted his cheek. "I'll be all right to-morrow."

Captain Morrison spent a lonely and disturbed night.

Anyone with a passion for vivisection

and no ideas of decency could write two hundred pages describing that cold weather, and the *affaire* Kirby-Morrison.

For, of course, there was immediately an *affaire*.

Skill—and they used bags of it; lies—they invented perfect ones—availed nothing against the female eyes and ears that idleness made sensitive.

Every man and woman knew within a

the Morrison bungalow, to play tennis with Mrs. Morrison, to dance with her. . . . More important, to describe, in phrases lifted from the fly-blown novels in the Club library, with what peculiar facial expressions these two people regarded each other.

Their minds, the minds of these Bannu residents, were not really nasty; they were merely empty. Actually there was

Have you studied the researches upon the *dasybus novemcinctatus texanus* and related species?"

"Don't be a fool," said Ann. "Kiss me."

"I shan't kiss you again," he said.

"Oh, yes you will."

"I can't play this tragic farce any longer. We can't even ride out together; there's nowhere to ride to. We can't have a moment's peace unspied upon. This is a jail, this semi-besieged station.

"I'm fed up with it. You and I are the wrong type to tolerate outposts of Empire. My nerve's going, and so is yours. I shall resign and go home, and you're coming with me."

"And then what will you do?"

"Oh, research—or something. I've got some private means, you know, since my father died. More than I'd ever expected."

"And what about Harley?"

"If you always will talk about 'Harley,' you can't expect me to take him seriously. The very word sounds like an American film-star. And anything less like an American film-star than poor, dear old Morrison I can't imagine.

"Why, *why* on earth did you marry him?"

"If I hadn't, I shouldn't have met you.

"Oh, my dear, of course I married him. He was nice and kind, and he liked me so much. And he was a gentleman. And I was very poor—an awful Kensington

sort of poverty. I know he wasn't, and isn't, and never could be exciting, but marrying him meant, I thought, going to exciting places. And he was so—er—good all the time. And I was twenty-three.

"At twenty-three every girl becomes a woman, and consciously or unconsciously wants to know what some man is going to do about it.

"Harley took me away from girls' lunch parties—followed by cheap seats in cinemas—from little useless bits of charity work, from curates and elderly pekingese dogs and immortally old and stingy aunts—and from ambitious but timid young men, who meant to get on, but were not averse from a bit of dalliance *en route*.

"Of course I married him!"

"But now, don't you see, he's got to go—you've got to leave him. Haven't you discovered now what love is? It isn't just sex, it's worlds more than that, but you can't, you mustn't, you daren't go on living with him, now you love me."

He came very close to her and stared into her eyes.

"I'm not going to quote the tinned enthusiasms of professional poets. I'm just reminding you that I love you as a magnet loves a bit of steel, as a sailor loves the sea, as a baby loves the breast, as—"

She put her hand over his mouth.

Not the least trial Kirby had to put up with was the humble, cheerful friendship with Morrison.

He began to shun the Club, and spend an altogether unreasonable time at the Hospital, considering he was the P.M.O. But he couldn't avoid dining with the Morrisons whenever he got the chance



THEY were the worst evenings of all—when he saw Ann go away from his house with her husband

fortnight that the incomparable Mrs. Morrison had fallen at last—and for whom she had fallen.

Of course there was one exception—one person who knew nothing: Harley Morrison.

Out of sympathy, people were even kinder to him in the Club, and bought him more drinks, and patted him more heavily on the back.

Then they returned to whisper how Kirby neglected his work to hang round

no—shall we say—misconduct. Ann and James were not specially interested in the physical aspect of love. They were too absorbed in the wonder of perfect mutual understanding, of perfect compatibility.

"I believe we are not man and woman," said Kirby, "but twins from a single egg.

and he couldn't refrain from having the Morrisons to dine with him as often as it could possibly be managed.

Those were the worst evenings of all—when he saw Ann go away from his house with her husband.

Both he and Ann grew a bit worn and thin, and the result was, of course, that as soon as the first whisper of hot weather arrived, Morrison unselfishly began to insist that his precious must go to the hills.

They'd get leave the following summer, but she musn't go home then the sort of wreck English women so often became after a couple of years in India.

He so obviously hated her going, yet she felt so rotten. Besides, she almost wanted to go. The ache of wanting James and seeing him every day, and knowing nothing could happen had worn her down.

So she arranged to go, and then, and not till then, she told him.

They were actually alone, and in the Club. It was early in the afternoon, and nobody else was likely to come into the little sitting-room behind the bar.

"So you see, dearest, I *must* go. Or

I think I shall go crazy or something."

"Of course, I know you've got to go when it gets hot. But this is only March. Haven't we got another month? I thought you'd go about the middle of April—to Simla, where there are so many things to gossip about, that nobody would

notice us. For I can get leave in May."

"It's no good, my dear. Can't you see it's no good? We simply torture each other. I've made up my mind. I'm going *now*, and I want you to get transferred or resign or something so that I shan't find you here when I come back."

"So that we shall never see each other again?" His voice was very level.

"Never, never again." She began to cry quietly. "I shall go to-morrow," she said.

Kirby took her by the shoulders and shook her.

"What am I to say to all this?" he demanded. "Do you suppose I'm going to agree? I'll go to Harley to-morrow and tell him the truth. We'll get a divorce—he'd give you anything—*anything*. Then I'll clear out of the Service, and—"

"If you tell him, I'll never marry you. I won't have him hurt." She cried no longer; her eyes were hard and bright. "He's been so sweet to me, and he's so helpless.

"Darling, I love you with every scrap of me, body and soul, but I can't do it.

"That's why I'm going to-morrow. And I mustn't see you again, and I mustn't write to you. But I can't ever forget you, awake or asleep."

Kirby struggled to find words. She stood up, went to the door.

"But you're myself, me—my soul," he babbled. "The thought of you, when I'm alone, goes through me like fire in a windy forest—" He said absurd things.

But the little room was empty.

He didn't see her again before she left.

He wrote to her; she never answered. In the weeks that followed, he must have run through the whole range of barbituric drugs to get some sleep.

And the awful friendship with Harley Morrison prospered and increased.

"We must console ourselves, old man, now Ann's gone. I know you liked her enormously, and she liked you. I had a letter from her this morning, full of news. Like to hear it?"

That was the sort of frightfulness that Kirby had to put up with.

The hot weather crept on. Every other wife



"DARLING, I love you with every scrap of me, body and soul, but I can't do it"

departed, and the station settled down again to a monastic existence. The tribes were quiet. It was damnably dull.

A fire in the Morrison bungalow that did a good deal of damage was the only happening in three months, and even that wasn't very exciting. Morrison just wrote a long account of it to Ann, and took an empty set of rooms in Albert Mansions.

This celebrated building is one of the most surprising features of that part of the world. It looks like a dingy tenement block magicked somehow from Pimlico. It stands in the fort and principally accommodates people who, for one reason or another, have not got bungalows of their own.

Young subalterns constitute its most usual population. In comparison with other dwellings it appears a skyscraper. Probably it consists of three stories.

Morrison took possession of two rooms and a bathroom on the ground floor.

The Brigade tennis tournament was the next excitement. Morrison and Kirby inevitably entered for the men's doubles.

Kirby, erratic at the best of times, was that year well removed from the Wimbledon class. He ached to scratch. He repeatedly reminded Morrison that the station was full of people only too anxious to take his place. Morrison, of course, merely accepted this as an undeserved tribute to his own skill. There was no escape for Kirby. Instead, he had to play endless singles with Morrison, and be coached.

The day that is important in this story was exceptionally hot—if any extreme of heat can be called exceptional in a Bannu summer.

Mad dogs and Englishmen, we are told, go out in the midday sun. It was nearly midday when Kirby, returning from an emergency operation, met Morrison on his way home to Albert Mansions from his Orderly Room.

"Hot, isn't it," said Morrison originally. "Don't forget you're playing with me at the Club at 5.30. I've booked a court."

He was riding an old pony. He slumped a little in his saddle.

"You're not looking too fit," said Kirby professionally. "What's the matter?"

"Got a swine of a head. I've been dying to get back for the last hour. Had a bit of trouble in the lines last night, and it's kept me."

"But do you want to play if you're seedy?"

"Oh, I shall be all right. I'm going to take a couple of aspirins and have a bit of shut-eye"—Morrison invariably talked like some rather improbable character in fiction. "I shall be there, all right, all right."

"Gerr up you brute!"

His face was haggard and even pale; a remarkable circumstance. Kirby wondered, hesitated, and went home.

At two he was roused from an uneasy siesta

by the news that Second-Lieutenant Joliffe, of the Marwar Horse, who was suffering from a mild attack of dysentery, was not so well.

Joliffe was a cheerful lad, normally, and popular. He lived in Albert Mansions. Wearily at three, Kirby arose, got into his battered Morris, and went over to have a look at him.

He climbed the stifling stairs to the first floor, took his patient's temperature, found it less alarming than he had been led to expect, and rather crossly gave some elementary instructions to the young man's orderly.

On the way down, it occurred to him to look in on Morrison, whose rooms were immediately below.

He pushed open the door. "Harley, are you awake?" he called.

The sitting-room was in semi-darkness, of course. A faint grunting noise came from the bedroom. He looked in.

The punkah was motionless. No doubt the coolie outside, whose business it was to pull, was asleep—they all knew Morrison sahib.

On the bed lay a travesty of Morrison, a very sick man, an unconscious, heaving, grey-faced figure.

"Harley," said Kirby softly. He stared.

Harley Morrison had cholera. And seven devils entered into Kirby.

He closed the door carefully and went out. He went home. No one saw him go.

He bathed and changed into tennis

clothes. He had some tea. And all the while he thought of Ann, and the chance—the certainty—that Ann would be free.

By five-thirty he was at the Club asking the marker if he had seen Captain Morrison.

At six he played very brilliant tennis with three other casuals, loudly complaining that Harley Morrison was the most unreliable of men.

At six-thirty there came an urgent message.

Captain Morrison was dying.

By the time Kirby reached Albert Mansions there was nothing that anybody could do.

Morrison was cold, blue with cold. His eyes were closed. He was just alive, that was all.

"My God," said Kirby to the hospital orderly, "I must have been actually in the building when it started—I came over to see Mr. Joliffe at three."

Morrison opened his eyes and stared for a moment at him. Then quite abruptly he ceased to breathe.

KIRBY has left the Service. He couldn't stand Bannu after Morrison's funeral. It may have been his fancy, but people seemed to look at him in a curious way. The Mess seemed a bit silent when he came into it.

But who could say positively that Harley Morrison would have pulled through in any case?

Anyway, Kirby went home, and bought a practice in Eastbourne.

He's married now, incidentally. Someone told me he and his wife don't get on any too well.



HE was riding an old pony. He slumped a little in his saddle. "You're not looking too fit," said Kirby professionally. "What's the matter?"

Madam, your Mask...

By
"CHRYISIS"

had unlimited means and unlimited time to devote to it, and famous and distinguished beauties would spend whole days in her establishments, but she rejoices that to-day, largely owing to her work and experiments and her enlistment of scientists and doctors of world-renown (for she was certainly one of the pioneers in this particular field), the cult of beauty and the preservation of youth is not only simplified but is economically possible to every woman.

One of the latest creations among her marvellous treatments and preparations is a Herbal Mask of quite remarkable efficacy. Its ingredients are

from the merits of some face masks, so that it can be used on the most fragile and delicate of complexions.

The immediate sense of refreshment and the visibly restorative effect are delightful, and its actual cost works out at something like one shilling a treatment! This is surely a revolution as well as a revelation in exclusive beauty culture?

The method of application is simplicity itself.

It is essential first to cleanse the skin thoroughly with a good cream. The application of a stimulating tonic afterwards, although not obligatory, by making the pores more active and receptive, will add to the efficacy of the "mask's" ingredients. The preliminaries effected, the Herbal Mask should be smoothly applied and gently massaged or patted into the skin to assure absorption. It is important that the chin and neck should be included in the treatment and personal experience has taught me that it is good to *hold the face up* with the hands, palms under the chin and second finger on the muscle beside the eyes, while the first coat of the mask is drying.

When the first application is dry, a second coat must be applied, smoothly and without massage, and allowed to dry. This process will take about a quarter of an hour. While this is in process a slight and gradual sensation of tightening up is experienced, and the face can be seen to be smoothing out until it is actually mask-like in appearance. The Mask is transparent and has none of the un-aesthetic and somewhat messy qualities of a mud-mask.

The mask should be left on for half an hour to an hour, and then removed with a cloth or tampon of cotton-wool steeped in hot water. It comes off easily, leaving the skin smooth, clear and unlined, fresh in tone and feeling. So beneficial is it to the complexion itself that coarse pores, sallowness and even black-heads and blemishes quickly yield to this treatment. The use of the Herbal Mask about three times a week will have a wonderfully rejuvenating effect.

Every woman to-day is a business woman and this is a sound investment—thirty minutes to gain years. If, after you have applied the herbal mask, you can rest, relax, mentally and physically, while the carefully blended ingredients are doing their work, the effect will be enhanced. The herbal mask treatment is an excellent prelude to an evening out, for you will start feeling and looking restored, rejuvenated and confident, no matter how tiring your day-time activities, but an equally good time to give yourself the treatment is in the morning; it can remain on during your bath and toilet, and then can be quickly removed, a little cream passed over the skin and taken off with a tissue, and you are then ready, fresh and fair, to apply your usual make-up and face the world looking, and therefore feeling, your best.

EVER since the creation of Eve woman has been trying in one way or another to make herself more beautiful and attractive, and to preserve her youth and her charms. The woman really devoid of vanity is an abnormality—if she exists! The history of beauty culture is the history of woman-kind, and one of the very earliest methods of enhancement was the beauty mask. One famous specialist has in her possession the formula of a mask over twelve hundred years old. The survival of this form of treatment to these days of scientific culture is sufficient proof of its efficacy.

This particular beauty specialist, and she is world-famous, has made a special study of mask treatments. She has the advantage of profound knowledge of her subject and long experience, as well as a lively interest in and enthusiasm for the most up-to-date developments of her art. She recalls the days when beauty culture was available only to those women who

The Beauty Mask is one of the oldest accredited forms of Beauty Culture: its most modern manifestation is the ideal and efficient Home Treatment for Rejuvenation

youth-restoring juices derived from twenty-three rare plants and herbs. It is put up in a tube, and is a clear, slightly jellified cream which has only to be smoothed over the face and neck, but its penetrative powers make it revive underlying tissues and muscles and, to use its creator's words, "re-charge the skin with the vital elements of health and youth." This mask is really a miniature, non-operative "face-lift." It tones up tired and relaxed muscles, restoring contour and smoothing out wrinkles without any of the drying or dragging which detract

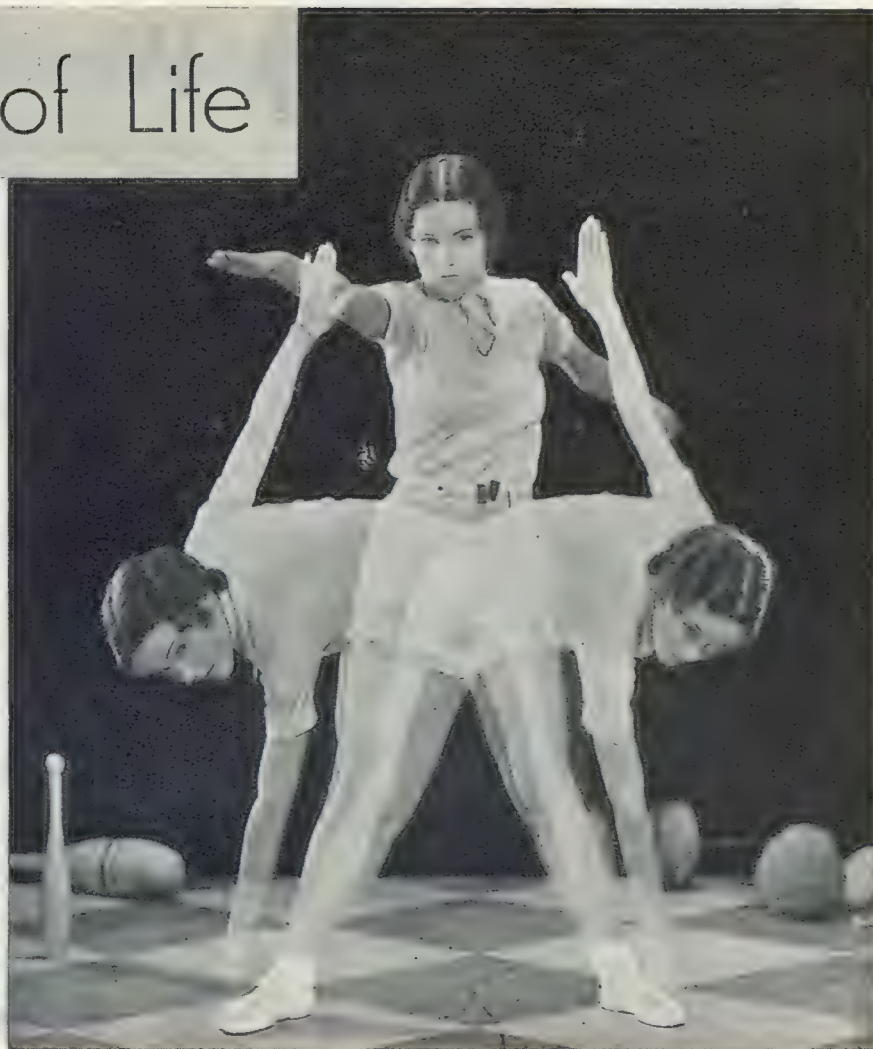
The Stream of Life

Upon the condition of your blood—its purity, its content of red and white corpuscles and its circulatory efficiency—depend your health, well-being and resistance to disease

TO attempt to deal with the vast and important subject of the blood with any degree of thoroughness in one short article would not be ambitious—it would be merely ridiculous, but there are certain generalisations the realisation of which are so essential to the health of the community that a summary may be justified if it will emphasise the importance of "the stream of life" and give some general indication of means and methods by which the layman can assist nature in this respect.

It is, of course, known to everyone that the circulation of the blood "pumps the heart," feeds the brain, carries away poisons and so on; but the significance of these facts is often ignored. The diagnosis of "toxæmia" or "auto-intoxication" as the basis for innumerable diseases conveys very little. It must be realised that the future of medicine, by which I mean combat of disease and not only prolongation but amelioration of life, depends on prevention rather than cure.

Good blood no longer means blue blood, but red blood circulating normally. Apart from infections and fevers, the most prevalent illnesses to-day are rheumatism, gastric and colonic troubles, high or low "blood-pressure," anæmia and "nerves." Behind or beneath the rheumatic troubles, which include skin affections and, ultimately, heart weakness, lies the presence of uric acid in the blood. Many internal troubles are due to poor circulation and elimination. I would even go so far as to say that the most terrible modern scourge, cancer, is more likely to attack subjects in whom circulation is faulty or the blood is incompetent thoroughly to irrigate, cleanse and stimulate the system. A certain medical school of thought



claims that cancer only attacks moribund tissue. Where healthy blood-circulates freely, such a condition cannot exist.

Inevitably, in over-crowded "civilised" conditions, we are constantly in proximity to malignant bacilli, by contact or inhalation, but a healthy man or woman carries his own defence in beneficent bacilli and blood-corpuscles which fight and, if they are strong enough, destroy invading germs. The real danger to health is from within, not from without.

The chief sources of personal infection (auto-intoxication) are teeth and gums, the tonsils, the colon and blood over-loaded with uric acid. As regards internal toxic conditions, irrigation, diet and exercise have already proved almost miraculously effective.

All rheumatic affections can be enormously relieved by the same treatment, *diet and exercise*, and in cases of blood-pressure the same thing applies.

It is obvious that anæmic people, who generally suffer from depression and lack of energy, must be stimulated by means of blood-making foods and gradual induction to active pursuits. The "liver-cure" is an accepted panacea, but must be practised judiciously under medical supervision. People with high blood-pressure must not risk violent exertion and must eschew red meats, highly seasoned foods and alcohol.

If you are in good health, that is, if your blood is clean and is circulating freely throughout your body, carrying nourishment and regeneration to all your functions, you will not suffer from depression and weakness, you will not succumb to the first infection, you will be more *useful* to yourself and the world in general. Most of the suicides when the verdict is "temporarily insane" would be more veraciously expressed as "chronically out of condition."

Every man and woman should be always "in training," not for one "event," but for the series of events which constitute life.

The secret of life is to eat wisely and exercise well.

MANY of the blemishes of your skin are caused by the lack of certain vitamins in your blood. A diet in which fresh vegetables figure prominently will do much to remedy this



Gossamer Threads Woven into Loveliness

Introduces a stocking factory and some of the difficulties of knitting in a big way



ABOVE: An "examiner" whose special duty it is to inspect the finished stocking for defects. In the centre the knitting machines which add the feet are shown, and on the right the heated "forms" which iron the stockings ready for packing

RECALLING occasions when, one delicate thread having callously detached itself from the rest, another pair of stockings has gone west, have you ever imagined a mechanism capable of handling huge quantities of threads—each indescribably delicate—and of marshalling them into perfect submission and ultimately shaping them into the unified form which is a silk stocking?

With the average person, bitter encounters with "ladders," and their obstinate refusal to be dealt with even by the most painstaking application of a crochet hook, have fostered a conviction that stockings are made with implements too delicate to be imagined. So when, being an average person, I walked into the great Nottingham factory where Aristoc stockings are made and was met by the howl of big machinery, my theories suffered a collapse.

Five minutes later they suffered another, because closer inspection showed massive machines weighing twenty-four tons each to be emitting fabric of gossamer fineness and dealing superbly with tasks of unimaginable delicacy.

The first stage in the creation of these silk stockings—that is to say, the first factory stage—begins with the conditioning of the silk, which enters the process as a thread of several strands wound upon a cone-shaped bobbin. Incidentally, pure silk only is used for Aristoc stockings, the manufacturers having concentrated all their resources upon the production of the highest class of goods.

They are, in fact, the only makers who confine themselves to pure silk hosiery alone.

In the initial stage the silk is in its natural colour, or, as in some cases, dyed blue, pink or green for purposes of factory identification only. Strangely enough, the thread is tough and wiry at this point, due to the gum content not yet "eliminated," and has none of the softly luxurious appearance of the finished stocking.

From the first bobbin the thread is wound on to another, passing in transit through an emulsion which effects the conditioning process. Still wet from the immersion the newly wound bobbin is housed in a moist chamber where penetration of the emulsion is completed. Now begin the more interesting stages.

THE knitting machines are enormous pieces of mechanism stretching from side to side of the factory "shop" and in rows one behind the other. Each machine, under the control of a skilled operator, knits twenty-four stockings simultaneously from top to instep, and this is the full function of that particular machine. Heels and toes are added on another machine.

To the uninitiated, it is one of the most amazing features of a complicated process that the transfer of so many loose threads from one machine to the other can be effected without the slightest evidence of interruption in the continuity of the weave. What happens is this:

The stocking from top to ankle is

knitted out flat—not circular, as one naturally imagines. The fashioning, or shaping, which is such an important feature of Aristoc stockings, is effected by the machines on exactly the same principle as in hand knitting.

At a given point, this astonishing machine subtracts a few stitches and, at another, always scientifically determined, it adds a few. When the instep is reached, the stocking is removed from the machine with literally dozens of threads hanging in mid-air, as it were, and threatening to perpetrate a nightmare of "ladders." It is then transferred by the most skilful girl workers to a second machine, which, by the grace of science and the ingenuity of the operator, catches up each tiny thread and continues the astonishing business of knitting a foot.

This accomplished—and it is a matter of a few minutes only—the stockings are removed from the machine as a flat fabric and passed into the hands of the girls who seam the heels and toes. The heels of every Aristoc stocking are double-seamed, an important addition to their lives, as every sufferer from burst seams agrees.

Finally, the back of the stocking is seamed and the almost completed article, with all elusive threads now thoroughly subdued, is ready to face the rigorous and unrelenting tests for imperfections which are imposed upon each one. After that the dyeing, followed by another relentless scrutiny for possible defects, and the most (Continued on page 118)

MANY decorators are of the opinion that the material known as plywood is the most useful and at the same time one of the most decorative newcomers in the whole range of present-day interior decoration. Probably you are already aware that the material consists of three or more sheets of veneer cemented together under great pressure, and that sometimes there is also an inner core of short strips of wood.

It is not always realised, however, that plywood is actually stronger and better than solid wood. This is because the several plies are so placed that the grain of the wood in one ply runs at right angles to the grain in the plies on either side of it. This has the effect of enormously increasing the tensile strength.

A good-quality plywood can be relied on not to warp or shrink; it is so reliable that there is no need for the additional support of panel mouldings, and thus it be-

The Uses of Plywood

A modern material with many practical and decorative advantages

By Baseden Butt



THE walls of this dining-room are panelled with golden sunwood plywood. The furniture is a simple design in oak suitable for a small room and was made by Rowley



IN this attractive modern study plywood is used for the walls, the writing desk, the flush doors of the built-in cupboards, and for the "parquet" floor, which shows a pattern in squares of handsomely figured timber. This room was designed by R. D. Russell and executed by Gordon Russell, Ltd.

staircase balustrade can be converted to the new "solid" type. Another advantage is that plywood bends easily and thus can be used to mask awkward corners or to make a curved screen, such as that which partially divides the walls of the study shown in the photograph above.

Some very effective schemes of decoration have been ob-

tained by lining the walls of the room entirely with plywood. Not only is the effect extremely handsome, but there is no necessity for periodical repainting or repapering, and plywood, like paneling, tones and mellow, increasing in richness and beauty with the passing of time. Needless to add, one has a choice of plywood not only in oak, walnut or mahogany, but in literally scores of choice and unfamiliar woods, many of which are extremely decorative.

There is also special plywood with a thin sheet of metal, such as aluminium or copper instead of the outer ply of wood, and this can look particularly appropriate in rooms which include plate glass and chromium-plated steel furniture. Doors of this, or a dado, make an effective contrast to plain distempered walls, and as a fireplace surround this metal-surfaced plywood is specially suitable.

Your window curtains, too, may be hung within plywood pelmets, either painted, covered with material, or of similar timber and finish to the furniture used in the room; and if you are disturbed by noise you can get special insulating plywood with a sound-proof inner ply. If this insulated plywood is used for doors and walls, and perhaps also for the floors and ceilings, your home will be as noise-proof as modern science can make it.



A PLYWOOD Venesta door, flush and unpanelled, faced with straight-grained Australian walnut, in a flat by Raymond McGrath, B.Arch., A.R.I.B.A. Doors of this type cost less than £2 each. Notice also the full-length wall mirror

comes possible to decorate the walls of one's rooms with extensive unpanelled surfaces showing all the beauties of finely figured timber. A broad, simple treatment, without fussiness or needless detail, is the result.

The uses of plywood are surprisingly numerous. It is difficult to think of a single article of modern furniture that is not, in nine cases out of ten, made wholly

polishing. Rugs can, of course, be used also if desired.

When an old-fashioned house is being modernised, plywood is invaluable. Inappropriate features, such as a Victorian or Edwardian fireplace, can be boxed in with plywood and used as a surround for an up-to-date gas or electric fire. Ornate and out-moded mouldings to the ceiling can be hidden by similar means, and the

Knit your Bathing Suit



*An
Economy
which is
also a
Short Cut
to Chic*

Materials

9 ozs. Brown Sirdar "Sunshine" Bathing Wool
2 ozs. Yellow Sirdar "Sunshine" Bathing Wool
1 yard black elastic (fine)
Pair No. 10 bone needles
Pair of long No. 12 and No. 15 steel needles.

Abbreviations

K. knit; p. purl; s.s. stocking stitch; tog. together; m. make; st. stitch; inc. increase.

Next row: k. 41, k. 2 tog., rib 7, k. 2 tog., k. 41.
Next row: p. 40, rib 11, p. 40.
Next row: k. 38, k. 2 tog., rib 11, k. 2 tog., k. 38.
Next row: p. 37, rib 15, p. 37.
Next row: k. 35, k. 2 tog., rib 15, k. 2 tog., k. 35.
Next row: p. 34, rib 19, p. 34.
Next row: k. 34, rib 19, k. 34.
Repeat the last 2 rows 10 times (20 rows).

Now change to No. 12 needles, and work 11 rows, decreasing at each end of the row by working first and last 2 sts. tog. Cast off.

The Back (Top)

After ribbing waist and changing needles, work 1 plain row.

Next row: p. 18, cast off 56, p. 18.

Next row: k. 1, m. 1, k. 9, m. 1, k. 8, p. back.

Next row: k. 2, m. 1, k. 9, m. 1, k. to end, p. back.

Next row: k. 2, m. k. to end, p. back.

Now work for 16 rows, finally ribbing on No. 12 needles for 15 rows, to match front, knitting 2 tog. at beginning or end of the row on the inside edge (near the centre cast off piece).

Work up the other back piece to correspond.

The Straps

With yellow wool on No. 15 steel needles, cast on 28 sts. Work in close plain knitting for 15 in. Cast off. Work a second strap in the same way.

The Gusset

With yellow wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 2 sts. Work in s.s., increasing once at each end of the needle in next and every alternate row, until there are 30 sts. on the needle.

Decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

To Make Up

With a damp cloth and a fairly hot iron press out the knitting carefully. Stretch all the seams whilst sewing up. Sew up side seams, matching the ribbing. Sew up the skirt seams.

Fix one point of the gusset to the leg opening at the front, and the opposite point to the leg opening at the back, and sew in position. Sew up the leg seams.

Sew the strap at the back to the centre, cast off ribbing stitches, and to the front from the side shaping to the ribbing panel. Thread in a black elastic through the stitches across the top, and down the sloping sides to keep the close-fitting shape.

HAND-KNITTED bathing suits are smart this year, and the one illustrated on this page is easy to make. It is knitted in brown and yellow Sirdar "Sunshine" yarn, which will not lose its shape or its colour, and the directions given here will fit a 34 in. bust size.

The Front

Using brown wool and No. 12 needles cast on 52 sts. loosely for the leg. 1st row, k. 2, then p. 1, k. 1, to end. Repeat this row 13 times, decreasing 1 st. at end of last row. Then, with No. 10 needles, work—1st row, knit plain; 2nd row, k. 1 purl to the last st., k. 1. Repeat these two rows for 4½ in. Leave these sts. on a spare needle until the other leg has been worked.

Work another leg in the same way, ending with a plain row, knitting the sts. of the first leg on to the end of the last row. Continue in s.s. for 50 rows. Change to No. 12 needles to begin the shaping for the waist. Next row: k. 2 tog., k. 9 across the row, ending with k. 2. Next row: purl across.

Lay the front knicker part aside and repeat from the beginning to make the back of the knickers to match up to the waistline.

The Front (Skirt)

In brown wool on No. 12 steel needles cast on 102 sts. Work ribbing for 12 rows, change to No. 10 needles and work s.s. for 84 rows. Next row: k. 2 tog.,

k. 9 across row, ending with k. 2. Next row: purl across row. Lay this piece aside, and work another skirt piece to match for the back—up to the waist.

Now take both knicker front and skirt front—laying the skirt *over* the knicker part, and slip off first a stitch from one, and then a stitch from the other on to a No. 12 steel needle. Do this until all the stitches are on one needle. Next row: k. 2 tog., p. 2. tog. across the row, to make the first row of waist ribbing (joining knickers to skirt). Now work ribbing of 1 plain 1 purl for 31 rows. Change to No. 10 bone needles for the part above the waist.

Join the knicker back and skirt back as described for the front and change to No. 10 bone needles for the top.

The Front (Top)

After ribbing waist, change needles and work 4 rows s.s.

Next row: k. 1, m. 1 (by working twice into next st.), k. across row, making another st. in last st. but one.

Next row: purl across (92 sts.).

Work 3 rows, then inc. again in 4th row, inside each end.

Work 3 rows, then inc. again (96 sts.).

Work 9 rows.

Next row: mark centre 4 sts. with thread as a guide, then k. 46, p. 1, k. 2, tog., p. 1, k. 46.

Next row: purl 46, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 46.

Next row: k. 44, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 44.

Next row: p. 43, rib for 7, p. 43.



*HERE is a lovely
new type
of
rocking-horse chair*



*A TOY HOUSE affords constant
occupation and (left) a wall black-
board will do much to avert disaster
to distemper or patterned paper*



From Nursery to Playroom

JUST as a baby changes imperceptibly into a little boy (or girl) so his nursery changes into something which I feel tempted to call a "den." A prettier word would be "playroom," but "playroom" is too pretty, too suggestive of pastel paint and nursery rhyme daddoes, of fleecy crawling rugs, painted pens; the room I am thinking of is not in the least this sort of a place, being, instead, a cross between a workshop and a gymnasium. Anxious parents need not, however, imagine that this drastic transformation will have to be effected by them. No; the owner of the late lamented nursery will himself do all that is necessary, and very likely a bit over, though his job will be the easier for a little intelligent help.

We will suppose that there are two children—the only child being a slightly different proposition—that they are aged five and seven, and that their room, in a flat, is a good-sized bed-sitter. Their early cribs will, of course, have been replaced by grown-up beds, which may well be narrow divans with slip-in head-pieces, and with counterpanes which are washable, to ensure that they may really be clean at intervals, and are all-over patterned so that they may, in between times, look cleaner than they are. There will be the same cupboards, built-in or otherwise, as previously, but it will be necessary to make a firmer distinction than in the past between space for clothes and for toys; rubber ducks may nest harmlessly in underwear, but not so paste, paints or plasticine. Actually, additional shelves and hooks are likely to be required, as both toys and clothes will need more room.

*An intelligently
planned den will
help both you
and the children*

There will be still, presumably, linoleum on the floor, and if this is not to be hammered full of nails, there will have to be a stout dais, bench or aged table, designed to be hammered instead, and also to be sawn if the chairs are to retain their complement of legs. A child—a boy anyway—must do carpentry and, unless there is an outside shed available, he must do it in his room. Similarly, he must model, though not, I think, necessarily in clay; anyone who has seen a sculptor's studio will have been struck by the fact that even adults get into a mess with this entrancing medium. Probably plasticine is indicated, to be confined as far as may be to the platform or table. If it does get on to the linoleum, it can be fairly easily scraped off.

THEN there is drawing. To some extent a blackboard dado—which, by the way, can be dark green in colour—will meet the case, but I have yet to encounter the child who will not, at times, scribble elsewhere. I think one has to be fairly philosophic about this; the real artist is liable to transgress in just the same way (and what about scribbles on blotting-paper?) and, after all, coats of distemper are cheap. Then there is painting, which is worse than drawing, if only because it is so wet. The water element in any occupation is a grave nuisance. Personally, I think there is something to be said for a fixed lavatory-basin in the playroom, as this avoids constant drippings in corridors from vessels which have been filled too full; but, of course, the arrangement has dangerous possibilities.

As well as the workshop aspect of a playroom, there is the exercise aspect, (*Continued on page 118*)



*THESE small people are engaged in an
absorbing occupation which at the
same time trains baby eyes and hands*

The BUSYBODY'S Notebook



THIS is to remind you that "Britannia & Eve's" Busybody is always at your disposal. She is well informed on all sorts of heterogeneous subjects and although she is busy, she will always find time to answer your letter; so if any of her discoveries are the answers to any of your problems, write to the Busybody, c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope, when you will receive an immediate answer giving you full information about any of the subjects mentioned on this page

NOW do let me give you a word of very intimate advice. If you are a wise woman you will go straight off to the nearest chemist and make yourself a present of a certain little magic pencil in a smart black and white case. It is small enough to slip into your handbag

and pretty enough to look just like an extra lipstick. Just pass the pencil gently over the under-arms before putting on your dress; then if you must be out and dashing about all day, another little touch of it later on will once more make you fresh and im-

maculate. It is greaseless and cannot harm the most delicate fabric; you need never hesitate to use it at any time.

WE all love trim ankles with tightly drawn stockings stretched smoothly over them. But the difficulty has always been how to achieve that taut look without ladders suddenly appearing, and then nothing so ruins the appearance of a gown as the unsightly little bulge

which the average suspender makes. But both these trials need trouble us no more. I've just made the acquaintance of suspenders which lie quite, quite flat, so that no one could possibly suspect their existence even under the scantiest garments, and they are incapable of causing a ladder in even the filmiest stocking. They are attached to a wisp of a belt which is both seamless and boneless. The material from which it is made is woven with lastex yarn which has a two-way stretch, thus accommodating itself to every movement of the figure, and yet never riding up or slipping down.

I WAS very disturbed when the first bright lights of spring revealed that my hair is no longer quite as bonny and brown as it was. I hate dyes and the implication of advancing years which their use always brings, so I feel I must pass on

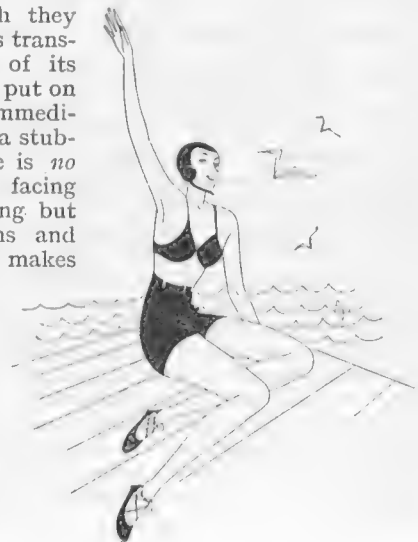
the good news of a wonderful discovery I have just made. This is called a hair enamel and it tints the hair as it rinses; it won't rub off, won't stain the head and yet washes off with soap and water. It's not a dye and not a shampoo, but something absolutely new. When you have shampooed and rinsed your hair you give it another rinse with a solution made from this enamel until all the colour is absorbed, and then rinse it again with clear water. It is amazingly effective with hair which is just beginning to go grey, for it covers the grey hairs

and blends with the natural colour, and for white hair there is a special enamel which clears away all the yellow streaks and leaves it glittering white. There are twelve different shades to choose from, and as four applications cost less than a shilling each, can you wonder if I intend never to be without it in the future?

SUMMER, at last, is getting near, and I do want to enjoy it to the full and have all my friends enjoy it too. Among some of my greatest friends I have the honour to count a lot of very small things and they, poor mites, are apt to find summer a rather trying time, and that means a lot of unnecessary trouble for mothers and Nannies. Hot days make babies' skins so very liable to painful chafing, so do let me tell you about the most lovely new medicated toilet powder which will make them all cool and comfy. Lightly sprinkled on all the parts subject to chafing it will keep the skin in perfect condition and absolutely prevent any irritation whatever. It is as fine and sweet as a baby's own skin and they simply love the feel of it. Incidentally, it is the best possible powder you could use yourself after your bath, and you might just whisper to your men folk that it is just the thing to prevent soreness after shaving; the perfume is so faint and delicate that while you will love it no man could possibly object to it.

BY the way, talking of spring, do you realise how very near are the days when we shall be disporting ourselves in bathing suits and going about stockingless? Like all good thoughts, there is another side to the question, and in this case it is the age-old problem of dealing with superfluous hair. But this is a problem which I can solve for you in the pleasantest possible way. I know of a certain transparent liquid which is hygienic and harmless and which melts away unwanted hair in the

most magical way. You can use it under your arms, on your arms and legs, and even on the back of your neck if you are troubled with the unsightly low growing down which our turned-up curls make so disturbingly apparent. It is clean and fresh to use and does away with all the bother of razors and clippers and all the nasty stiff stubble which they encourage. Also, as it is transparent, you can judge of its effect as you use it and put on a second application immediately in the case of extra stubborn growths. So there is no excuse for any of you facing the summer with anything but satin smooth under-arms and legs. The same firm that makes this useful liquid also makes a special paste which is slower and gentler in its action and which is meant for removing superfluous hair from the face. If you follow the directions carefully it cannot harm the most sensitive complexion.



LONDON FASHIONS

A summer of flowers, of flounces, of pastel colours and all shades of blue; of figured silks and plain matching woollens; of saucer-brimmed hats set squarely on our heads

By MADGE GARLAND

HEAVERY black crêpe patterned in brilliant multi-colour flowers makes the effective gown on the left, over which is worn a frilled wrap of lemon yellow tulle. The blue and white plaid organza dress has frills cascading down the back and around the arms and a wide blue taffeta sash. Both models come from Marshall and Snelgrove

SPRING winds seem to have blown away a number of the excrescences and odds and ends of trimming which adorned but did not distinguish many of the models of the early collections, and although fashion demands, perhaps, more discrimination from its votaries than in previous seasons, I feel the worst is past. This, with Ascot only a few weeks away, is probably unwarrantable optimism.

We are, however, intensely feminine; not since the pre-Chanel era have we been so be-frilled and be-flounced. True, most of these accessories are, as all temptation should be, well behind us, and we may enter a room soberly and simply clad, but trailing clouds of glory behind us. Our waists and hips are closely moulded, many of our necks are swathed almost to the chin, our shoulders are covered, and the backs of our skirts present, in defiance of any fatigue which may overcome us, a more picturesque riot of flounces, frills, bows and bustles than any generation since the '80's has witnessed. Diadems we have already got used to; trains we must learn to manage, for even when a skirt is plain and untrimmed, it nearly always, unless destined for the very, very young, boasts a train. Gloves have returned for evening use; shoes are fragile sandals dyed to match one's gown; bags are small and discreet and favour jewelled mounts. Coats, when they





HERE is the popular three-quarter length coat, this time in a fancy brown and natural colour check wool, worn over a short coat of the same material and a skirt of plain dark brown. This extremely smart travelling costume comes from Kenneth Durward

THIS tailored fitted coat is single-breasted and has cleverly cut pointed sections on the hips which help to give it a neatly waisted effect. The material chosen is a fine brown and beige check and it comes from Studd and Millington

BURBERRYS suggest a full-length coat for really hard and all-weather wear. This fine black and white check material is extremely light in weight but is absolutely weatherproof. The cut of the sleeves and the patch pockets are especially good

NAVY blue with white piqué revers makes a striking coat which would be equally suitable on shore or on board. It also looks very well carried out in plaid hand-woven tweed, and comes from the new salons at Aquascutum

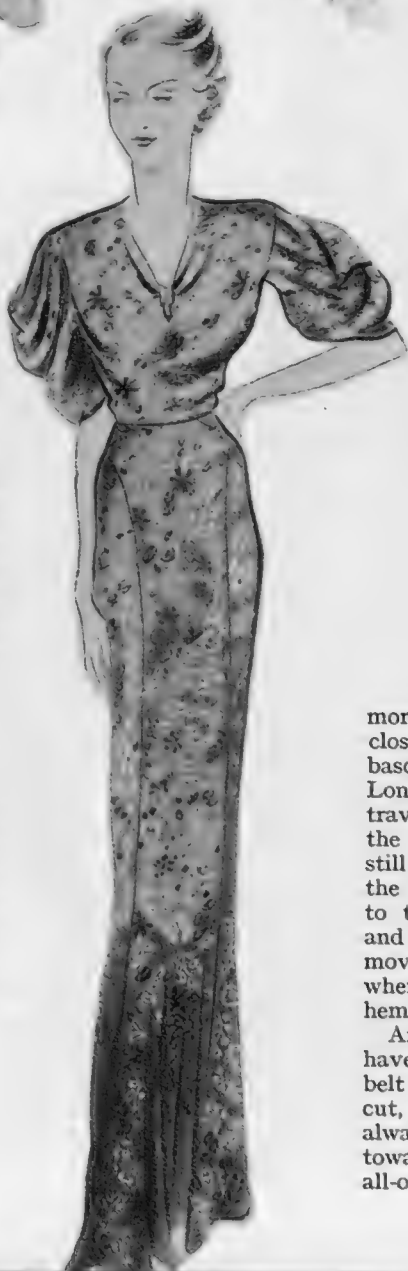
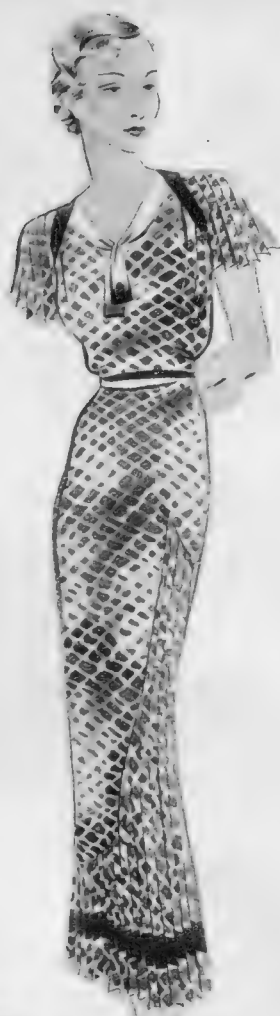
are not tiny capes, are hip or three-quarter length or full length if they are made of taffeta; when they are capes they are also of taffeta, unless composed of even more fragile substances such as feathers, gathered chiffon or tulle.

So much for evening, since we have started our day backwards. The first thing which strikes us about our day wardrobe is white. Not suits or dresses of so unpractical a colour, but all the accessories and the important part they play. The majority of coats and skirts—and their popularity is immense—have white blouses with bows, jabots or bibs of white at the neck, and the high, bunched-in front neckline is universal. White crêpe-de-Chine, taffeta, organdie or lace-trimmed muslin are all equally popular. As for the coats themselves, they belong to two distinct families, either to the loose three-quarter-length variety, with untrimmed round or square neck, straight, wide sleeves and anything from hip to knee length, or to the



ENTER the short cape, this time carried out in black crêpe de-Chine lined with green. It is slit up the front, slipped on over the head and turned back at the neck in order to show the coloured lining, and worn over a black dress which has a green belt

ON the left is a view of the back of the dress under the cape. The top is of green crêpe-de-Chine and is draped and buttoned at the back. This is a Vionnet model, which may be obtained from Debenhams



HERE is Augustabernard's popular ensemble in pale blue crêpe. The dress has three panels of shirring, one in front and one at either side. The coat has sleeves set in with tucks and is fastened by a bow of fur dyed royal blue. Debenhams

CRÊPE-DE-CHINE patterned In a Persian design in which tiny multi-colour flowers run riot over a green ground makes this charming dress from Harvey Nichols. The bodice is held by a clasp, the sleeves are full and the long skirt is cut on particularly becoming lines

THE two sketches above show an ensemble from Debenhams; on the left the dress is seen without the coat, and above with the coat on. The material is navy and white crêpe-de-Chine and plain navy wool. The coat has pleated sections and buttons down one side, where it shows the printed dress beneath

ON the right and above are two views of a particularly attractive afternoon ensemble from Harvey Nichols. Both are made of dull black silk crêpe, and neither has any trimming other than cleverly appliquéd poppies cut out of silk, one on the scarf which fastens the coat and two on the shoulders and puff sleeves of the dress

more tailored variety, which favours a close fit, with probably a slightly flared basque and six buttons in front. Long coats are reserved for sports or travelling, except when they are of the ubiquitous taffeta. Skirts are still about the same length, just below the calf for formal clothes and just to the middle for real sports wear, and they allow perfect freedom of movement but are not full, except when an occasional pleated or flared hem makes its appearance.

Afternoon dresses drape the neck, have three-quarter-length sleeves, a belt or a sash, an apparently simple cut, a tendency to add frills, nearly always pleated, and a definite leaning towards crêpes printed with small all-over checks or flower patterns.

ACCESSORIES

Small details which are of great importance in a well-equipped wardrobe



A BLACK straw hat turned up on one side with a spray of red and yellow field flowers would be a charming and becoming companion to a black suit or dress for town wear. This model comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, who have some unusually attractive large-brimmed straw hats designed for formal summer wear. A large pale-blue baku with a black bird perched on its wide brim was particularly lovely



GLOVES are apt to be longer as our sleeves become shorter and shorter. Harvey Nichols have an excellent selection of new models, including the black suede pair shown above. These are dyed on one side only, so that your hands will never become dirty or stained, and their long gauntlets are trimmed by a series of small tucks. They are also showing some smart evening gloves of moiré in white or pale pink with matching bags of the same material



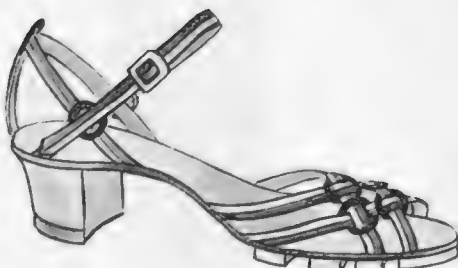
GAILY-COLOURED plaid taffeta either in red, blue or yellow makes this attractive collar and bow, which can be obtained from Harvey Nichols, and would brighten up any dark suit or plain dress. They also have scarves of plaid taffeta which look delightful knotted around the neck. Also taffeta blouses in checks or plaids



SHOES are of major importance just now, for they must be comfortable as well as smart. The upper left-hand one is of tan and white kid and would look equally well in town or the country. The centre model of gold or silver kid would be ideal for summer evening wear; the lower left-hand sandal is in red, white and blue leather, and can be obtained with a crêpe rubber sole or with special slats of wood running across the sole. All these shoes come from Debenhams



A HAT with a Dolly Varden tilt is made of navy-blue organdie cleverly stitched and held in place by a band and bow of the material. The flowers around it are pale pink roses, and a matching scarf is fastened by the same flowers. Marshall and Snelgrove



What I have Bought this Month

The names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, *Britannia and Eve*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. A stamped postcard must be enclosed for a reply.



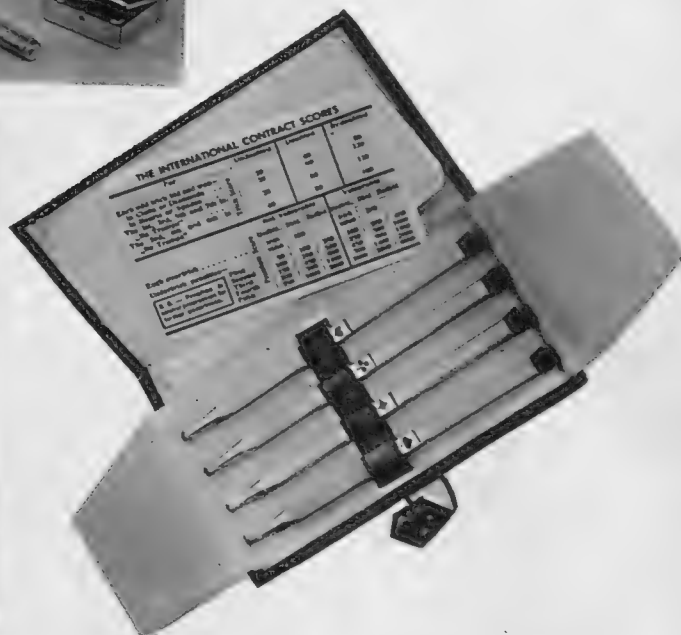
THIS amusing Silencer Mascot, designed to fit practically all exhaust pipes, is the very present for an owner-driver. Made in cast aluminium, hand buffed to a high and untarnishable polish, the price is £2 2s. Greyhounds, spaniels, crocodiles, dragons and eagles are among the many designs available and any special design will be made to order



A SIFTER powder-box in non-inflammable composition, lacquer and chromium plate has a magnifying mirror lid with a handle. It is obtainable in blue, green, black and white and red, price 12s. 6d. The "Myatt" Midget safety-razor, which fits into a case scarcely larger than a postage stamp, will solve many toilet problems. 5s.



THAT tiresome business of holding a book in one hand and using the other to raise a glass, which makes a meal in bed so irksome, is quite eliminated by this new and very attractive bed-table and book-rest combined. It is available in orange, green and blue, price 12s. 9d.



AS a bridge prize or a present to "Contract" enthusiasts, this neat little outfit will be much appreciated. The leather case containing a Contract scoring-tablet and four engine-turned silver pencils bearing symbols of the four suits costs 21s.



THE Downland Picnic Basket, light in weight and containing two Thermos flasks, a milk flask, four cups, a covered sugar-basin, four teaspoons and a really large food-box, costs only 18s. 9d. The cups and sugar-basin nest into one another, and all the fitments pack with ease into this neat and compact little basket

Inexpensive Alterations

Reconstructions which require hard thinking but easy payments



BEFORE being reconstructed this room had an awkward corner, which drawback was quickly made into a feature by building an equivalent piece into the opposite side of the room and lowering the ceiling between, thereby forming an alcove for the bed



IN this bedroom the fireplace has been boarded up and concealed by flood-lit curtains which form the bed-head. The recesses on either side have been converted into cupboards and an electric fire is built-in beneath the windows

The photographs on this page show four rooms decorated by J. B. Hes



HERE an air of distinction has been achieved simply by painting the walls white and making a feature of the fireplace. This has been framed out on either side of the chimney-breast in plywood and covered with plain black and rippled mirror-glass. The hearth and fire surround have been faced in cement and blacked, making an admirable setting for the basket grate. This conversion was accomplished for about twenty pounds

THIS apparently richly panelled room was achieved for twenty pounds, the room being panelled in a new, very thin veneer put on like wall-paper over walls and ceiling. The wood used is silver birch, stained grey, which sets off excellently the white cellulosed furniture with its copper fittings. The small chairs are covered in hide stained a pillar-box red and match the red marocain cushions. The easy chairs are covered in a string fabric and have canary yellow cushions





Bring Your Garden into the House

Flower-patterned wall-papers and chintzes can do much to create a delightful illusion

A SCENIC wall-paper, some shrubs and flowers in a bowl and also arranged in vases on a stand help to create an out-of-doors atmosphere in this hall

WE are, theoretically, a nation of garden-lovers, though with the increase of semi-communal living in large blocks of flats the number of people who will ever experience the delights described by Marvell are notably decreasing. But even the average town-dweller has a passionate love of flowers, only half-satisfied by the acquisition of rather too obviously forced blooms

Photographs by Dorien Leigh, Ltd.



A FLOWER-PATTERNED Rosebank chintz would look delightful used in this manner. Note the pointed valance, from which hang tiny glass blossoms

neatly tied into bunches, and the idea of decorating a room in such a way as to suggest an abundance of flowers and fresh air has much to recommend it.

The illustrations on this page show three rooms in which the owners have, by the judicious use of patterned chintzes, managed to create an air of flower-filled spaciousness.

In the photograph at the top of the page is shown a treatment for a hall which has as its foundation a scenic wall-paper on which gaily-coloured trees, flowers and birds are depicted, and the illusion of an out-door atmosphere is further heightened by shrubs and a huge bowl of flowers arranged in a niche from which hangs a bird-cage. Small sconces on the walls are also filled with flowers.

In two of the other photographs flowered chintzes are used to create a countrified atmosphere. Especially in the photograph above is this treatment successful: here a Rosebank chintz has been used to great advantage, the wall and ceiling as

A DETAIL of the hall shown in the photograph at the top of this page includes a buttoned window-seat and wall-sconces filled with flowers

BROWN and brilliant yellow glazed chintz is used for the bed-cover and curtains in a country bedroom whose floor is covered with cream matting

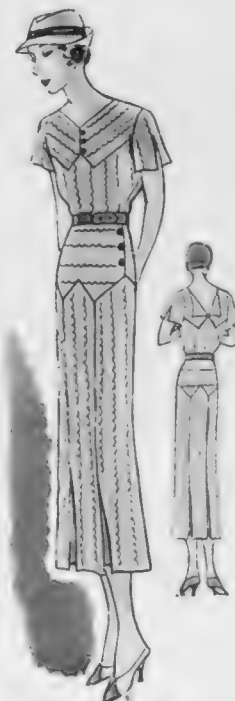
well as the curtains being of a cream-coloured glazed chintz patterned with bouquets of magnificent pink and red roses. The bed-cover and the sofa in the boudoir beyond are also covered with the same material. These Rosebank fabrics can be obtained in a multitude of lovely colours and designs, and their use in this particular manner is both novel and attractive.



OUR PAPER PATTERN

How to Buy

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post



This charming dress can be made at home for only 4/2!



Cannons of Hollywood

417. This smart summer dress uses to their full advantage the wavy stripes of the Nucolaine. The skirt is cut with four deep inverted pleats and the fitted hip-yoke is buttoned on one side. Three more red buttons fasten the yoke in front and at the back, where they can be left undone if desired. The short sleeves are slit up the middle or could be omitted altogether. Four yards of 36 in. material are required. Price 1s. The large brimmed hat of rough navy-blue straw comes from Scotts

NUCOLAINE is the name of the Horrockses washing material in which this dress is made. The stripes are blue and red on a white ground, or the material is also available in various shades of brown and yellow or green. It costs only 1s. 0½d. a yard

SERVICE for the HOME DRESSMAKER

Why not make these dresses yourself?
Three easily-made and pretty frocks



No. 418. A charming flowered Tobralco patterned in field flowers on a white ground has three red poppies at its neck and a low décolletage at the back outlined by green ribbons. The skirt has flared sections. 5½ yards of 38 in. material are required. Price 1/-

No. 419. Tootal's special crease-resisting Robia voile is used for this effective evening gown, which is made in white and a bold red and blue plaid. The cross-over fichu is a new note and the skirt has sections of gathers to give it fulness. 4½ yards of plain and 2½ yards of plaid material are required. Price 1/-

MORUS

Entertaining

By A. H.



• Informal Luncheon Party

AFTER it had become fully established that everybody everywhere was obliged to cut down expenses, live in smaller houses or flats—in fact, to reduce their style of living all round—entertaining seemed to be doomed to disappear for ever. With so much talk of economy, no servants, giving up this and reducing that, one would have thought that the idea of giving a party could only be thought of by the few remaining millionaires.

We all know, however, that this is not the case, that, in fact, there is probably more entertaining at the present time than has ever been enjoyed before. But on a very different scale.

The smart leaders of English society, with immediate forethought, were quick to realise that although they could no longer afford the lavish, costly and—they whispered to themselves—rather boring luncheon and dinner parties of the past, they were not going to close their doors for ever to their friends, and it is thanks to the courage and ingenuity of these great ladies that modern parties came into existence.

The practical advantages of present-day entertaining are so obvious that it is not necessary to dwell on them at length. We realise that the more informal the party is the less trouble it gives, and, of course, it is much cheaper to provide one meal for twelve people than it would be to have two parties of six; while most guests to-day—and not only the very young—definitely prefer the amusing atmosphere of an entirely “help yourself” meal, especially if it is served out of doors or on a sheltered verandah.

In arranging the menu for a luncheon of this description, the first object is

to choose dishes—not necessarily all cold—which can be made well in advance, and which require no service at all. They should all be things easily eaten without knives, and the menu itself should be short: one substantial main dish preceded by a little collection of *hors d'œuvre* of the kind we can spread on fingers of toast or dry biscuits, and to

MENU for a “Fork” Luncheon Party

Hors d'œuvre

—
Curry Pie

—
Salad

—
Rhubarb Fool

or
Fruit Salad

follow we could have a mixed vegetable salad, a sweet and cheese served on biscuits or cheese straws.

The drinks also would be simple; beer or a cup and a soft drink such as orangeade or barley water being most suitable, while if we wish to serve an *apéritif*, a glass of vermouth, or sherry, or gin and vermouth would be quite adequate.

Hors d'œuvre

We start the meal with a little selection of appetisers arranged in dishes or plates and placed here and there on the table.

Radishes and stuffed olives, a variety

of fingers of toast or biscuits with chopped anchovy or sardines; tomato sauce and anchovy paste mixed; mashed tunny fish—all of these make a good opening course, easy to prepare and equally easy to eat. Another excellent *hors d'œuvre* is made by chopping hard-boiled eggs, dressing them with oil, vinegar, salt, pepper and prepared mustard, and spreading the mixture on toast or dry biscuits.

Curry Pie

For twelve people take two pounds of onions, two pounds of tomatoes, four sweet apples and two bananas. Peel and cut up the onions and the tomatoes, and first fry the onions slowly in a mixture of butter and bacon fat. When they are well cooked and beginning to brown, add the tomatoes, cook for a few minutes together and then add the curry powder, allowing a puddingspoonful for two people, though this must be regulated according to taste. Add salt, stir well and cook for fifteen minutes, after which put in the fruit, the apples peeled and cored and the bananas skinned, both cut into small pieces. Cook together for half an hour, mixing and mashing with a fork so that at the end you have a smooth *purée*. Now pour in half a pint of boiling water, stir well and cook until the water has evaporated. Repeat this process two or three times. Now put into a fireproof dish and cover it with a thin layer of well-prepared mashed potatoes nicely browned on top.

Fool

The proportions should be half fruit pulp and half cream and sweetened condensed milk in equal proportions, the condensed milk, besides being economical, adding substance and richness to the mixture.

If we are using fresh fruit this must first be boiled till cooked, and then allowed to cool. Tinned fruit such as plums are also very good for this purpose. In either case we pass the fruit through a sieve into a mixing bowl, add the cream and condensed milk, mix well and whip slightly, adding castor sugar to taste. Serve very cold.

Up-to-date

Adair



AS cocktail parties lasted longer and longer into the evening, more dishes of food appeared to supplement the usual olives, almonds, salt biscuits, and other little bits and pieces which were to be found scattered about the room. This habit of "getting rid" of a lot of invitations at one time has proved so popular that many hostesses now give dinner parties in the same manner, asking quite double and even treble the number of guests that the dining-room would hold in the ordinary way.

Servants are altogether dispensed with, the table being arranged with cold dishes, sweets; biscuits, bread, etc., in the centre, flanked by piles of plates and heaps of spoons and forks. The sideboard also has its display of food, with possibly one large bowl of cold soup, and a dish being kept hot on a spirit lamp; the drinks also are placed in a convenient position, with a supply of glasses.

The guests are usually shown straight into the dining-room, given a cocktail and then told that they must look after themselves; and it can be safely said that no party of this kind has ever been known to fail provided that the food and drinks are good.

Consommé en Tasse

First make a clear soup as follows: Put 2 lb. of stewing beef into a large thick saucepan; add 3 quarts of cold water, salt and pepper, and bring to the boil slowly, skimming constantly. When there is no scum left, add two or three carrots, three leeks and two onions cut into pieces. Let the soup come to the boil again; put in a large plump chicken, which is required for the rissoles, and boil gently for one hour, after which remove the chicken, skim the soup again, and let it simmer very gently for six hours. Pass the soup through a fine strainer into a clean saucepan, bring to the boil, taste to see if it is sufficiently seasoned, and throw in the beaten white of an egg, which will collect all the sediment, leaving you a perfectly clear soup which you

• "Help Yourself" Dinner Party

strain off into a bowl or jug. Serve cold, letting the guests ladle or pour it into cups which you leave near the soup.

Rissoles à l'Américaine

Remove all the skin from our cold boiled fowl, and get as much flesh as you can from the bones. Mince this with half a pound of lean cooked ham, one

lamp and serve with thin slices of lean York ham and a beetroot or tomato salad.

Chocolat Mousse

Allow for each person one tablespoonful of chocolate powder, the same quantity of cream and one white of egg. Beat the whites of egg and the cream to a stiff froth separately, and then fold them into each other. Add the chocolate powder little by little, folding it in lightly so that it is well mixed without making the mousse lose its lightness. Sweeten to taste with castor sugar and stand on ice before serving. The best way to serve it is in a bowl standing in another larger one, so that you can pack it round with broken ice.

Petits Fours, or tiny fancy cakes should be on the table; also a few little dishes of cheese cubes for those who like it afterwards or instead of a sweet.

Note.—From the preparations for this meal we shall have left over beef and vegetables from the soup and yolks of egg from the mousse. These, of course, need not be wasted, but used up the following day. The beef and vegetables can be made into a luncheon dish and the yolks of egg into a custard or pudding.

Hock Cup

Take a large glass jug and put in a quarter of its contents of crushed ice, one orange and one lemon sliced, also two liqueur glassfuls of brandy, or, better still, one of brandy and one of Cointreau. Add a bottle of Hock (previously iced) and a pint of soda-water, also iced. This should be splashed in at the last possible moment. Add sugar to taste, remembering that most people do not like very sweet drinks.

MENU

Consommé en Tasse

—
Rissoles à l'Américaine

Jambon

Salad

—
Mousse au Chocolat

Petit Fours

—
Cheshire Cheese Cubes

Cocktails

Sherry

Hock Cup

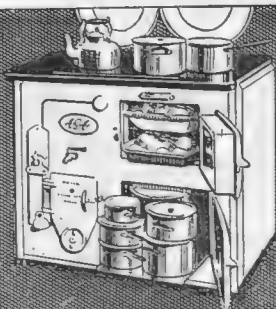
onion and mix well, adding chopped parsley and a dozen stoned olives finely chopped. Mix again with the yolks of two eggs, seasoning well with salt and pepper.

Have ready some paste of the very flaky kind, rolling it out very thinly. Cut the paste into pieces about 3 in. square, and put some of the mince into each piece. Fold the paste over and form into the shape of a sausage, paint each with beaten egg, roll in white bread-crumbs and fry in boiling fat until golden brown. Remove the rissoles and drain them on blotting paper.

Stand them in a dish over a spirit

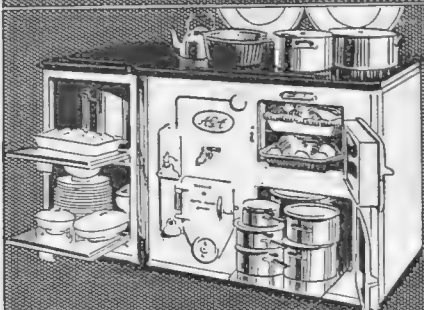
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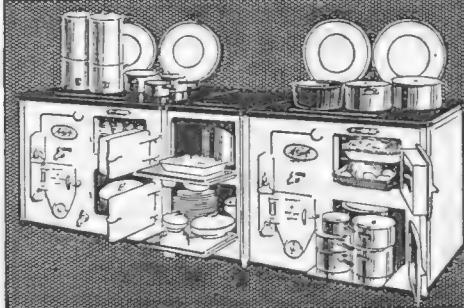
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Books (Continued from page 49)

suspicion of a blush, whereas—well, let me explain. *Not Guilty I*, by Fred D. Pasley (Putnam, 10s. 6d.), is an account of the most famous cases fought by Samuel S. Leibowitz, the well-known American criminal lawyer. Mr. Leibowitz has appeared for the defence in a great many of the most notorious trials in his country, including that of Al Capone, and his record of acquittals is astonishing. One ought, one feels, to admire him, or at least be thrilled; but for Englishmen, who suffer perhaps from an exaggerated respect for the dignity of the Law, the natural reaction will be a squirm. American legal procedure is apt—why pretend otherwise?—to make us squirm; and, speaking for myself, Mr. Pasley's theatrical method of presenting his hero adds to my discomfort. His book is well worth reading; it is, in its way, an education; it will certainly cause you some kind or other of strong emotion. But, unless you are pretty hard-boiled, it will not give you pleasure.

THE other American work is an apparently blameless volume of reminiscences by an eminent and greatly respected lady—*Crowded Hours*, by Alice Roosevelt Longworth (Scribners, 12s. 6d.). Mrs. Longworth is a daughter of one famous President and cousin to another. Round about the turn of the century, she was perhaps the most popular lady in the whole continent of America. Her book is full of shrewd comments on all the celebrated people she met on both sides of the Atlantic. And yet I found in her pages something to shock me? I did. I was, and am, profoundly shocked to discover that this clever and cultured lady, brought up in the highest administrative circles, rejoices to think that her fellow-countrymen turned down the League of Nations. Her strong dislike of Woodrow Wilson might make us suspect her motives; but, unfortunately, it is only too clear that there are still educated and cosmopolitan Americans who believe that the world is in two separate halves, each of which can ignore the other. As a thesis, this may be arguable. As a creed, it strikes me as crustaceous.

After the strong emotions roused by these two books, Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's *People Worth Talking About* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) proved highly urbane and discreet. It consists of some three dozen short sketches of prominent men and women. Although (or because) they were originally composed for broadcasting from a New York studio, two-thirds of the celebrities are English. The little chapters make good reading; they must have delighted the listeners for whom they were spoken. Mr. Hamilton, in the course of a busy life, has met a formidable number of the great ones of the earth, and he has the happy knack of sounding as if he could go on talking for hours about this one or that, but is afraid of boring you. He stops far too soon—but how much better than going on the least bit too long!

And that, perhaps, is quite enough biography for one month. Let us change the subject and consider two new volumes of short stories. Such volumes were once anathema to English publishers and booksellers, and even now the eyes of the Trade do not light up to welcome them. I believe the prejudice to be almost without foundation. I see no reason why a public which devours stories in magazines should have a horror of stories between boards. About this same poor dear public all sorts of fantastic ideas exist. It used to be supposed that plays about stage life had no chance of success. Then, one day, such a play was produced, and it was discovered that there was nothing the public liked so much as a peep behind the scenes. Read too, if you can, the wording on those other memorials to slain prejudice, the Promenade Concerts and the Old Vic.

ADMITTEDLY, the weakness of some prejudices does not mean the weakness of all. Admittedly, good short stories are rare, and not all good writers can master the short story. Mr. Ernest Hemingway is a good writer, but the fourteen tales in *Winner Take Nothing* (Cape, 7s. 6d.) are uneven and seldom show him at his best. They have a certain distinction, however, and are worth attention. But in the case of Signor Pirandello's *The Naked Truth* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) no qualification need be made. This famous dramatist is a master of the short story. He produces in half a page the atmosphere he needs. He creates the reader's mood, and changes it at will, playing upon it like an executive musician. His superiority to Mr. Hemingway lies not so much in skill as in absorption. The American is frightened of breaking his butterfly on the wheel. The Italian seems unaware of their fragility, and lo! they live and soar. This is the second instalment of Pirandello's stories done into English, and it is even better than the first.

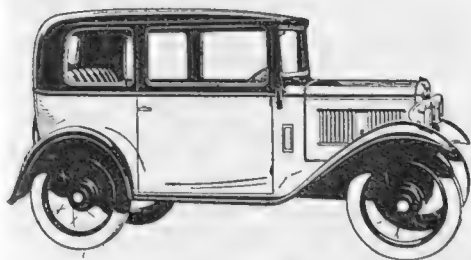
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AUSTIN

The Man of Honour (Continued from page 35)

nothing, hinted at nothing, left him just guessing, but, oh, so sure!

He told her that he was conscious of her acts of charity, for that the train attendant had told him. He said that he knew, of course, about her possession of some wealth, for that was obvious to anyone who had heard of the acts of charity. Besides, he had been told of the mansion and the large grounds and the high wall. Therefore it was with greater diffidence that he, a poor soldier, wrote to her.

But he could not help it. He was braving a rebuke. He was conscious of impertinence. But, simply, he *had* to write. Besides, men did strange things while war was on and death was watching all around.

It was with such excuses that he ended his strange epistle with the words, "Will you marry me if I return?" and the words "if I return" were underlined.

Somewhat to his surprise, an answer reached him. He had expected silence from a woman who might reasonably have been insulted.

"When you return come and see me," it said—there was no "if," but a "when"—and then, if, after having seen me, you still think the same, you must repeat your question by word of mouth."

The months dragged on. But they did not drag with such ponderous steps as they had seemed to do before, for this was not the last letter that he sent from the trenches. Nor was hers the last that reached the battle front from the mansion behind the high walls that surrounded a large estate.

Gradually, his letters made of his speculations an ever-growing certainty.

"I know more about you," one said, "than if we had spent years in talking."

She wrote, in reply, merely details of her life in a garden, of the quietness of the country.

Still, as the months passed, his ardour grew, his pledges more vehement. "When I return," he always wrote.

He had fashioned out of that chance meeting, which was not a meeting, a vast world over which he, the proud lover, ruled and of which she was the queen.

Love letters are meant for only two pairs of eyes. How stupid they seem when, found in some old box, they come out of the distant past!

Well, these helped to shorten a war. Yet sometimes they made it seem much longer.

"THE day came when the man returned from France," ended the man who told the story. "He was in London only the time that passed before the next train carried him to the station where, at the second stopping place, he had seen the veiled woman leave the train. A carriage met him and he was driven to the mansion behind the walls.

"Now, you have been talking about 'honour' and 'promises.' Was this man in duty bound to renew the offer of marriage he had made by post? He had not seen the woman.

"Supposing the veil covered some hideous deformity? What should he do then? Supposing she were twice his age? Was he still bound by all the letters he had written, by all the phrases with which he had described something that might not be true?"

"Honour is still honour," said the woman who, nearly half an hour before, had been so vehement. "A promise is a promise."

"I am sorry, but I must force the issue," said the man who had put the case. "You see, when,

behind those high walls, the impassioned lover entered the large mansion and was shown into the drawing-room, the woman to whom he had poured out his ecstasies of devotion was a coal-black negress!"

A silence fell upon the listeners.

Now does the colour line affect honour? Are races so far apart, when their skins are of a different hue, that all the governance of the laws of chivalry disappear?

It would seem so. You see, the disputants were so typically English. Codes of conduct took on an insularity.

"Ah, that makes it different!" said someone.

The others stammered their evasiveness.

"What would you have done in such a circumstance?" insisted the narrator, forcing the issue home. "If you had been that man, would you have repeated that promise? Would you have stammeringly apologised and come away? Would you still have been in love, do you think? Does not a promise still hold good? Is not love greater than colour? Cannot idealism climb the barriers of race?"

He asked them all in turn, and forced the question home.

"Now don't get out of it," he said. "What would you have done?"

No one seemed to know. . . .

"This man was not only bound by his promise, although the woman was a negress," ended the story-teller. "He was also bound by his affection. . . ."

He repeated his question.

"The woman accepted him . . . They married and they lived happily ever after . . . I did not tell you—but he was a coal-black negro!"

END

A Shred of Evidence (Continued from page 39)

help the doctor carry him out, and Mr. Fulton, perhaps you'll show them where to go. Elphick, you come back and finish up those notes of yours as soon as you can."

Under the doctor's supervision the grim burden was removed, and Elphick, returning, was left alone with the inspector. Now was the chance for the ambitious young detective to make his suggestions. The only trouble was that he had no suggestion to make that seemed of any importance. One trivial detail he had noticed, however, and he determined to mention it to his superior. After all, one never knew.

"Inspector—" he began.

The inspector, deep in a brown study, started with annoyance.

"Yes?" he said. "Don't disturb me, Elphick."

"Sorry, sir. But d'you see there's a bit of black stuff caught in a splinter of the card table, opposite where Mr. Gregory was sitting?"

"Is there?" asked the inspector. "Well, what of it?"

"Only that it's there, sir."

"Why shouldn't it be? What's the argument? D'you think it proves that Gregory was killed by a left-handed woman five-foot-two high, or something?"

Elphick began to wish he had not spoken.

"If," went on the inspector in a nasty, sarcastic tone, "you had been shot in the back of the neck, and had fallen forward over a table, and there happened to be a splinter on the edge of the table, I dare say you'd lose a bit of your coat, too. Don't be a fool, Elphick."

Elphick fell silent. Most evidently this was the inspector's murder and nobody else's.

It was at this point, unfortunately for himself, that P.C. Fogg reappeared from the garden.

"Nothing to be seen out there, sir," he announced with an air of patent relief.

"Umph!" Inspector Harris went to the French window, shut the half of it in which was the bullet-hole, and measured with his eye the line of fire.

"Searched that rhododendron-bush?" he asked, pointing to a dark mass about twenty-five yards away.

"R—rhododendron, sir?" quavered Fogg.

"Yes. Bang in the line from here. That's where the murderer hid, I'll bet. Got a torch?"

"Yes, sir," Fogg admitted with obvious reluctance.

"Then go and search it—thoroughly, mind."

"Yes, sir."

Fogg lurched unhappily out, and the inspector relieved his feelings with a snort.

"Go and fetch Mrs. Fulton, Elphick," he said. Mrs. Fulton came in. She was a tall woman, wearing an evening frock of black lace. She was pale but calm. She was not popular in the district, for she had the reputation of knowing her own mind a little too well; a trait not easily tolerated in one who was a newcomer, and not even a lady, at that; but Elphick admired her

for the composure and clearness with which she answered the inspector's questions, although it was clear that to do so cost her an effort.

Her account of what had happened agreed in every particular with her husband's.

Mr. Dale, who followed, told the same story. He was a grim-looking young man, who moved with an air of great decision and spoke only when necessary.

He, too, had known the dead man in Africa only by reputation—a reputation which he described succinctly as "tough." He, too, had made enough money to retire on by a lucky deal in gold shares, on a tip given him by Fulton. Having no other friends in England, he had come to live in the same district as the Fultons, and had met Gregory through their introduction.

"And what was your impression of him?" asked the inspector.

"Oh, very pleasant—as I expected." Dale caught the inspector's surprised expression, and laughed. "You see, that was his reputation," he explained with a touch of saturnine humour. "He was always a good mixer. It was said out there that he never bore malice when he'd ruined another man. He left that to the other man."

Merritt, the butler, came next. He had little to contribute—except a complete and comprehensive alibi for the entire domestic staff, which had been sitting in the servants' hall at the time of the murder listening to the wireless, and had heard nothing at all until Mr. Fulton had rung the bell. Also, no firearms were kept in the house except a pair of shotguns.

While Merritt was under examination, Major Dixon, the chief constable, appeared. He was a brisk little retired gunner, who listened alertly while the inspector outlined what had occurred. Then he turned to Merritt.

"All the servants accounted for?"

"Yes, sir. Except Barton, the parlourmaid. It's her night out, and she's gone to the pictures at Ashcroft, sir. She's not back yet."

"When do you expect her?"

"Any time now."

"Send her to me at once when she comes."

"Yes, sir."

Merritt retired.

The inspector sat squarely in a chair, while the chief constable paced up and down.

"What d'you make of it, Harris?"

"Well, sir, it's plain enough what happened. No reason to doubt anybody's story. The shot came through the window, and there's nothing so far to show who fired it. I've got a man searching. . . ."

He was interrupted by P.C. Fogg, who came lumbering into the room. In his eyes was the light of excitement, and in his hands a small rifle.

"Found this in the bushes, sir!" he said.

"Aha!" said the inspector, with a triumphant tone to which Elphick considered that he was fully entitled. "That settles that, anyhow. How was it lying, Fogg?"

"Let's go and see for ourselves, Harris," said the major eagerly. "I suppose you've sent out a warning to everybody to keep a look-out for suspicious strangers?"

"Yes. I did that before I left the station."

"Excellent—excellent. Then let's . . . Hullo, who's this?"

A light tap had sounded on the door, and a very pretty but agitated-looking girl in a blue hat entered. P.C. Elphick drew an ecstatic breath. This was She.

"You asked for me, sir?" she said.

The major looked puzzled.

"No, I don't think . . . Who are you, madam?"

"The parlourmaid."

"Good heavens, are you?" The major broke off, realising suddenly that even if a servant did manage to look and speak like a lady, it was not tactful to show open surprise. Inspector Harris, who did not allow such delicate distinctions to trouble him, took up the tale.

"Now, my girl—you know what's happened, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Merritt's just told me. It's— it's dreadful."

There was the smallest hint of a break in her voice. P.C. Elphick writhed, smothering a desire to rush across the room and comfort her.

At this point, Dr. Coxley walked unceremoniously in.

"Here's your bullet, Dixon," he said, handing a small lump to the major. "It wasn't in very deep." Jane gave a shudder, and Alfred Elphick glared. Was this the way to talk in the presence of a delicate female? A doctor should, he considered, have known better.

"About deep enough to have been fired with this rifle through the window from the rhododendron over there, d'you think?" asked the chief constable, holding out the weapon.

The doctor measured the distance with his eye.

"Just about," he said. "Jolly good shot it must have been," he added, with a sort of detached sporting appreciation. "Well, if you don't want me any further, I'll be getting home. G'night."

He went; and the inspector resumed his interrupted catechism of Jane, who was now more self-possessed.

"Now, please, I just want to ask you a question or two. Where've you been?"

"To the pictures, at Ashcroft."

"Alone?"

"Yes." (P.C. Elphick grinned happily.)

"How did you come back?"

"By bus."

"Anybody on it who knows you?"

"I think the conductor may know me by sight."

"Notice anybody on the road, coming away from this direction?"

"I'm afraid I didn't."

"Right. That's all."

Jane withdrew in good order. Neither the major nor the inspector (Continued on page 80)



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saw the swift, if wavering, smile which told Alfred Elphick that she was aware of his presence.

"Why the question about the bus, Harris?" asked the major, when the door had closed.

"Just in case any question arises, sir. She's the only member of the household without an alibi."

"I see. I was only wondering if you'd heard something about her—gossip, or anything. She's a pretty girl." He pondered a moment. "She doesn't look like an ordinary parlourmaid to me. I suppose she didn't shoot old Gregory, by any chance? It must have been done by somebody who knew a good deal about his habits."

A startled sound came from P.C. Elphick, but his superiors mistook it for a cough and paid no attention. The inspector shook his head.

"No, sir, I don't think so. For one thing, Mr. Gregory didn't care for women."

"Well, she might have been aiming at Fulton, as he pointed out himself," argued the major, pursuing his theory. "However, time enough to go into that when we've checked her bus alibi. Come and have a look at that rhododendron."

They went out through the French windows, just in time to save Alfred Elphick from bringing his high ambitions to nought by a flagrant piece of insubordination. It was not the suggestion that Jane might be a murderess that he minded, but the easy assumption that her morals might not be immaculate.

WHEN the major and the inspector returned from the garden they wore an air of quiet satisfaction. As the local paper was practically certain to put it, the police evidently had a clue and were expecting to make an arrest shortly.

The local paper, in the person of its assistant editor, Mr. Chadder—a dusty little man, who wore a velvet coat in the evenings to show he was an artist—had arrived five minutes ago, and was now being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Fulton in the drawing-room.

Thither the major now repaired, and there the inspector, after putting through a lengthy call on the telephone, joined him. Jane, once more clad in her trim uniform, appeared with sandwiches and Merritt with a tray of drinks. An air of subdued goodfellowship pervaded the company.

Even the constables were not forgotten. To Elphick, still on duty at the scene of the crime, came Jane herself, bearing beer. But his need was for speech, not refreshment. In a tone of burning indignation he told her of the major's unworthy suggestions.

She was not as shocked as he would have liked to see her.

"Oh, well," she said reasonably. "I suppose they've got to think of everything." Then a troubled expression came into her eyes. "All the same, I hope that conductor *did* notice me."

"Don't you know?"

"I can't be sure. They snip your ticket and never look at you, you know. It might be awkward if they don't find the one who did it. . . . Can't you do anything, Alfred?"

"What can I do?"

"Find a clue. You're always saying you want a chance. Well, here's one."

"A clue?" He laughed bitterly. "If I did find one, they wouldn't look at it. A clue isn't a clue unless the inspector finds it."

"What makes you talk like that?"

Alfred told her of the black thread caught in the table, and of the inspector's scorn.

"Where's the thread now?" asked Jane.

"Still there, in the table. Look!"

He pointed to it with his finger. Jane bent down and casually examined the tiny scrap of stuff. Suddenly she stiffened, and her gaze intensified. Without a word, she went over to the mantelpiece and took down a silver-mounted magnifying-glass which lay among a collection of small ornaments. Through this she stared once more at the scrap of stuff.

"Alfred," she said seriously. "I don't believe that's cloth at all. It's too fine."

P.C. Elphick was not interested.

"What is it, then?" he said. "White satin?"

"I believe it's cotton, or perhaps silk."

"Well, what of it?" asked Elphick, with a colourable imitation of the inspector's repressive manner. But she ignored the snub.

"Only that if it's silk or cotton, it didn't come off Mr. Gregory's coat or waistcoat."

"Then what did it come off?"

"Mrs. Fulton's black lace dress," said Jane. Alfred gaped at her.

"But Mrs. Fulton wasn't sitting there."

"How do you know?" asked Jane.

"Because, if she was, it would prove . . ." he broke off, agitatedly reviewing this new and disturbing idea.

"What would it prove?"

"No, it wouldn't," he said in a tone of relief.

"It wouldn't prove anything at all."

"Why not?"

"Because for all we know that thread may have been stuck in the table for weeks."

"No, it mayn't. Mrs. Fulton hasn't worn that black frock since the autumn. She doesn't like black—says it doesn't suit her."

"Then they may have had a rubber already, and changed places."

"Oh, so they may," said Jane in a small disconcerted voice. "I never thought of that."

Elphick glanced at the markers.

"They didn't, all the same," he said. "This was only the second hand they'd played. They must have only just begun the first rubber. Now I come to think of it, Fulton said so."

"So she was sitting there?"

"Looks like it. Mind you, though, this is taking it that you're right about that thread being off her frock—and that's a thing you couldn't swear to."

"No. I couldn't swear. But in my own mind I'm certain sure."

"You are?"

She nodded.

"Certain sure!"

P.C. Elphick sighed, as one called upon to shoulder a responsibility greater than he could bear. Then he straightened his back.

"Very well, then," he said briskly. "We've got to prove it. Let's assume you're right, and see what we get."

He stood brooding over the bridge-table.

"If Mrs. Fulton had her back to the window," he said at last, "we know two things. One is that Gregory was shot in the room and not from the garden. The other is that the Fultons and Dale are all concerned together to plant this garden story on us. That right?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now, here's Mrs. Fulton, back to window. I wonder if we can fix how the rest were sitting. The markers would tell us, if they hadn't been thrown into the middle of the table like that; but I don't even know which is which."

"I can tell you that," said Jane quickly. "I haven't put the bridge things away time after time without noticing. This with the sprawly figures is Mrs. Fulton's, this is Mr. Fulton's—he's so small and neat, you can't mistake it. This with the heavy, thick figures is Mr. Gregory's."

Elphick picked up the fourth marker, glanced at the figures on it, and compared it with Mrs. Fulton's.

"Well, that fixes Dale," he said. "He was Mrs. Fulton's partner, and so he was sitting with his back to the side-table, and facing the window. Therefore Gregory was sitting playing the hand with his back either to the blank wall or to the fireplace. And your idea is that Fulton got up, went behind him, produced that rifle from somewhere, and shot him?"

"And why not?" demanded Jane in a defiant tone.

"Because there isn't room. You can only just get past between the fender and the chair on the fireplace side. I suppose it would be just possible to get behind him and level a rifle on the other side; but it'd be a difficult thing to do without being noticed even if there was anywhere to hide the rifle, which there isn't."

"Oh," said Jane, no longer defiant.

"And, apart from that, the rifle couldn't have been fired in the room or the bullet would have gone deeper into his neck. You heard what the doctor said?"

"Yes," said Jane in a small voice.

"Then how'd you get over that?"

"I can't," she admitted. Then her chin went up. "But all the same, I'm certain sure that thread's off Mrs. Fulton's dress."

Alfred Elphick felt as though he had run hard against a sheet of plate glass when he thought he had nothing before him but the open air. It is a sensation not unknown to those who argue with women.

Not knowing quite how else to cope with the situation, he went on with his reconstruction of the scene.

"Very well, then. Supposing Fulton did manage to slip behind him without being seen, and to shoot him without blowing a hole right through him, what next? They shift the body round in its chair, taking care to put the chair-legs in the marks already made by Mrs. Fulton's chair—this pile carpet marks like anything. Next move?"

"They change the card-table round."

"The card-table—so they do. . . . No, they don't. They can't move the card-table. It's the folding kind, and its legs make an oblong, not a square. If they turned it round, the legs would make fresh marks on the carpet. . . . See?"

"Then they changed the things round."

"That's it. They threw the cards and the markers into the middle of the table, and moved the dummy hand round. What else was there? Oh, yes—the pencils. Great Scott! . . . The pencils!"

"What's the matter, Alfred?" asked Jane. He was staring like one hypnotised at one of the pencils on the card-table, and did not answer.

A Shred of Evidence

"What's up?" she repeated. "All the pencils are just the same."

"Oh, no, they're not," he answered in a grim voice Jane had never heard before. "That's the mistake Fulton made. He forgot to change the pencils. And the one with the thick point, which Gregory used to mark up his score, is *here*, just beside his right hand if he had been sitting with his back to the fireplace. . . . But how the dickens was he shot from behind? There's hardly room to stand!"

Jane's legs gave way under her suddenly. To suspect your master and mistress of being murderers was one thing; to see them in a fair way to be proved guilty was, she found, quite another. She tottered to a chair as P.C. Elphick lifted his voice in the cry of one to whom all things are made clear.

"The mantelpiece! It must have come from the mantelpiece!"

Jane followed his gaze to the involved carvings of fruit and flowers which stood out in high relief above the fireplace. Measuring the distance with a quick glance, he began to search that part of the mantelpiece immediately opposite the bridge-table, feeling in its recesses with his fingers and peering into them with his eyes close to the wood.

"Be careful, Alfred," called Jane sharply, but the only notice he took of her was to give his head an impatient shake. Suddenly he sniffed. Then he put his nose up against the wood and sniffed again.

"I was right," he muttered in an absorbed voice. "There's a whiff of gunpowder. Now where . . . Ah!"

With infinite caution he pushed his little finger into the bell of a convolvulus flower which lurked half-hidden in deep shadow at the back of the carving. His finger-tip went right in up to the joint, and came out slightly blackened. He put it to his nose.

"Quick!" he said. "Go and tell the major I want him."

"But, Alfred, how can I?"

P.C. Elphick was in no mood for the niceties. He wanted action.

"Do as I tell you!" he said, stepping over the fender and beginning to investigate the wide fireplace from inside.

With an effort Jane pulled herself together. She went to the drawing-room and announced to Major Dixon, in her best parlourmaid manner, that he was wanted on the telephone. Having got him into the hall, she ceased to be a domestic treasure and became a young woman in a hurry.

"Come, quick!" she said, and grabbed the chief constable's arm, which so astonished him that he allowed himself to be hustled into the card-room unprotesting.

Here a second shock awaited him.

"Stand clear, sir," said P.C. Elphick's voice from inside the fireplace. "There's a saloon pistol fixed inside here. It fires with an electrical attachment, and I might touch it off by mistake. It probably works from a secret switch somewhere over by the side table."

The major found his tongue.

"Come out and explain!" he said sharply.

Elphick obeyed. The major, true to his military training, wasted no time in congratulation or surprise.

"Yes, that all fits," he said. "What about the hole in the window?"

"Made from inside with the rifle, sir, probably by Dale. He then dashed out after the murderer, and threw the rifle into the rhododendron bush."

The major picked up the magnifying glass from the card-table and examined the hole closely.

"And that fits, too," he said.

"Fits, sir?" repeated Elphick, puzzled.

The major, fortified by knowledge gained during a tour of duty at Woolwich Arsenal, became oracular.

"You can't really tell for certain which way a bullet has travelled through glass," he said. "But there is a certain tendency for the glass to show more flaking on the side where the bullet enters. In this case, the flaking is slightly greater on the inside. It isn't conclusive evidence, but it corroborates this booby-trap business. I wonder who fixed it up?"

"Mr. Dale's very clever with electric things, sir," volunteered Jane. "If anything goes wrong in this house he always puts it right."

"Does he, indeed!" said the major drily. "Then it seems to me we know all we want, except the motive. And I dare say we can make a guess at that. I'm beginning to think that I don't really like any of these people. . . . Well, we must get to work. Thank goodness that fellow Chadder's gone home. Journalists are an infernal nuisance at times like this."

He turned to Jane.

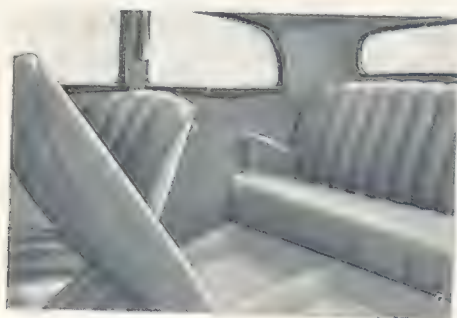
"Go into the drawing-room and tell the inspector I want him. They won't suspect anything from that, but in case they do, I want you to stay in the room. Collect coffee cups, fiddle with the sandwich tray— (Continued on page 82)



THE NEW V-8 SALOON DE LUXE (2 DOORS), 255, 41 WORKS



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anything to prevent them from talking privately for three minutes or so. We've got to get them arrested without a scene, and that means we must take them by surprise. Can you do that?"

"Yes, sir."
"Good girl!"

She sped off. The major turned to Elphick. "Go and fetch the other two men. Then, as soon as the inspector comes out, we must rush these people. We don't want any bloodshed."

"There'll be no bloodshed," said Elphick calmly.

"And why not?"

"Because, sir, they daren't have any guns on them—not while they're trying to put over this fake murder on us. It'll be a walk-over, sir."

"Young man," said the major solemnly, "you will go far."

"Thank you, sir," said Elphick. It was pleasant to have his own opinion endorsed by high authority.

Elphick was right. There was no bloodshed. The arrest was carried out without difficulty, for the three conspirators were caught off their guard. Fulton and Dale submitted quietly, with an air of indignant surprise. Their careful acting was thrown away, however, for Mrs. Fulton's nerves were less well under control. That hitherto aloof and self-possessed lady flew into a violent and protracted fit of hysterics.

Her husband tried to shout her down, until P.C. Fogg obliterated his speech with an enormous hand; but the stream of wild talk went on, while the chief constable pieced together an unpleasant tale of unscrupulousness, spite and

revenge. Then she turned on Major Dixon, and abused him in terms which he had never thought to hear again, now that he was no longer in the Army.

The scandalised inspector put an end to the scene at last by removing his prisoners. Elphick was going too, but the major stopped him with a gesture—whereat Alfred was uncommonly glad. Already Inspector Harris had found an opportunity to treat him with marked coldness; and he felt like a small-part actor who had run away with the star's big scene. A journey back to Ashcroft in the inspector's company was likely to prove a most unpleasant ordeal.

For a few moments the major was busily occupied making notes on the more printable passages of Mrs. Fulton's outburst. At last he looked up.

"Make anything of that, Elphick?" he asked.

"Not very much, sir."

"She did leave the details a bit vague. I think I know pretty well what happened, though. Gregory engineered some kind of dirty scheme in Africa. That prevented the Fultons and Dale from bringing off some other scheme, no doubt equally dirty, and ruined them. Then they managed to make their fortune after all by a third dirty scheme, and came back to England to 'do in' Gregory, who'd never even seen them before. And they must have been ready to do this murder for months—just waiting for a wet night when Gregory was sitting in the right chair, and the servants had the wireless on. And that booby-trap must have taken a bit of fixing, probably when the house was shut up for the summer. Not nice people, Elphick."

A Shred of Evidence

"No, sir."

"And if it hadn't been for you spotting that bit of thread they'd have got away with it. A very promising piece of work!"

"Thank you, sir. But it was really Miss Barton who guessed where the thread came from, sir."

"Miss Barton?" repeated the major in great surprise. "Who on earth is she?"

"Me, sir," said Jane meekly, from the corner where she had been a spectator, half proud and half appalled, of the events that she had set in train.

"Oh, you! Of course! I beg your pardon!"

"Not at all, sir," murmured Jane politely.

"Well, between you, you made an excellent job of it—excellent." He stood for a moment, reading over his notes, and added in a jocular but preoccupied tone, "You'd better work in partnership in future."

Elphick's eye sought Jane's.

"I ask nothing better, sir," he said.

Jane looked straight back at him.

"I'm quite agreeable," she said, smiling.

"Excellent, excellent," said the major absently, still busy with his book and not having heard a word of this. He finished his reading, snapped the notebook shut, and returned it to his pocket.

"Well, good-night," he said.

He went out into the hall without noticing that Jane and Alfred were by now far too busy to return his valediction.

END

Catch as Catch Can (Continued from page 23)

Inspector Evans of his inability to obey the order. But the moment passed. Something in the Inspector's steely eye convinced him that even a full confession of the facts would leave that superior officer unmoved. In all probability Inspector Evans was a devoted husband. Tucked away in some comfortable suburb there doubtless awaited him each evening a comfortable wife, to whom he had once paid attentions as romantic as Hugo's own. It would have been out of the question, however, to suppose that Inspector Evans allowed emotions to interfere with business. Going from bad to worse, he continued: "And to avoid suspicion, I've arranged for you to have a partner. A young lady of my acquaintance, Miss Prout, will meet you at the club to-night. I'll have your report in the morning."

According to the Inspector's schedule, Miss Prout was waiting for Hugo when he arrived at the club, half an hour late. He had hoped that by keeping her waiting, he might have got rid of her altogether. On the contrary, she seemed delighted to see him, and waived aside his mumbled apologies as if they were needless. Actually there was nothing at all wrong with Miss Prout, and in less complicated circumstances Hugo might well have been happy in her company. As it was, he could cheerfully have murdered her. If she had been plain he could have borne her better. But Miss Prout was anything but plain. In addition, she was facetious.

"I'm sure," she said, clutching Hugo's arm as he signed for them both in the club register, "we're going to have a simply divine time, my tweet."

At these words, the austere beautiful Syrrie, from her accustomed place behind the desk, gave Hugo what can only be described as a look of contempt. And really he couldn't blame her.

"What," he asked Miss Prout, as they went down the staircase together, "did you mean by calling me your tweet? I'm not. And I don't intend to be."

"You're right," retorted Miss Prout with promptitude. "I've a tweet elsewhere, thank you. But when I'm asked to do a bit of detective work, I do it. Acting's always come easy to me, and I just adore private theatricals. That's why Inspector Evans chose me for this little jaunt. And his choice was a wise one!"

For the rest of that evening Miss Prout did justice to her dramatic instincts. To the most casual observer it would have been fairly obvious that she had come to the club for no other purpose than to have an uproarious time with her boy friend. And Syrrie, on the occasions when she passed through the dance room, was anything but casual in her observances. With a look of pained surprise she watched Hugo being tugged across the floor by his gay companion; and to the unfortunate Hugo it seemed that her disgust increased each time she saw him. For him the evening was a complete nightmare; and the fact that Miss Prout, as she parted from him, some hours later, complimented him on his behaviour as a partner, did not mitigate the agony.

"I'm something of an actor, too," he told her, leaving her to make what she chose of the remark.

During the days which followed this unhappiest of incidents in his life, Hugo knew what it was to contemplate suicide. And had he had time he might well have been a corpse. But police business, which has no regard for the personal

inclinations of its officers, left him no time. And the final depth of depression was reached when the Inspector, with a waxy smile, informed him that his work had been admirably done, and that it now only remained for him to give evidence at the court proceedings. These, as the result of what the Inspector described as a "bumper" raid, were to come about at the end of the week.

If Hugo had been told that since the world began young men had found themselves in fixes not less desperate than his own, he would have disbelieved it. Anyone who had tried to convince him that there were persons worse off than himself, he would have called a liar. For in his own mind the situation, which depicted Syrrie and himself as a couple of innocents, battling against overwhelming odds, had assumed frightful proportions. He was, he felt certain, the world's most ill-used victim.

During the night before the case came on, he was a victim of lugubrious dreams, from which he was finally awakened by a boot—precisely aimed by his dormitory neighbour. And this, although the boot was of regulation design, he found less disturbing than the nightmare of standing in the dock at the Old Bailey, accused of murdering Miss Prout.

As was to be expected, the court was full to overflowing with that type of audience which treats certain cases with as much deference as if they were theatrical first nights. But none of the women who came to see what kind of a figure Syrrie Howard was likely to cut in the dock could compare with her in the matter of smartness and poise. As she stood facing the magistrate, that aged councillor's usually bored acceptance of his job was changed into something resembling excited interest, while the other officials about the place seemed definitely anxious to persuade their prisoner that in reality she was a stage heroine. The curtain might have been expected to descend at any moment, to screen Syrrie from the applause of the spectators.

As Hugo, in a voice remarkably unlike his own, offered his evidence, which corroborated that of the actual raiders on the club, he dared not glance at Syrrie. The scorn which he could well imagine blazed in those blue eyes of hers was something that he was determined to avoid. He steadfastly refused to look in her direction. Yet when, having paid the heavy fine imposed, Syrrie quickly disappeared among the crowd, he would have given much for a sight of her. Now he felt he might never see her again. Even should they run across each other, which was unlikely, she would refuse to notice him, or, worse still, she might let him see how mean she thought his behaviour.

Unlikely or not, they ran across each other that same evening. Hugo, on duty in Oxford Street, was asking himself for the hundredth time if life were worth living, and answering the question in the negative, when there came and stood by his side no less a person than Syrrie. Her face wore a smile, but Hugo was surprised and relieved to find that the smile was anything but cynical.

"Well," said Syrrie. "I didn't expect to see you again so soon. But since you're here, let me congratulate you on a very neat piece of work."

Her voice was anything but sarcastic, and she seemed to mean every word she uttered.

"I owe you an apology," Hugo faltered. "You must let me explain . . ."

"This isn't," observed Syrrie, "a very good place for explanations. In fact, it is very draughty. Perhaps you'll find a better occasion for making your apologies. Though what you've to apologise for, I'm sure I can't think."

Now, the prospect of allowing Syrrie to escape a second time that day was out of the question.

"I wonder," said Hugo, "if it would be possible for us to have a talk right now. I mean, I know it's awful cheek, but if you wouldn't mind drinking not very good tea in not very attractive surroundings, we could have a quarter of an hour together."

"But you're on duty, aren't you?" asked Syrrie, who, innocent that she was, knew nothing of the ways in which even a conscientious constable manages to entertain a friend at the expense of the taxpayer's time.

"In the next street," confided Hugo, without waiting to answer her question, "is a café called Bellemetti's. I'll be there in ten minutes' time."

So it came about that the well-dressed daughter of a peer sat drinking tea out of a too thick cup with a very excited policeman. It might be supposed that the sight of this incongruous couple aroused unusual interest in the proprietor of the café. It aroused, however, no unusual interest whatever. For the table at which they sat, well screened from the gaze of the passing inspector, was, more frequently than not, occupied by a guardian of the law. And why not? Love, as you have been told many times before, will find a way.

"You see," Syrrie concluded an explanation on her own account. "I'm pleased you acted as you did. The kind of poor fish you once were would have gone all soft at the last minute and warned me. Well, I don't say I'd have minded being warned. But I'd have hated you to have done it. You had a job of work to do, and you did it. That is what I'm pleased about, because"—and here Syrrie's blue eyes bore out her words—"it's you I'm interested in."

Hugo, who, such a short time before, had been in the depths of despair, was now elated. He would have liked, then and there, to take Syrrie away with him and live with her happily ever after. The objections to his taking this course, however, were several. In the first place, it was his duty to uphold the law—rather more adequately than at the moment—until midnight. Secondly, it is an open question as to whether two people can live happily ever after on something under £4 a week. And in any case Syrrie, although she had expressed her personal interest in him, might have plans of her own.

"What," he asked her, "are you going to do now—now that the club has gone to pot? I suppose it brought you in a pretty good salary?"

"Pretty good," said Syrrie, unconcerned, sipping her tea as if it had been perfect Persian blend, served in a porcelain cup. "But I've found another job already. A man I know offered it to me at lunch to-day. And I've taken it on. I think I'm going to like it. It means going abroad, but then I'm fond of travelling."

Hugo's elation shrank. Of what use was this welcome and unexpected change in his affairs if, on top of it all, Syrrie walked out on him?—though, considering what little he had to offer her, it was hardly likely that she would see her way to sharing her life with him. (Continued on page 55)

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POPULAR FAVOURITES AFTER A DANCE

A REFRESHING PICTURE OF
MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AND MR. RONALD SQUIRE

"Before you decide to go away," he begged her, "won't you wait a day or two—wait until I've spoken to the Old Atrocity? That's what I call my father, though I'm probably prejudiced. He's rolling in money, and if he's as good as his word, he'll find me a better job than the one I've got. In which case . . ."

"Your circumstances will be vastly changed," Syrrie finished for him. "So changed, in fact, that it's more than probable you'll ask me to marry you."

"How did you guess?" asked Hugo. "As a matter of fact that's just exactly what I intended to do."

"It's sweet of you, Hugo, and I might accept. Only I couldn't dream of giving up the new job I've been offered. Jobs aren't exactly hanging from the trees these days, and I'm not the sort of fool who turns down a good one. It's possible, though, that we might be able to fix things up. We'll see what your father has to say. And in the meantime," she rose from the table, "we'll

say *au revoir*. If you stay here much longer, it'll be a gala night for criminals."

One thing Hugo definitely decided after he had left Syrrie that night; he would write to his father for an appointment in the morning. With every means in his power he would induce the Old Atrocity to find him a better job than the one he had at present. After all, he had kept his part of the bargain. True, it wasn't quite two years since he had been turned out into the street to earn his own living. But it was as near as made no matter. Anyway, he decided to write.

This decision, however, was proved needless in the morning, when, to his surprise, he received a letter from his father, asking him to call at mid-day. Astonished, and anxious—for he could not believe that his parent's command boded any good—he hurried to that office in the City where the family fortunes were made.

As usual, his father looked grim. Having bade Hugo be seated, he looked across at him with an air of concentrated annoyance.

The Skeleton in their Cupboard

the public. The profit will be immense. You will share in it. You will also, of course, have an allotment of shares at much below the price at which they are offered for public subscription; and these you may keep or sell as you wish."

"Monsieur," said the Count thoughtfully, "you are a renowned financier. You are known to many great bankers. Why do you invite my participation in particular for a quarter of a million?"

"I wish to do the future son-in-law of my old friend, the judge, a good turn. The judge will be on my board."

"You are sure that you do not urgently require money because you are at the end of your own resources?"

Stavisky's restless eyes fluttered over the other's face.

"I have ample resources, my dear Count, as everyone knows. But my affairs are extensive; I have many irons in the fire. This business requires more ready cash than I can lay my hands on at the moment without disturbing funds which it would embarrass me to disturb. You are not a business man or you would understand that this is a commonplace in the world of affairs. One does not go about saying one is short of a quarter of a million pounds. It would disturb confidence. Believe me, millionaires are often short of ready money. Do you know that, back in 1921, Henry Ford, the American billionaire, with property worth four hundred million pounds, was very nearly made a bankrupt because he could not raise a few paltry millions to meet some notes? He had to fight for his life, and only just escaped by the skin of his teeth."

"That is interesting," returned the Count. "But we digress. The truth is you are at your wits' end for money, and you want a stake for another of your famous gambles. If it turns up trumps, it will get you out of your immediate mess. If it fails, I shall lose my money, and you—well, what would have happened if that Hungarian bond affair had gone wrong, and you had been unable to cover up your Bayonne swindle?"

The financier started as at an electric shock. His prominent eyes bulged. He stammered: "What do you mean?"

The Count said: "I know everything. I have here your dossier. It is an exceedingly interesting document. You pass for a great financier. But if the truth were known, you would be in jail, despite your system of bribery and blackmail, which has concealed your crimes so far."

"You were brought to France when you were ten by your father, a Russian Jew dentist at Kieff, and you went bad in your youth. As a young man you were pimp, thief, gigolo, swindler. You lived on women whom you met around shady pleasure haunts. In 1912 you served a jail sentence for embezzlement. When the war came you were conscripted, but soon eluded your way out. All through the war you were loose in Paris. In 1915 you were caught again, and this time you received six months for fraud. But your education was proceeding, you were growing more ambitious; so much so that when, ten years later, you were charged again, it was on account of an item of no less than four million francs. You were accused of using for your own purposes cheques totalling that sum. Your technique never changes. It is only your operations which grow in size. So I surmise that if you got a quarter of a million out of me for your precious Monte Carlo project, and things went wrong, the charge against you this time, in 1938, would be just what it was in 1926—namely, embezzlement. To continue:—

"You had by now learnt how to suborn men. You had used the money you had made in a variety of criminal and shady ways to make friends in official and political circles, by lavish entertainment, and to pay bribes to men in official positions—ill-paid public servants, easily tempted. So you were never brought to trial. Your trial was, indeed, postponed and post-

poned—there were nineteen postponements up to the end of 1933, when you so nearly came a cropper—and from 1927 on, although you should have been in jail, you were free, actively operating, and mixing with highly placed personages in all walks of life."

"Your cabaret and café days were long past. You appeared in all the smart places, showy, opulent, smiling, surrounded by pretty women, stars of the theatre and of politics, journalists, business magnates. You greeted acquaintances in the anterooms of ministers and the corridors of the Chamber of Deputies. The gossip columns of the journals often mentioned you flatteringly. This is not surprising, for you paid for the space."

"During these seven years of strange freedom you had in your pocket-book an official pass recommending you vaguely as an agent of the Sûreté-Générale. This document was an instruction to the police to aid you in all circumstances and to the best of their abilities. Marvellous! How did you, a swindler, get it? You secured it by bribery and corruption."

"When any awkward questions arose the reaction in Paris was always the same. 'Hush, not a word! We are using him for our own purposes. He is working against Hitler. He is playing our hand for us in Hungary as unofficial financial agent. Secret Service man. It is all right. Shhhh! Besides, he has friends—men who can make and break, you understand?'"

"Meantime you had to make money. This kept you very busy. You were full of ideas and enterprises. You lived in a maze of promotions. You started a chain of jeweller's shops at Le Touquet, Biarritz, Cannes. It was a useful business for a swindler. You could play tricks, substituting fake jewels for real ones, buying stolen jewels and re-selling them; you were up to all the dodges. Then you had dealings with the municipal pawnshop of a provincial town."

"You learnt your way about a new swindle there. You suborned a chief official, planted the pawnshop with a heap of fake jewellery, getting in return a stack of bonds, which you exchanged for cash."

"Through your frequent sojourns at Biarritz you had become acquainted with the mayor of the adjacent town of Bayonne, Joseph Garat. Garat had been mayor for 25 years. He was an honoured figure. In the spring of 1931 you had a talk with Garat. The wealthy people who came to the Basque coast and gambled not wisely but too well pledged their jewels at the municipal pawnshops of Toulouse and Bordeaux. Why should Bayonne not have a share of this lucrative business, the profits of which would enrich the community?"

"All Garat had to do was to give his support and get the town council to approve the project. Then you would start the pawnshop with your own funds. The money required to pay pledge depositors would be easily raised by the issue of bonds. As for placing the bonds, you, with your influence in financial and political circles in Paris, would see to that."

"Garat was dazzled. The town council approved of the scheme. The pawnshop opened up. You wanted to put in as manager a man you had suborned elsewhere. But this man was known. It was too raw. You substituted another tool, Gustave Tissier. For a time all went well. The enterprise was lucrative."

"But you had another get-rich scheme in hand. The Hungarian landowners, dispossessed under the Trianon Treaty, could not get their claims settled, and some were willing to dispose of their claims for a small sum in ready cash. You conceived the idea of buying up a stack of claims for a song, and then pulling political strings in Paris to have them taken over or guaranteed by the Government under the cloak of a new move in the political play between Italy and France for chief influence in Hungary."

"Then you could make a bond issue to the full extent of the claims; they would sell like hot

Catch as Catch Can

"I am," he said, quietly and firmly, "intensely annoyed with you. I had hoped that you would keep out of my way until I chose to send for you. But I have had to send for you sooner than I expected."

"But," began Hugo, "I don't understand."

"Oblige me," said his father, "by waiting until I have finished. So long as you are in this country, I can see that you will be a perpetual burden to me; a heavy financial loss. Up to your departure nearly two years ago, I find on looking at my accounts that you wasted well over two thousand a year of my income. Since then, however, you have doubled that amount. It is my wish, therefore, that you and Syrrie Howard, with whom I believe you are acquainted, should leave for Paris immediately. With her help," he added, forcing an unwilling smile, "you will be able to run, instead of raiding, a profitable night club."

END

(Continued from page 25)

cakes, and you would clean up the big fortune which had, so far, eluded you; for you had spent as fast as you made."

"Whence was the money to come to entertain, bribe, travel, and buy up these claims? From the Bayonne pawnshop. Down there the comptroller signed the bond forms in blank, and the manager, Tissier, filled in the issue amounts. Now, Tissier began to write the correct figure on the counterfoil, which the auditors saw, and add another nought, sometimes two, and eventually three or four, to the figure on the bond."

"So that bonds went out for 50,000 and 100,000 francs, while back in the pawnshop office the counterfoil showed only 500 or 1,000 francs, and in the pawnshop safes were deposited valuables adequate to back the counterfoil figure, but not the bond figure."

"Municipal pawnshop bonds have always been favourites with the French small investor. But the Bayonne bonds began to get beyond the capacity of the little man. You had another problem to solve. You solved it."

"In the Ministry of Labour sat Albert Dalimier, a leading figure in Left politics. M. Dalimier wrote a letter advising the promoters of the Bayonne concern to apply to the National Social Insurance Fund when issuing bonds. This was tantamount to an official recommendation. He also issued a circular encouraging insurance companies to acquire bonds of municipal pawnshops. This Government endorsement solved your problem. Your brokers thereafter had no trouble in placing with insurance concerns and banks the biggest bonds issued by Tissier."

"But, driven by your Hungarian business, and in need of money all the time, you were working the bond swindle too hard. In the summer of 1932 doubts began to arise about the Bayonne bonds. Finally, the 'Urbaine' insurance company, which had taken up a block of the bonds, demanded payment on maturity. Now, if that payment had not been forthcoming, your game would have been up. Before you could swing the Hungarian bond business on the French public, and take your profit, they would be investigating your Bayonne pawnshop, and the truth would be out. You would have been finished, you scoundrel!"

Stavisky, who had been listening to the man at the writing-desk without a word or a movement, now came abruptly to life. He sat forward and said with violence: "You call me a scoundrel? I am a public benefactor! True, I had to do a little bribing when I was fighting my way up. But who escapes that necessity? Doubtless Julius Caesar commands your respect. Well, Caesar had to bribe his way to the mastery of Rome. Read your history! It has always been done. And who took my bribes? Rascals? Well, if you like to call them that. But let me tell you they numbered some of the most respected names in France. Yes, politicians took my money, and journalists, and police officials, and magistrates, and public prosecutors. I bought them; they were my tools! I had to work with life and men as I found them. I had a grand design, and I accomplished it. Why, my Hungarian land bonds scheme helped enormously our foreign policy in South-east Europe."

"It is a pity your scheme ever succeeded," said the Count coldly.

The financier stood up. He stammered in his rage. "You are a fool! You know nothing about it. Do you know what would have happened if I had not been able to get the money to meet that bond repayment? Why, there would have been a national upheaval! The Government would have been implicated. They would not have dared to order a thorough investigation. The Cabinet would have rallied its supporters and opposed the inevitable demand for a parliamentary inquiry with full powers. There would have been a major political crisis—just when France was facing Hitler, too. Probably there would have (Continued on page 92)



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The 12 h.p. Renault in brief

ENGINE: four cylinders, 12.1 h.p. side valves.

GEARBOX: three speeds, second and top being synchro-mesh.

PERFORMANCE: second gear, 40 m.p.h.; top gear, 50-55 m.p.h.

STEERING: good.

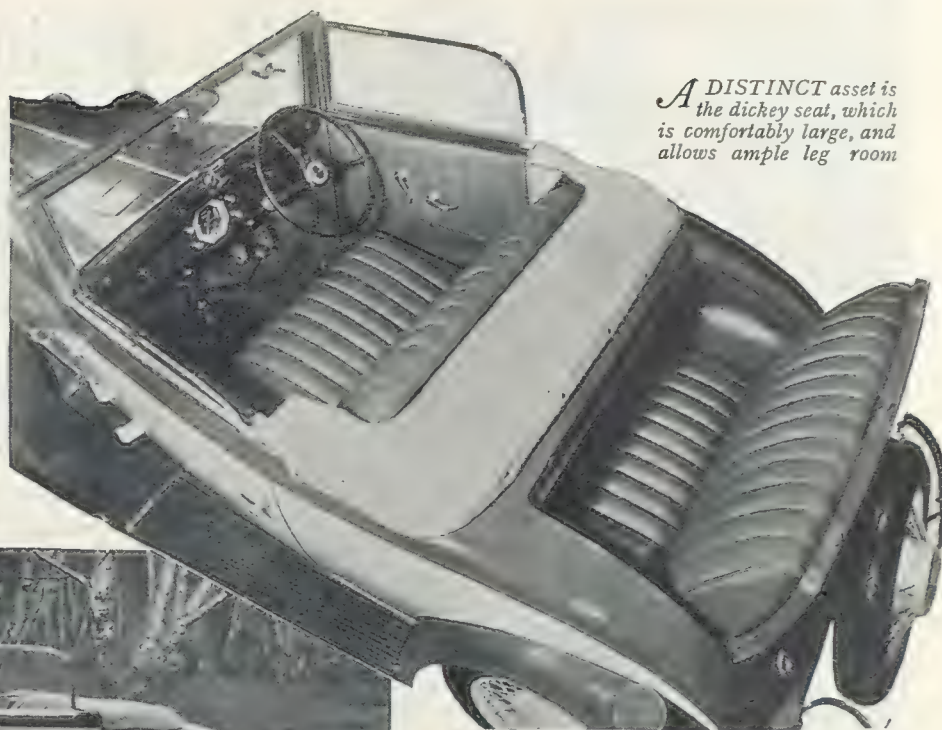
BRAKES: good and smooth.

SPRINGS: semi-elliptic front; transverse rear; most efficient.

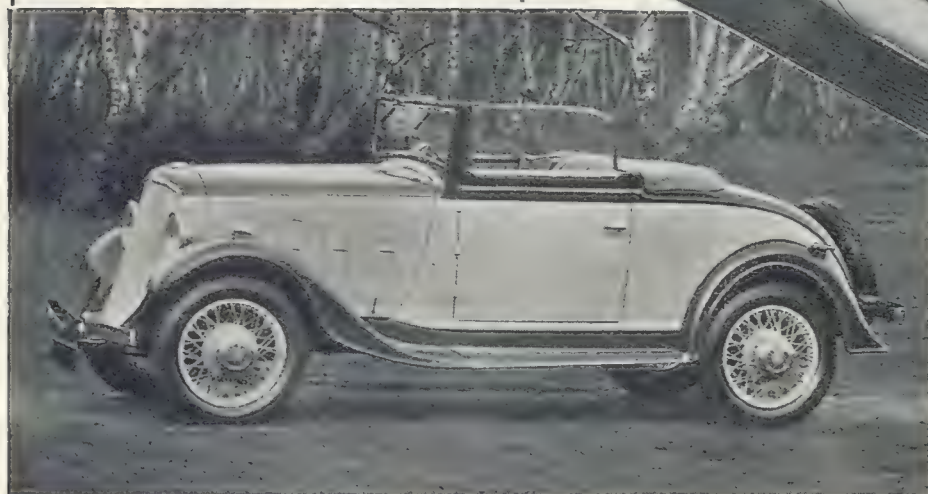
COACHWORK: generally comfortable.

PRICE: with coupé body, £250.

THE appearance of the coupé model is distinctly attractive, and the design of the folding head is most ingenious



A DISTINCT asset is the dickey seat, which is comfortably large, and allows ample leg room



The 12 h.p. Renault

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is always interesting to try out a car which has been designed and partly assembled in a foreign country. Cars often have a most distinct "nationality," and reflect with surprising exactitude the characteristics of the nation which produces them. No knowledgeable motorist, for instance, would ever be likely to confuse a French car with an English one, or an American with an Italian. It is not always easy to define the "racial" differences, but there is no doubt that they exist.

The Renault, as everyone knows, is a French car. Indeed, it is one of the two or three French cars which any English motorist can at once identify. The 12 h.p. model is of a size and power very popular in this country, yet it has many definitely Gallic traits. Its virtues are those which one would expect to find, and its defects, where these exist, are no less typical.

The 12 h.p. engine is a particularly sturdy one, and gives the impression of having a real capacity for hard work. It is a four-cylinder unit, very smooth at medium speeds, but with a tendency to be a trifle rough when running at either high or low extremes of speed. The maximum is between 50 and 55 m.p.h., and the car will cruise at anything up to 50 m.p.h. It should be noted, incidentally, that the speedometer is an exceedingly honest one, and shows no trace of exaggeration.

The gearbox is of the now familiar synchro-mesh variety. Three forward speeds are provided, of which second and top are completely fool-proof and very

silent running ratios. A speed of 40 m.p.h. can be reached in second gear, although the engine does not seem altogether happy after 37 m.p.h. has been exceeded. The clutch is of single disc type, and remains perfectly efficient so long as it is not unduly "slipped."

The steering is definite and light, and is designed with only very slight self-centring action. The brakes are powerful and smooth, and the car is at all times very steady on the road. In this connection, the unusual suspension system should be noted.

There are a few well-known cars

DID YOU KNOW What the Modern Sparking Plug Does?

THE modern sparking plug is so nearly infallible that one is apt nowadays to take literally the injunction to "fit and forget" it. Nevertheless, sparking plugs have a distinctly arduous job to do, probably more arduous now than formerly. On the basis that each plug has to spark once during each two revolutions of the engine, it is easy to calculate that, in many cars, an individual sparking plug may be expected to function at the continuous rate of perhaps 2,000 sparks per minute.

The actual spark is, of course, caused by an electric current "jumping" between two metallic points. Hence the importance, at rare intervals, of ascertaining that the gap between these points is of the proper width. When it is too wide, the current can no longer make the "jump." Plugs deserve also to be occasionally cleaned, particularly in old engines which permit excessive oil to be sucked up into the cylinders. This is the cause of the "oiling" or "sooting up" of plugs.

which have remained consistently faithful to the transverse spring, and of these the Renault is one. It has ordinary semi-elliptics in front, and a single transverse spring over the rear axle. The results are certainly extremely good, for comfortable riding is obtained at all speeds, and there is no trace of "rolling" on corners or any other undesirable tendency.

The appearance of the Coupé model which I tested is distinctly attractive, and the design of the folding head is most ingenious. When lowered, it lies practically flat, and therefore does not interfere with the car's natural "lines." There are a few points at which the driving position could be modified with advantage, and a fully opening windscreen would be preferable in view of the fog-cum-frost combination which the English climate not infrequently produces. A distinct asset is the dickey seat, which is comfortably large and allows ample leg room. When extra passengers are not being carried, I can imagine this space being most valuable for stowing baggage, and indeed being far more useful than the average luggage trunk.

A very neat and interesting feature is the all-in-one arrangement of the instruments. A single large dial (speedometer) contains all the subsidiary instruments within its circumference. This naturally makes for great compactness, and leaves room for a cubby-hole on either side. The complete car costs £250, and is offered with an attractively wide choice both of upholstery and colour schemes.



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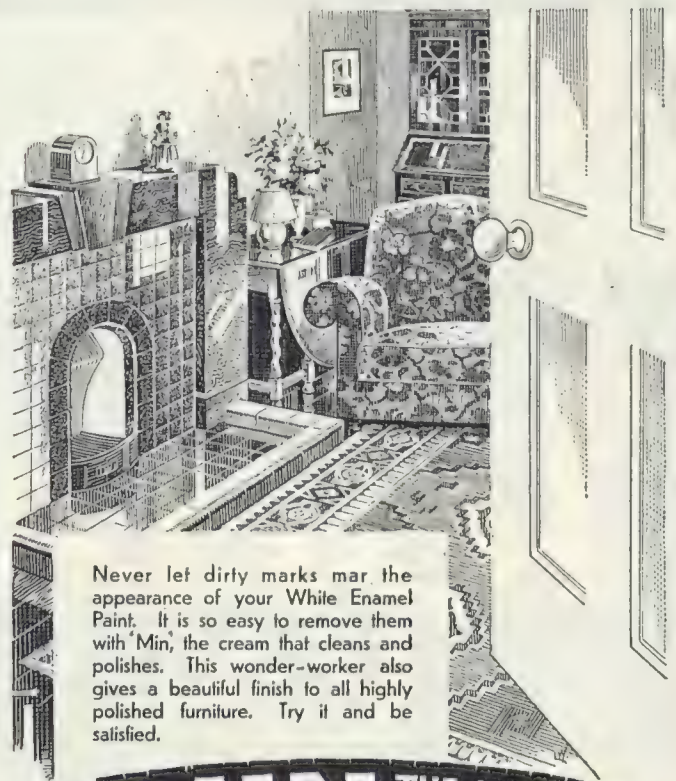
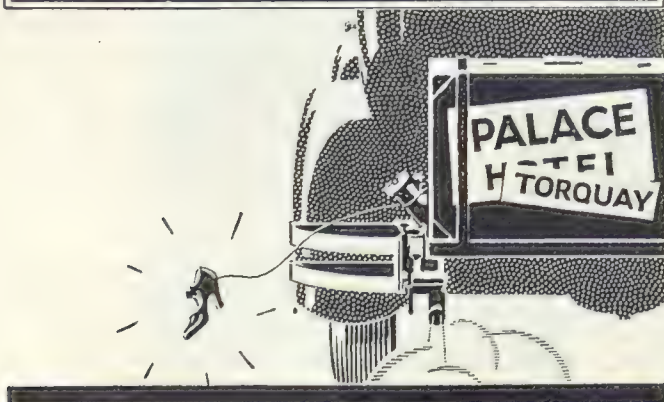
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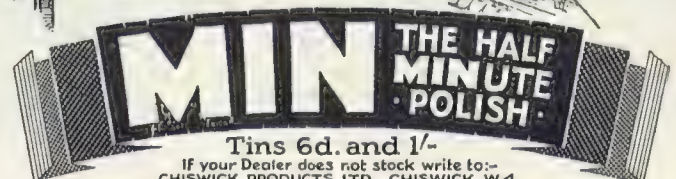
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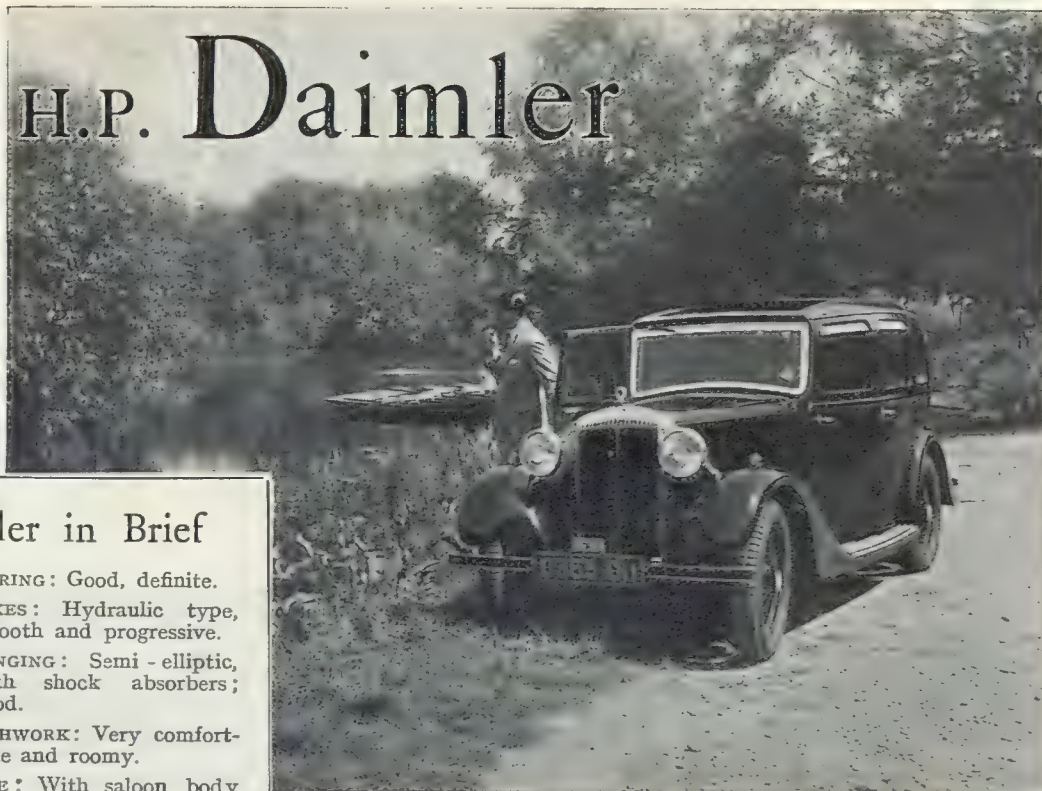
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The 15 H.P. Daimler in Brief

ENGINE: 15 h.p., six cylinders. Special silent overhead valve gear.

GEARBOX: Epicyclic pre-selective type, assisted by "fluid flywheel" or hydraulic clutch. 4 speeds.

PERFORMANCE: Top gear, 70 m.p.h.; third gear, 50 m.p.h.

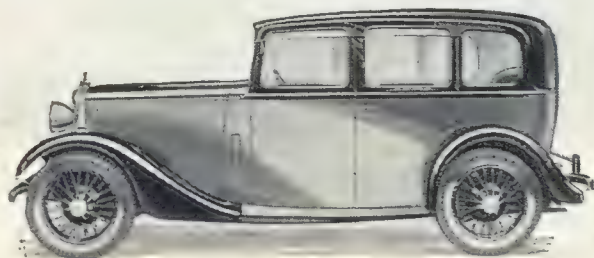
STEERING: Good, definite.

BRAKES: Hydraulic type, smooth and progressive.

SPRINGING: Semi-elliptic, with shock absorbers; good.

COACHWORK: Very comfortable and roomy.

PRICE: With saloon body £450.



THE coachwork of the saloon model is well up to the standard of the chassis, and there is ample space, both in front and at the back, both as regards head-room and leg-room

ONE sometimes hears a car spoken of, fairly or otherwise, as being "in a class by itself." Actually, of course, there are very few cars indeed which defy comparison in this way. The phrase, however, is one which suggests itself as being rather apt in connection with what is termed the "fluid flywheel" group, i.e. cars which incorporate the special system of transmission first introduced by the Daimler company.

For example, it is only, so far as I am aware, within this small "fluid flywheel" group that one can find a 15 h.p. car in which, by the movement of one pedal only, it is possible to accelerate from 0 to 70 m.p.h. Similarly, outside the Daimler family, I know of no car which can be slowed down to 0 m.p.h. on a hill without any tendency either for the engine to stall or for the car itself to run back.

The 15 h.p. Daimler can perform both these feats. Neglecting, for the moment, the obvious advantages of making some use of the indirect gears—it is quite possible to drive through London solely by means of the accelerator pedal and the foot brake. Under no circumstances is it possible to stall the engine through sudden braking, nor, on moderately level ground, will the car ever fail to move forward when the accelerator pedal is depressed.

To this extent, then, we have a car which can literally defy comparison with other competing makes. It must remain a matter of opinion whether this degree of flexibility

This Daimler model, however, is by no means dependent for its success upon a few unique characteristics. Its engine, by which every car must be judged in the first instance, is an outstandingly efficient one. Although not of the sleeve-valve type, it achieves sleeve-valve standards both of silence and of smoothness. The overhead valve gear is designed to permit of very wide tappet clearances, and yet, through some process which I frankly do not profess to understand, no tappet ever makes its presence audible.

ACCELERATION is lively, and continues so right through the engine's range of speed. In top gear, the maximum is about 70 m.p.h., and there is a complete absence of vibration, even at the very high "revs" which this involves. Cruising speeds of 50 or 60 m.p.h. seem in no way excessive, and a good 50 m.p.h. can be obtained in the useful third gear.

The gearbox is of the well-known pre-selective epicyclic type, and is, of course, ultra simple to use. To "crash" a gear change is impossible, and all the ratios run very quietly. The fluid flywheel has already been referred to, but it is perhaps worth noting that, in the latest Daimler models, this unit seems to do its work even more inconspicuously than formerly. If I am not mistaken, there is slightly less "slip," and what "slip" there is seems less noticeable.

The brakes are thoroughly efficient, and are of the hydraulic type. While quite light

is really desired and prized by the average driver, but it is a fact, I think, that the completely fool-proof nature of Daimler transmission does make for restfulness and ease when one is driving, as so often happens, through heavy traffic at the end of a tiring day.

in action, it is possible to "step on" the pedal firmly in emergency without causing any unduly violent effect. The braking action remains perfectly progressive and extremely smooth. One very slight defect is that the foot has to be raised several inches from the accelerator to the brake pedal, but this is quite commonplace, and the ideal arrangement, where the right foot need only pivot on the heel between these two pedals, is very rarely to be found.

The springing is comfortable, and the car holds the road well, being at all times admirably steady. The steering is likewise good, so that the driver enjoys the very satisfying sensation of having perfect control, even when road conditions are most difficult.

THE coachwork of the saloon model which I tested is well up to the standard of the chassis. There is ample space, both in front and at the back, and both as regards head-room and leg-room. (It should not, I know, be necessary to specify this—yet I recently drove a car of very reputable make in which it was impossible for me to wear a hat! Space, the first requirement of the passenger, cannot yet be taken for granted.) The driving position also is a very comfortable one.

A good point is that neither gear nor brake levers offer any obstruction in the front compartment. There is no gear lever of the ordinary sort, and the hand brake works on the familiar Daimler principle, and is pushed forward when it is applied. Thus, when the car is at a standstill, the brake lever, in the "on" position, is clear of the off side door.

THE complete car costs £450, and must be reckoned extremely good value for the money. Although, for a Daimler, it is a relatively low-powered model, there is little or nothing in which this "fifteen" will disappoint even the most discriminating type of owner-driver. It has all the expected Daimler qualities, combined with the handiness, economy, and liveliness which go with medium size.

THERE is little or nothing in which this "fifteen" will disappoint even the most discriminating type of owner-driver. The complete car costs £450, and must be reckoned extremely good value for the money

It could hardly be better

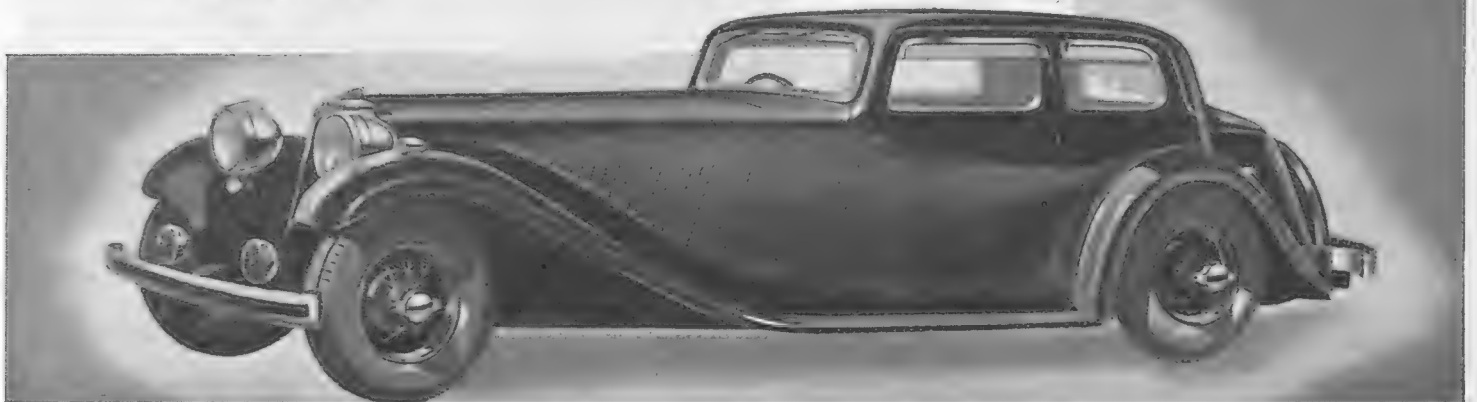
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"Sweet and Low"

The 16 h.p. S.S.1 Saloon

By the Earl of Cardigan



THE driving position is a very comfortable one with ample leg room. The brake and gear levers are arranged to come very readily to hand

The graceful and attractive lines of the S.S.1 are seen to advantage in this picture of the latest saloon model

The S.S.1 in brief

ENGINE: six cylinders, 16 h.p., side by side valves.

GEARBOX: four speeds, top 4.75 to 1, synchro-mesh second, third and top gears.

PERFORMANCE: third gear, 55 m.p.h.; top gear, 70 m.p.h.

SPRINGING: comfortable, and very steady at speed.

STEERING: good. Column "raked" almost horizontally.

BRAKING: very efficient, of Servo type.

COACHWORK: comfortable, valuable increase of space.

PRICE: with saloon body, £340.

ALTHOUGH the S.S. car was introduced only a comparatively short time ago, it has already built up an enviable reputation as a sports car of striking appearance, reasonable price and very efficient performance. The latest model, which I have recently been testing, therefore demands little introduction.

It is perhaps for its good looks that the S.S.1 is best known to motorists in general, and this quality has unquestionably been retained, and even enhanced. The radiator has been altered to a novel and attractive pattern, while full advantage has been taken of the long, low-built chassis in designing coachwork which is beautifully proportioned and exceptionally graceful.

Best of all, the new coachwork provides really comfortable and practical accommodation. There is ample space in the front seats, and quite a reasonable amount at the back. Indeed, for a sports car, the S.S. back seat must now be regarded as being above the average. The luggage trunk also is of generous size.

It would be wrong, however, to let the attractive appearance of this car divert attention from the fact that it is a really good performer on the open road. The 16 h.p. engine does its work with marked efficiency, and has an exhaust note which, without being at all noisy, is pleasantly suggestive of power in reserve. The maximum speed is 70 m.p.h. or over, acceleration is rapid, and, even at high "revs," there is no trace of vibration or "flurried" running.

The gearbox is of the synchro-mesh variety, and is nearly, if not entirely, crash-proof. Second, third and top gears all possess synchro-mesh engagement, so that a gentle change must invariably be accurate and silent. When a rapid gear change, however, is made, it is by no means impossible for unpleasant sounds to be produced. In practice, of course, there is no real disadvantage involved, since it is only the moderately experienced driver who will attempt "snappy" changes. An excellent feature is the turn of speed available in third gear, approximately 55 m.p.h. being the maximum for this ratio.

The steadiness of the S.S. on the road is a great asset where high speeds are concerned. If I am not mistaken, the car owes much to the fact that it is one of the few modern sports cars having a fairly long wheel-base. Comfortable springing, good road-holding, freedom from "pitching," reluctance to skid—all these virtues belong to the long wheel-base car in general and to the S.S. in particular. Incidentally, I have noticed that if a long wheel-base car does skid (and the S.S. never did with me, in spite of wet surfaces), it remains generally much more easily controllable than a car of the "compact" type.

The brakes are extremely powerful, although by no means fierce in action. The steering gear, of which the column is very much "raked," is very light and yet definite in operation at all speeds, having a nice amount of self-centring

effect. Another factor which makes the car very controllable, especially in traffic, is the low bonnet which permits the driver to see both his front wings clearly.

The driving position is extremely comfortable, and undoubtedly makes the car a restful one to handle. The accelerator pedal is a little heavy, but this is a fault on the right side. Altogether, the S.S. is a car which one can enjoy driving and in which one can cover long distances at high speed without being conscious of fatigue.

As to price, I have little doubt that buyers could be found at £400 or £500 for the new S.S.1 saloon. Actually, the cost is only £340—a figure which must be regarded as very moderate indeed.

THIS MONTH'S MOTERING HINT Use Common-sense "Running In" Methods

CONSIDERING the number of new cars which will be on the roads this month, I feel that there is no need to apologise for referring once again to the problems of "running in." Actually, of course, there is practically no skill required in order to "run in" a new car satisfactorily; it is almost entirely a matter of applied common sense.

For example, the sensible driver can perfectly well "feel" the stiffness of his new engine, and should always be able to run it at the speed at which it seems most comfortable. It is obvious that this stiffness or "stickiness" is most in evidence just after starting up, and that special caution is required at such times. Similarly, after a few days, a general "loosening up" is readily detected, and this may be taken to indicate that a little extra speed has become permissible.

The type of driver who damages a car during the "running in" period is the one who drives by rote, without applying his own intelligence. Such a person is told "not to exceed 30 m.p.h. for the first 500 miles." He carries out this injunction literally—perhaps covering the 499th mile at 29 m.p.h. and the 500th at 60 m.p.h.! He is also quite capable of doing 29 m.p.h. in a low gear, and with a stone cold engine. It seems ridiculous—but it is an unquestionable fact that such things are done, and done not uncommonly.



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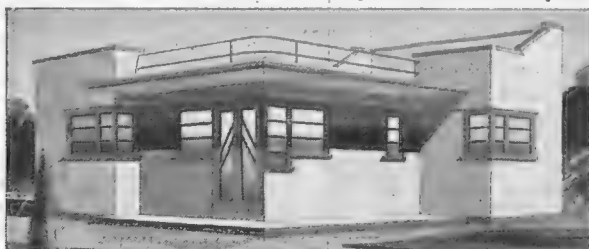
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The Skeleton in their Cupboard

(Continued from page 85)

been risings in the streets. A march of the mob on the Chamber. Shooting. Bloodshed. You might have lost your precious Parliament. France might have gone Fascist or Communist. Anything might have happened."

"And all because a Russian Jew with a criminal mentality came to France and tried to get rich quickly," said the Count thoughtfully. "It makes one think that my country is menaced by enemies more dangerous than the wretched tribesmen we shot down in the deserts of North Africa."

Stavisky shrugged. He lay back in his chair. "I suppose the good judge told you all this? You are aware that he took my money—for services rendered? I cannot understand why he has betrayed me."

"It is very simple. He has a daughter, and this daughter will soon become my wife. You blackmailed him to mention your project to me with favour. He did so, recommending you highly. But, in the end, his desire to protect his daughter triumphed over his fear of you. He thought that if I became associated with you, it could end in nothing but a calamity; and so he told me all."

"He has betrayed me. It will do him no good."

"It can do him no harm now. He is dead."

"Dead?"

"He had a very weak heart, you know, and he had been subjected to much strain. He died at four o'clock this afternoon, and before he died he told me everything, and handed me your dossier. This is why I invited you to dine, play, and come here to-night."

"The dossier is worthless," said Stavisky coolly. "We are speaking within the four walls—so I warn you; not a scrap of evidence now survives. I have seen to that."

"That is true," said the Count, and he seemed to smile slightly. "On the other hand, if you are as near to a grand collapse as I surmise, who knows what you may not say under examination? You will implicate the dead judge. You will shame his family. You will also dishonour my family through my wife. I regard you as a very sinister and dangerous person, my friend. It is a great pity that your Hungarian scheme did not fail, and that you did not make an end of yourself then. But this lapse can still be remedied. You are ruined. You come to me for money. I refuse it. It is your last hope. So you suddenly seize this revolver, which is lying on the desk, and before I can stop you, you clap it to your forehead, so, and you press the trigger, so..."

The midday editions of the Paris papers carried the news that M. Stavisky, the spectacular financier, had committed suicide in dramatic circumstances at Deauville, in the villa of a young millionaire aristocrat whose financial aid he had sought in a last desperate attempt to save himself from a ruin which few had suspected.

"It is very sad," said the Count's fiancée.

"Oh, I don't know," said her lover; "these gamblers, you know. The more I think about that man, the more I feel it was impossible for him to have come to anything but a bad end."

END

The Blank Rounds

(Continued from page 17)

primitive environment, I sat down to await events. Presently I heard Seagrim return across the compound to the bungalow. To my great relief the murmur of voices that followed his entry was pitched in ordinary tones. I judged he was saying no more than that we had decided on a lion hunt to-morrow.

I had just crawled into my sleeping bag before turning out my lamp when I heard the verandah door open and footsteps approached my tent. I hunched up on my iron bedstead as Delamain poked his blonde head through the open fly:

"Asleep yet?" he asked cautiously.

"Come in," I told him, lighting a cigarette.

He sat down in the rhorkee chair a couple of feet from me, took one of my cigarettes and lighted up.

"I hear you are off after lions to-morrow," he began. "Shot any before?"

"A few—Somaliland and the Soudan."

"They're a different breed up here—scrappers; the climate, I suppose. They don't run away when you show 'em a gun. You want to have a nice tall tree handy and shoot at long enough range for you to get up if you miss. A hundred yards, I say."

"I prefer twenty-five—where I can be sure of not missing," I told him, wondering what all this was leading to, and studying him anew, from the angle of that embrace. Though his eyes were violet, they were alert and had a flat hard spot in them. I noticed too that his lower teeth were pointed like those of carnivorous natives who file theirs, though like the rest of his person they were

(Continued on page 94)

SOMEONE OUGHT TO TELL HER!



Every woman ought to know! Tootals have taught rayons and cottons to behave as serenely as costly silks and wools. It is the most marvellous invention. Fancy crushing a piece of filmy Tootal Chiffon tightly in your hand and seeing the creases fade away when you release it! There are Tootal crease-resisting Taffetas, Foulards, Robia voiles, Toutaline cotton tweeds. Washed like your silks they come up beautifully fresh and keep their crease-resisting powers. None of them is expensive, and all of them are smart. Each carries the Tootal Guarantee of satisfaction, and its own brand name on the selvedge. If you have any difficulty in getting the one you want, write to Tootal (Dept.6G), 56 Oxford Street, Manchester.

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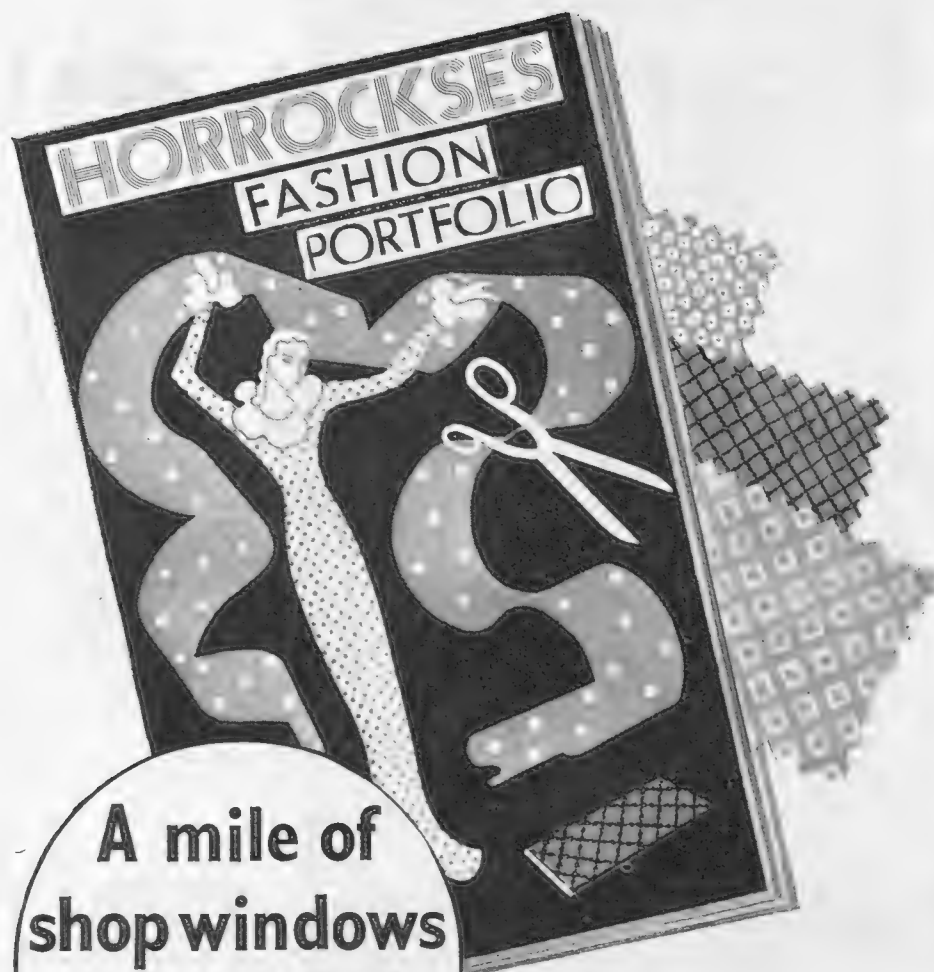
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beautifully kept. Reversing my original impression I decided he was not miscast as a policeman. He was studying me, too. He said:

"As a matter of fact, I did not come to warn you about the peculiarities of our lions. I want you to help persuade Seagrim to let Lady Eva go down country. I was a doctor before I joined the service, and I think she needs a change badly—at once. I've told Seagrim, but it is like talking to a stone wall. You saw how jumpy she was at dinner. She's terrified of him, if you ask me."

"Perhaps she is and perhaps she isn't," I said. "He seems to look after her pretty well. Does she want to go away?"

"Of course she does. What do you think?"

"I don't think where women are concerned," I said dryly. "It may clear the atmosphere if I tell you I saw you with Lady Eva in your arms an hour ago."

"Oh," he said. "You saw that, did you?"

"Yes—so did Seagrim."

"The devil he did!"

"The devil he did."

"That settles it," he said. "We've got to get her away now. I'll put my cards on the table with you. I am crazy about her. She never ought to have married a cold-blooded brute like Seagrim. He is no husband for her. She was a different woman the week she spent with the crowd at Mongu at Christmas. Hated coming back here."

"If that's the position, why don't you both clear off?"

"What do you suppose Seagrim would be doing the while?" he demanded. "This is the Zambesi basin—not Clapham Junction. There's no way out but walking. That's where we are jammed. She can't even get as far as his border without his consent, let alone Livingstone."

"What if she could? Seagrim is not likely to divorce her for your convenience."

"Damn divorce. Who cares about that? The main thing is to get her away; leave the rest to look after itself."

I considered him in that spirit of charity which begins at home and stops there.

"Lady Eva would be better off sticking to her husband," I said. "At all events he is a man, and I reckon a fellow who makes love to another man's wife under his own roof is not entitled to that description."

"That be damned," he scorned. "Those ideas are dead as *biltong*. Why should a woman like Eve be hobbled to this God-forsaken hole for a fetish of that sort?"

"All right," I said. "I'll see what I can do—not to help you, but to help her. But after last night, if Seagrim's the man I take him for, he'll veto it p.d.q. Meanwhile I'd advise you to look out for yourself. Remember he is his own law."

"We all are up here for the matter of that," he retorted. "Still—thanks for telling me he saw us. Forewarned is forearmed."

"Was it?" I wondered, grimly remembering again the champagne bottle incident, and as the crunch of Delamain's tread died into the silence of the night I heard again the scream of that marauding leopard, answered by the whining growl of Seagrim's dogs in one of the go-downs. This antiphonal of the wild symbolised the situation as I now saw it.

What would Seagrim do now? Would he come lion-shooting with me after what he had seen; leaving his wife and Delamain to their own devices at the *boma*?

The answer was provided at dawn next morning when Seagrim came to my tent with the boy who brought my shaving water and tea. He was already shaved and dressed, and imperturbable as ever.

"Breakfast will be ready as soon as you are," he told me. "I've told your *capito* to bring no more kit than you'll need. The only way to get man-eaters is stick close on their spoor, so we want to travel light. If you don't mind sharing a tent with Delamain, I'll take my 'bivvy'."

"Oh," I exclaimed. "Is he coming?" And then, to cover my tactlessness, "Your wife won't like being left here alone, will she?"

"Leave that to me, old boy," he said pleasantly enough; "Eve won't mind. We shan't be away more than a couple of days. Now what guns do you propose taking? I'm only taking one myself. I advise you to do the same, as we are after nothing but lions."

"Hallo—good morning," Lady Eva greeted me cheerfully, when I entered the verandah. She wore a blue linen smock over a frock of the same colour, and the rising sun slanting through the mosquito screens speckled her and the breakfast table with points of newly-minted gold. There was a smile in her voice and in the blue-grey of her eyes. Discontent? Nonsense. Tragedy? Absurd. I laughed and said:

"You've been getting my sympathy under false pretences, Eva. I expected to find you weeping into the coffee (Continued on page 96)



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The Blank Rounds

at the awful prospect of being left alone."

She stared at me over a silver tray of eggs.

"Who said I was going to be alone?"

"Your cave-man. He's coming with me—and Delamain."

"Oh," she said. And after a pause—"Well, I hope you'll get those lions. The poor villagers have the wind up badly. They've been having a rotten time lately."

Then Delamain appeared at an inner door, called "Good morning" to us both, and added: "Eve—can you spare a minute—I want a bit of sticking plaster."

"I doctor everybody in the district," she laughed. "You should see my sick parade some mornings. Epsom salts, permanganate and rolls of bandages."

While she went to Delamain I cut myself some cold guinea fowl, and watched Seagrim in the compound, detailing loads for our carriers.

Several minutes passed before Eva returned with Delamain, and I at once saw by her expression that something had upset her a good deal. Presumably she had just learned that her husband and I had witnessed that unfortunate embrace, for her eyes avoided mine in a manner uncharacteristic of her. But Delamain was not worrying. Remarking that he always liked to start a march with a solid meal, he dug his sharp teeth into the antelope steak which had been prepared for him.

Then Seagrim came in, peeling off his coat and announcing that the *ulendo* would be complete when Delamain's "boy" had added his valise and bedding. Eva splashed out coffee mostly on the white table-cloth.

"Hallo, old girl!" Seagrim observed. "Haven't got a touch of fever, have you?" He put a hand on her brow, taking her pulse with the other, like a family doctor.

She looked up at him, released herself and burst out:

"Neil, I won't stop at the *boma* myself—I'm coming with you."

At that he sat down and helped himself to a couple of eggs.

"I'm absolutely all right, Neil," she insisted. "Please let me come. You can take a *machela* for me in case I get tired. I simply can't stay here alone."

Perceiving her apprehension I seconded.

"The more the merrier, Seagrim—and very nice of Eva to want to come with us."

"Very well, darling," Seagrim decided after an interval. "You shall come. By the way, has Delamain told you he is going straight on to Livingstone after the shoot?"

"I have," Delamain interposed coolly. "I've informed Eva that you are bored with your uninvited guest." To me he added: "I'm picking up my *ulendo* at Kumina. It'll be nearer to cut across there than come back here."

"Oh," I thought, "so Seagrim has fired you, and Eva and you are reluctant to part."

No more was said on the subject in my hearing, though Eva could not hide her unease. After breakfast, while Delamain inspected and despatched his personal *ulendo*, I finished off my own preparations, and Seagrim added to our shooting outfit, a hammock chair slung on two long carrying poles and another tent for Eva. Soon after seven o'clock we filed off into the bush, Eva in shorts and a blue silk shirt, swinging along with the three of us and two gun-bearers, in lead of a long line of naked Barotse spearmen whose woolly heads supported the miscellaneous loads of our combined equipment. The air had all the "kick" of champagne; forest and bush was a sight-symphony of olive green and amber, with red-leg partridges and coveys of guinea fowl getting up as we passed, and herds of wildebeeste and buck scooting along the blue and gold horizons.

I could see by the occasional sparkle in Eva's eyes that she was not immune to the appeal of this, and as Seagrim translated for her the chant of our cheery carriers, I blasted Delamain for upsetting a marriage that might easily have settled into a domestic idyll, or at least a tolerable success.

But that there was an underlying tension I had no chance of forgetting, for Seagrim and Delamain never addressed a word to each other more than was necessary, and though Eva chatted freely enough it was not long before she declared she was tired of walking. And when she got into her *machela* with some new magazines I had brought up I could see she was not reading them.

Delamain now proposed that two of us should be half a mile ahead of the *ulendo* on the chance of surprising a lion or a leopard, the third remaining with Eva and the carriers—an obvious bid to be alone with her, I thought.

"No," she at once begged. "Let us keep together; that will be more amusing for us all."

Seagrim said: "These two Nimrods might as well get a good bag while (Continued on page 98)"



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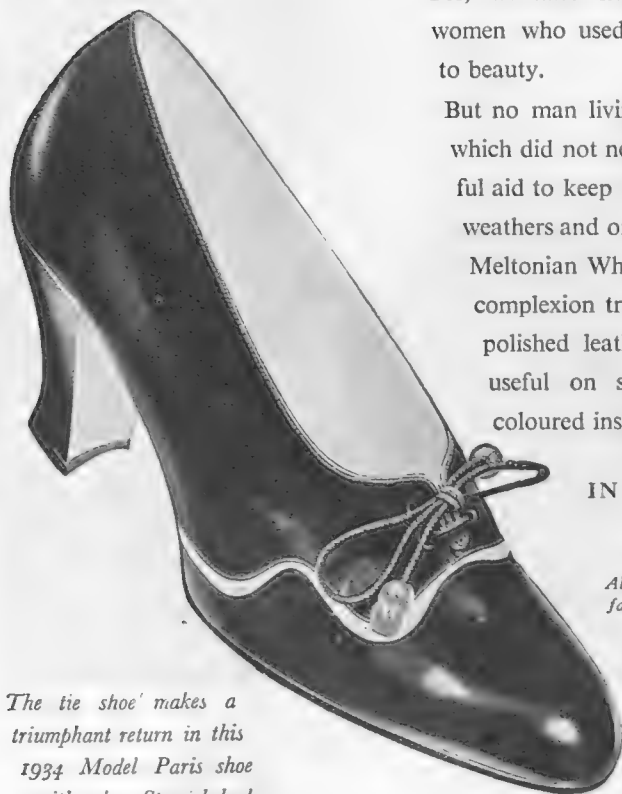
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The Blank Rounds

they are about it, Eva. I'll stay with you, and they can go ahead."

"That's one in the eye for you," I remarked to Delamain when we got beyond earshot of the others.

"As a matter of fact I wanted to talk to you," he said; and when we had cleared a belt of wait-a-bit thorn he amplified:

"Seagrim and I had it out last night after I left you. The fat's properly in the fire. The swine does not intend to let Eva stir a yard without him."

"What else did you expect?"

"That's just the point. He was so damned polite about it. When he suggested I should come and shoot with you, you could have knocked me down with a feather."

"I reckon he was not going to risk your going back to the boma to get his wife while he was in the bush with me."

"There's more to it than that," he declared. "He's got something up his sleeve. He means mischief, if you ask me."

"Rot. If you are afraid, why come? You could have insisted on clearing off on your own."

"Not much! The brute may frighten Eva, but he is not going to stampede me."

Having planted these suspicions in my mind he relapsed to his former silence.

At twelve o'clock we were all together again on the edge of a great plain of burnt grass, watching herds of giraffe and zebra lolling across the landscape while the carriers erected a sun shelter of tree branches for us to have luncheon under.

It was here that Delamain said he'd go and try to shoot a buck for the carriers. He was away some time, and returned with the information that he had bust his rifle.

"Spring or something—while I was taking a shot at an antelope. Mind if I borrow yours, Seagrim, when we start off again? We can use it turn and turn about. It's a '303 same as mine. Can't shoot with your '450," he added to me.

"All right," Seagrim agreed. Short of telling Delamain to go to the devil, he could not do less.

After lunch Seagrim announced:

"I'll take a turn in lead now—we'll be striking news of those lions soon."

"I'll come with you, as I'm sharing your rifle," Delamain volunteered.

"There's no need for that," Eva interposed quickly. "Neil will send back word. You and Major Verney stop and keep me company."

"Let the man come if he wants to, Eva," Seagrim remarked curtly. "This is not a picnic party."

"All right," she acquiesced reluctantly.

I soon found it was not all right.

"I'm terribly bothered about Neil and Billy," Eva confessed. "They quarrelled last night, and I'm afraid they may quarrel again. If they do, goodness knows what may happen—Neil is so—so—relentless."

"Look here, Eva," I said frankly. "I think you and Delamain have got Seagrim wrong. I'm sure he's got too much sense to run amok even over you. Anyway, Delamain is quite capable of taking care of himself, or he wouldn't be a policeman—if that's what you are afraid of."

"Oh," she said quietly, giving me the frozen eye. "Have you gone native too. Is Billy Delamain the only civilised person left?" And then—passionately: "I'm sick of sense—sense—sense; cliché, cliché, cliché. Can't you let a woman have her own mind?"

"Yes," I said. "So long as it is your own mind and not Delamain's."

"What do you know about Billy?" she flashed at my tone.

"The same as you—nothing!" I said deliberately.

"I won't have you say things like that," she cried. "Billy's a dear, and if you don't know already, you might as well know now—I'm in love with him. so it is no use talking against him. I told Neil this morning. I asked him to release me, and he said he'd sooner break Billy's neck."

And with that information under my hat I was not unprepared for what followed soon after.

We reached the lion village at about three o'clock. After a conference with the old chief and the trackers, Seagrim translated, with what I now interpreted as sinister detachment, that a lion and two lionesses had been trailed to a large stretch of thick bush on the far side of the village. Eva came with us to inspect the hut out of which the man-eaters had dragged a woman and a child two nights previously. This did nothing to decrease the tension of her mind, or mine for the matter of that, though what we both feared I could not define.

Eva pleaded to come with us on the lion hunt, but Seagrim would not have that. We left her in a big log and thatch rest-house originally constructed for Seagrim's judicial visits, with two messengers and half a dozen native spearmen on guard.

(Continued on page 100)



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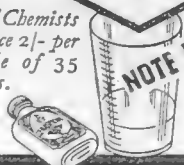
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The Blank Rounds

At Delamain's suggestion, accepted by Seagrim, we split into two parties for the hunt; myself, a young chief with a gun, and three spearmen in one party; Seagrim and Delamain with two more spearmen in the other. Seagrim had his own rifle, and Delamain his own shot-gun loaded with buckshot. With thirty or forty beaters surrounding the thicket, we got to work, and soon discovered the lions were inside.

Now there is nothing more exasperating, and indeed boring, than two or three hours' crawling about a square mile bush from which one's quarry refuses to be driven, especially if one's mind insists on straying to something else. The tyro presses in, and probably gets cornered in a position where he has no field of fire. The experienced hunter calls it a day, and returns to camp. So I finally gave up, and circled the cover in search of the other party. I sighted Seagrim and Delamain with their spearmen in some grass close to a clump of trees, near to the village. They were intently gazing into the long grass between them and the village. I signed my party to stand still, and with my rifle at the "ready" moved cautiously forward. When I was within fifty yards, Delamain raised his shot-gun and fired into the grass, wounding something just enough to make it mad. There was a snarling roar and the grass tops parting as the wounded beast bounded towards the two men. As I ran on I heard Delamain say calmly:

"Your shot, Seagrim," and saw him turn towards a tree.

"Not at all," Seagrim said. "Your shot," and on the words he snatched the shot-gun from Delamain's left hand, thrust his own rifle on him, and darted behind the tree trunk to give Delamain free play.

"That's damned sporting of you," flashed to my lips, for it is not every man who will forgo wiping the other fellow's eye in such circumstances.

I expected Delamain to instantly blaze off, but to my amazement he stood staring at the rifle as if paralysed; and almost before he got off his first shot the spotted body of a leopard arched out of the grass and landed on Delamain's head. Simultaneously Seagrim dashed from behind the tree and put five revolver shots into the beast at a yard range. As I ran forwards the gun boys scrambled down the trees, and Seagrim bent over Delamain. There was no need to ask what had happened. Delamain was as dead as the leopard.

"Good God!" I exclaimed. "Why didn't he fire sooner?"

"God knows," said Seagrim. "He was one of the coolest shots I know."

"He hadn't got his own rifle by mistake, had he—the broken one?"

"No—mine—the one we were sharing."

He picked the rifle up from the ground, and clicked out the spent cartridge.

On a sudden impulse I took it from him, clicked out the spent cartridge, rammed another into the chamber, and fired into the air. The explosion was flat, and there was no recoil from it. I jerked the magazine from the breech and pulled out the top clip of cartridges. There were three left, as there should be. But they were blanks. The nickel bullets had been neatly extracted from each.

Seagrim's eyes met mine. There was a curious hard look in them.

"Seagrim," I said slowly, "this is murder, you swine."

"So that's what you think, is it?" he answered calmly.

"I don't think—I am damned well sure," I said. "And but for the chance of my examining this rifle before you could shift these blanks, you'd have got away with it." He looked at me for a moment in his impassive way, ignoring the dead silence which had fallen on the ring of natives around us.

"No," he said quietly. "It is not murder—it is attempted murder—the elimination of an inconvenient husband by a clever policeman. Delamain was caught in his own trap. Look at the mark on those cartridges."

"What marks?" I demanded, turning them over.

"The broad arrow," he indicated.

"What the hell has that to do with it?"

"A lot," he answered curtly. Dipping his hand into the hip pocket of his shorts, he gave me a clip of his own cartridges. Upon those was no Government imprint, but merely the name of the maker. They were an ordinary sporting brand.

"Delamain as a soldier-policeman carried service ammunition," he explained. "I as a civil administrator, have to buy my own."

"I am not swallowing that," I told him flatly, warily.

It was perhaps his professional habit of sifting evidence in local crime that caused him to unhook the dead man's (Continued on page 102)

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The Blank Rounds

haversack and shake out the contents on a
bare patch of ground. Amongst them, gleam-
ing in the reddening rays of the setting
sun, was a small Army Ordnance small-
arms screw driver, and a pair of pincer-nosed
military wire cutters. And inside a screwed-up
envelope was a small vee spring that I, as a soldier,
immediately recognised as part of the breech
mechanism of a service rifle.

"Good God," I said.

"Quite," said Seagrim grimly. "No doubt
you will now remember it was Delamain's rifle
that went out of action—while he was after that
buck, alone, at lunch time. He must have taken
out the spring with the screw-driver, and the
bullets with these nippers."

"Good God," I said again.

It was then that Lady Eva came running up
with a "messenger," Eva frantically calling:
"Who's hurt—who's hurt?"

We were too engrossed to see or hear her until
the crowd of natives opened up a passage.

As she saw us with Delamain lying dead beside
the leopard, all the colour drained from her face,
and she stopped as if shot.

"Eve," Seagrim said gently, moving towards
her.

She stumbled forward another pace, then
crumpled up in a faint.

Seagrim eyed me stonily, hopelessly.

"It would have been better the other way,"
he said dully. But tenderly as a woman he
raised her in his arms and, like that, bore her
to the village, while I followed with the natives
who carried Delamain.

It was half an hour before Seagrim got Eva out
of her faint. As she sat up on his camp bed in
the grass hut, he gently disengaged his arms from
around her, kissed her hair, motioned me to take
his place, and walked slowly, heavily out of the
hut into the blue darkness of the Barotse night
illuminated by the blaze of our lion-scaring camp
fires.

She looked at me uncertainly by the yellow
light of the hurricane lantern, rubbing her eyes
and swaying a little. I went to slip an arm around
her, but she waved me away.

"Neil," she said—"I want my husband."

"What?" I stammered, thinking she was
hysterical.

"I want Neil—my husband," she repeated.

She was right. It was her husband she wanted,
not Delamain, though she never knew about those
blank rounds.

END

Riviera Cavalcade

(Continued from page 19)

and berline also made their appearance. Some of
the first English visitors slept a good deal in these,
and as upsets were not uncommon an uncapsizing
coach was invented which gently turned the passen-
gers out on to the roadway. The ideal itinerary
was by road to Lyon, then down the Rhone to
Avignon, another strip of road to Marseilles,
finally on by sea to Nice or Antibes in an un-
pleasant native felucca. So that when these
pioneers set out to winter in the sun, they
reserved four or five months for the business—the
journeys to and fro demanding perhaps five
weeks. It was at this time (1770's, 1780's) that
our royalties first got interested. The Dukes of
York and Gloucester and the Duchess of Cumber-
land went to Nice (the first-named was to die at
Monaco). On the eve of the Revolution other
big names made their appearance, Bedfords and
Cavendishes and Fitzgeralds, but after that a veil
was drawn for many years until after Waterloo.
In fact, apart from this handful of late eighteenth-
century visitors, the English history of the
Riviera cannot be said to extend beyond the last
115 years.

Roads and conveyances had improved enor-
mously thanks to military necessities, and we
find the first English colony, about a hundred
strong, settling in Nice in the early twenties of
last century. They built a brand of miniature
England in the Croix de Marbre sector (now the
"downtown" hub) replete with church. Inci-
dentally, a *contretemps* marked the building of
the latter, the Sardis stipulating that as the faith
to be practised therein was foreign, the edifice
must in no way resemble a sacred edifice. The
record tells that the voluntary expatriates spent
their time picnicking afoot and on donkeys, and
going to tea-parties where conversation, cards,
and dancing were the rule or, maybe, the latest
novels or political news from home would be read
aloud. There soon sprang up four or five hotels
and pensions—at which the daily all-in rate
would be seven francs—and presently the first pri-
vate villas, where hostesses were Ladies Rivers,
Bute, Colville, and Sparrow, began to appear. The
colony rose to 1,000 regular winter visitors by 1830.
At this time the chief event was the construction,
at the instance of the (Continued on page 104)



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Riviera Cavalcade

Rev. Lewis Way, of the Chemin (later Promenade) des Anglais, connecting the detached English quarter with the town proper, which had to be kept at a distance because of the odour arising from refuse cast to rot in the sun on the seashore. In a very severe winter, the work of construction gave sustenance to hundreds of poor driven in from the hills. The rest of the coast was untouched at this stage, and it was not till Brougham was held up in quarantine at the Franco-Italian frontier, the Var river, in 1834, that a new chapter opened with his being advised to turn back a league or two and seek an hotel at a little fishing village called Cannes. The place smelled badly, but the great lawyer fell for the climate to the extent of buying some land there, and he later persuaded the King of France to grant 2,000,000 francs towards the construction of a port. That started Cannes on its road to fame and fortune.

As events turned out, however, probably a lesser-known mortal, a Mr. Woodfield, was more the maker of Cannes than "Old Wicked-shifts," the great, if little-liked Lord Chancellor. Mr. Woodfield settled there in 1838, built the church, and, after Brougham's passing, his Villa Victoria was the hub of social life until its master's death in 1888. A high-strung, tiresome little boy who used to romp there in the 'seventies, and wouldn't do what his mother told him, is now at Doorn.

We are now in the 'forties and, though the railway was not to arrive for a whole generation later, the stream of English winter visitors steadily grew and even began to spread out to vague and perilous places like Antibes and Monaco. There was no excitement of any kind yet, however, and it remained a quiet and gentle existence, principally for people well on in years or sick. The young *definitely* were not in evidence until years and years later—that is, they were not observed doing anything more thrilling than participating in those picnics and polkas and readings aloud. There was as yet no sport of any kind nor the glimmering of a casino. Names gradually collected round Brougham's Chateau Eleonore—General Napier, fresh from India, Turner, and Lord Hertford were lions of the 'forties—yet this middle period of last century was essentially a waiting period, the lull before the great transformation that lay at hand and which was to be brought about by two new factors, "the iron horse" and gambling. As late as the 'sixties, conveyances were still the diligence and the relay coach, while the only certain way of getting from Nice to Monaco was to go by boat, which took an hour. And pension at the first luxury hotel erected on the front at Nice, in 1855, was 8 francs, and *table d'hôte*, 1 fr. 75 with a tuppenny tip. Menton and Grasse had latterly acquired the tiniest sprinkling of invalids.

Then the first train came through from Marseilles. It was 1868 when it reached Monaco, and about the same time two brothers named Blanc reached the same neglected village, having been ejected from Germany by Bismarck, who was against gambling during his warring period, and the Blancs lost no time in buying up a gaming concession from the destitute Grimaldi dynasty . . . and English "names" began to invade the Riviera. Nor were they to slow up until more than four decades had slipped by—until 1914. In truth, this can be called the golden period of the Riviera, whatever may have been its fantastic development in the past fifteen years.

Until the train and the Blancs revolutionised existence, hardly a soul but the English had materialised locally. Thereafter an expanding cosmopolitanism did manifest itself—no fewer than 100,000 visitors were amazingly reported at Monte Carlo in 1870—but I shall stick to the English side. It may be said that coincident with Brougham's pompous burial at Cannes in 1868 the first English era on the Riviera ended and a second began. Not only did the train mean only a few hours less from London than it does to-day, but the Riviera had now become French following Napoleon III's victories and a general modernisation positively exuded. To see how two eras collided: in 1871, Cora Pearl (otherwise Crouch), relic of the Second Empire and daughter of the composer of *Mavourneen*, was expelled from Monaco as an undesirable, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII, began visiting Cannes with his Marlborough House set and racing there in *Britannia*. The attention of our Royal Family for the last 30 years of the 19th century undoubtedly put the entire Riviera permanently on the map. Everyone who was anyone at home followed in the tracks of the Prince and the Duke of Albany and later of the Queen herself. The first was at the height of his gay times and when not racing in regattas would be in the Rooms at "Monte" or wearing a domino at the Nice Carnival. He only staked in person at the *Cercle de la* (Continued on page 106)

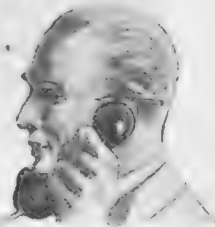


...NO MISTAKES
THIS TIME.PLEASE.
IT MUST BE
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—last week everyone wanted to know what had gone wrong with the butter. They noticed the difference at once. Oh, and by the way, I'll have a pound-and-a-half this week. We all seem to be eating more butter than we used to, since we started having "New Zealand." But I don't mind that, in fact I'm glad. It's such extraordinary value, isn't it, compared with foreign butter? And really, I never thought any butter could be quite so delicious. So glad you recommended it.

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Soak gelatine in a little cold water. Then drain off water and pour hot custard (see directions on packet) over gelatine. Stir until gelatine dissolves. Make jelly (see instructions on packet) and allow both custard and jelly to cool. Fill jelly mould with alternate layers of jelly and custard. (Allow each layer to set slightly before adding next.) When whole jelly is completely set turn it out on dish and surround it with raspberries, strawberries or any other fruit in season. Enough for 6 or 8 people.

Elizabeth Craig



C.32

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somebody
tell
YOU?



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Riviera Cavalcade

Méditerranée at Nice, preferring to stand beside his equerry, Captain Fortescue, at "Monte," while the latter piled on the gold pieces. And even that sort of passivity had to be cut out when the Queen chanced to be on the Riviera. All knew how she loathed gambling, and they had a terror lest she should hear of their weakness for the tables. In fact, the old lady so hated "Monte" and all its works that she once got level in best Victorian style. When she was at Menton in the 'eighties the Casino directors, thinking to lure her for a visit of inspection before play began, sent her a wondrous bouquet in a great carton box. The wondrous bouquet arrived back, unopened, *one week* later.

In point of fact, lots of prominent English were getting worked up about the Rooms at this time. These were new, and suicides and scandals were such fresh reading. The Bishop of Gibraltar declared that not a stone of the English Church should be laid until the Rooms were closed (he lost that bet). John Addington Symonds fumed against the gaming hell-spot overlooking the Mediterranean so blue. An Abolish-the-Gambling-Rooms crusade was launched, the only surviving member of which is, I believe, the Marquis of Aberdeen. And about the same time R. L. S., settled at Menton before having to leave for even warmer climes, went out after the pigeon-shooting which still, alas! goes on.

Meanwhile Menton had become quite a place for "aunts" or "old maids of both sexes" (which it still is). A great Riviera character in Sir Thomas Hanbury built the lovely Villa Hanbury, with its unique gardens, on the Italian frontier. At this spot, too, are the historic Red Caves from which skeletons of man, 50,000 years old, have been taken. Nice was concurrently growing into quite a town of some 20,000 inhabitants (to-day it numbers 220,000), but it was never again to be the pivot of English fashion as it had been in the 'fifties, 'sixties and 'seventies. I met this February a remarkable old gentleman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jaffé, who are the doyens of Nice—indeed of the whole coast. He is 90, came to Nice in 1885, and still lives on the Promenade des Anglais. When, in 1932, these two celebrated their diamond wedding they were jointly admitted to the Legion of Honour and received a letter from the King and Queen. They have presented much Napoleona to the French nation and their villa is a treasure-house of art, with Rembrandts hanging. I recall this, too: the Jaffés have a chalet up above Neuchâtel in Switzerland and they said that I must come there. "If you are lucky, you may meet the Queen of the Belgians, who always calls when her husband is away for a day or two's mountaineering! The Queen goes to Switzerland to see her aged mother. She absolutely refuses ever to tread German soil again."

Well, old Mr. Jaffé had one or two tales to tell. Queen Victoria he often saw, either in her landau with outriders and Indian equerries or else in her donkey chaise. "Once a visiting bishop attended at the chapel that had been erected in the Regina Hotel at Cimiez, and the French papers afterwards announced that 'the bishop arrived in his kilt,'—mistaking, of course, his frock!" Of Mr. Jaffé's chief Riviera friends, Sir Henniker Heaton died while escaping the onset of War, Sir James Livesey, the great engineer, died on his yacht (his son now has another), and Sir Henry Samuelson, aged 90, is very ill at Beaulieu. Which reminds me that the general record is held by a Mr. Woodhall, who went to Nice 61 years ago to die and is still going strong at 92. And before quitting Nice, I certainly must mention that Duke of Hamilton who sent twelve-year-old Marie Bashkirtseff all of a dither as he drove by in his splendid equipage. There was also a Lord Portarlington who walked abroad until much too late in the century in raiment of the Regency and painted and powdered. And a Mr. Bromley who was the last to receive a pension in return for losing his all at "Monte." The pension was a paltry £4 a week. Now they give a ticket home instead—and take your photograph and anthropological details and warn the doorkeepers: "Never more, that 'un'!"

The coast gets fast and furious; one must skip hither and thither to keep up with our English cavalcade. . . .

The Queen is at the Villa Edelweiss at Cannes in 1882, and it is not on record that "Bertie" was conspicuously pleased at his ground being thus invaded. Mr. Gladstone is at the Villa Scott, as Prime Minister, in succeeding years. And in 1884 the Duke of Albany dies at the Villa Nevada, Cannes, and is buried there, with his eldest brother as chief mourner. In 1890 the Queen begins a series of yearly visits to Grasse and Nice which only end in April, 1899, when she is failing, and when, anyway, the Boer War renders the next few English years on the coast not so friendly. The Queen saw a special tea-chalet built for her by Alice Rothschild up at Grasse, 4,000 ft. up. (Continued on page 108)

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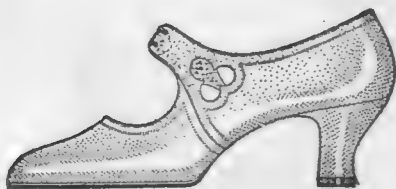
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Alice Rothschild, sister of the Prince's bosom friend, Baron Ferdinand, was a great Grasse character, owning half the countryside. I knew her, and used to go down to Waddesdon on my leaves from France. She loved to hear young stuff then. She also had another military visitor, Lord Kitchener, who, in his passion for *objets d'art*, hoped to inherit from the old lady's marvellous collection. But there intervened that not-at-all-to-be-counted-with *Hampshire* ending.

Again, we switch across to Monte Carlo. It is the 'nineties, apogee of the place. Notorious gamblers are on every lip. Woolf Joel, so soon to meet a bullet on the Rand, carries all before him and in honour of the event later stages an All-Red supper at the Savoy in London: he had staked only on *rouge*. Charles Wells, the man-who-broke-the-bank, wins £60,000 in his first short season playing the *coup des trois* or taking off after three accumulated wins. He guarantees to break the bank any day, and does so, twelve times in all. He returns for a second season in a yacht, the *Palais Royale*, having sixty guests aboard, including six peers, and a dance floor—height of abandon. He loses and loses and a year later is sentenced to eight years in England and after that to five in France. (He died in 1922.) Old Sam Lewis is always at the tables and wins £50,000 over a year or two. Often playing at the same table are members of the aristocracy against whom he has writs out at home. He just smiles. He tries whenever he can to catch the eye of the astonishing Duchess of Devonshire, who plays beside Sir Ernest Cassel, but neither of these want money on loan.

The "Twice-a-Duchess" was known as the possessor of the most slanderous and inventive tongue, and so all the Riviera laughed when one day, on her Grace tripping down the steps of the Casino, the French papers referred to her next morning, in their quaintly-contrived English, as "a fallen woman." Even the old Queen is said to have been amused this time.

Then there passed by Darnborough, that soundest of great gamblers who won £100,000 in a short while and was never seen or heard of at Monte Carlo again. And he was followed by Jagers, "the only man ever to beat the bank fairly and squarely as distinct from luck or fraud." Jagers nearly wrecked Monte Carlo and had the directors in a white sweat for days until they tumbled to what was in the wind. It was purely mechanical and mathematical. Jagers employed six clerks to note all winning roulette numbers at the various tables. He was certain there was a weak spot in the partitioning—into which the white ball tumbled—that all partitioning could not humanly be fashioned identically. He found his weak spot and started to amass daily £4,000 totals. Not until he had collected over £60,000 did a genius on the staff get a glimmering of what was happening. The partitioning was made movable, and interchanged frequently between all tables, and the game was over.

The Queen! Always one returns to her. Though the French are now cordially hating *Angleterre* (Fashoda), she sends her portrait to Félix Faure and is honoured by a torchlight tattoo below her Cimiez suite. The very last one envisages of her, nine months before the end, is a



ANNA MAY WONG, the famous film actress, listening to a Pye Model P/13 Portable Receiver

Riviera Cavalcade

drowsy, fat old lady in black listening to her harpist, Emmy Eissler.

Nor does the new King ever return to Cannes after 1899. Biarritz now shall be his bracing climate. And there is a pause all along the coast until the *Entente Cordiale* is born a few years later and fêtes and loving-cups send the English southwards again—as of yore.

The period conducting to the War devolves as a speeded-up version of the 'nineties. But the "Rooms" are not everything now. Sport and the open air, golf, tennis commence to show themselves; and smart cars and even aeroplanes. Perceptibly the personal atmosphere is changing too. Tommy Lipton may still lie off-shore in *Erin*, and Lord Rosslyn and Sir Hiram Maxim engage on their thirty-days duel of systems at Monte Carlo; and Lord Yarmouth may be eccentric and the Jersey Lily establish herself and bring back a waft from the past; but it is no longer the same. For one thing, Northcliffe has swooped down on the coast and inevitably pepped up his end of it; no nineteenth-century stuff for him. Lord Waleran, at Menton, is rather more in the vein so swiftly vanishing.

In 1912 comes a celebrated first visit of the British Fleet. Some years before, a British subject earns different notice for his race by aiding to murder somebody and putting her in a trunk. This is the Vere Gould case at Monte Carlo, and I mention it because it seems to be the only major crime ever committed on the Riviera by a British subject—not a bad record considering the all and highly sundry that have passed by.

The War. Of English visitors the coast is as good as denuded for four long years, save for nursing sisters and wounded.

With the After-war my cavalcade must move to a quick finish. The period is too well known to need much recapitulation. The Riviera has utterly and monstrously changed. And so have its visitors. Of the English contingent in the public eye, the late Major Jack Coats was certainly the greatest gambler; heaven knows how many scores of thousands he is said to have lost. Sir Basil Zaharoff, in 1923, acquired a controlling interest in the Rooms at "Monte" when they were in Queer Street. But not before having it repeatedly demonstrated to him in private that the bank must always and infallibly turn out the eventual winner. Lily Langtry had an Indian summer until 1925, when she died aged 74. Almost till her death she danced every afternoon, by appointment. The Duke of Connaught became the social leader of the whole coast, and the good locals watch avidly for his annual return to Cap Ferrat (now much retarded into the Provençal Spring). Hard by H.R.H. lives, in a Moorish villa, that great artist Somerset Maugham. Wells prefers intermittent visits to his Grasse mountainside. Frank Harris died in his sleep at Nice, the only quiet thing he ever did. I once sat through a lunch with him and Lord Alfred Douglas arguing out the Immaculate Conception. That was up at Cimiez, in 1925. Harris was a boomer, Douglas very high pitched.

Who else is of our company? There's Rex Ingram, saddest of all premature fadings in his realm. This handsome Irishman is usually to be seen driving a super-car, alone, along the Promenade des Anglais. There's Michael Arlen, settled at Cannes as a sequel to that "Green Hat" *envoi*. There was Admiral Lord Wester Wemyss, to whom the French gave a great funeral at Cannes, remembering that this monocled sailorman, alone with one other, put signature to the Treaty of Armistice. And there is, of course, Lord Derby, second only to the Duke as current social leader. There was until recently Lord Aberconway, who had that wonderful garden on the tip of Cap Antibes. And there was also Locke, and there's still Oppenheim and even Kipling, recent villa "annual" in the harsh home months. And at Monte Carlo the evergreen Vesta Tilley still queens it in her pearls and chic. And Ladies Wavertree and Crosfield and Coats have carried on the hostess tradition. And Sir Warden Chilcott and Sir Hugo de Bathe are positively part of the Riviera. And only less so are Messrs. Sopwith and Grahame-White in their large-size yachts. And the Duke of Westminster still descends from the other end of France to gamble for ten minutes at Monte Carlo, prior to careering off again to hunt boar or entertain at Eton Hall or speed about the sea in his yacht. And Lords Incheape and Trent and Solly Joel were other great Riviera figures now no more. But this is becoming a mere list. (I forgot to mention the most famous English event in all Riviera history, Mr. Lloyd George's Cannes Conference, complete with Lord Curzon.

What does the future hold touching "les Anglais sur la Riviera"? It is a question quite—quite—worth asking. *Autres temps...*

Shall stratoplanes take the younger generation, instead off for week-ends on a too-divinely refrigerated Niger?

END

Land of the Mirage

(Continued from page 33)

talked with Harland. It took up the matter of his domestic troubles. He felt that it was on the side of Denise. At moments he cursed it. He thought, and the thought maddened him, that the breeze carried the perfume of feminine flesh.

"This longing for romance on the part of your wife is quite natural," whispered the wind. "All women have it. And this part of the world—this Africa—makes it bubble. Heart of the world, y'know. Primitive odours that wake the soul and act like hashish on the senses. Sounds that stream down the corridors of the mind, knocking at little cells in which imprisoned dreams have slept for centuries. Impudent colours that strike at this puritanism that you call civilisation. Your wife, Denise, has heard the sounds. Ah, you ask where? Listen, my friend, you can hear the throb of the tom-toms a thousand miles from Africa! Yes, five thousand miles away. There is a tom-tom beating in the heart of every dreamer! Of every dreamer in the world!"

"Damn it, she is my wife!" cried Harland. "My wife!"

The breeze plucked at the word "wife" and ran out with it across the salt-white sands. Ran with it like a dog with a bird in its mouth. The whispering echo came back from the wastes. "Wife! Wife! Wife!" Harland flushed.

The breeze was back again. Nuzzling, fingering, inquisitive. "Idiot!" it whispered. "Wife, eh? You beat a curb out of a wedding ring and put it on Denise. She had to run in the Harland harness under the Harland rules. 'Run 'em back!' Pedigree searchers! Those women ancestors of your wife were married to romantic men! Colourful men. Romance was in the house! Recall her genealogy—the 'form sheet' as you called it? Remember that old ancestor of hers who was with Baldwin de Redvers at Plympton Castle? Thrilled you, that story of how he climbed down the tower? Quite a chap. And there was the youth who rode beside Lord Bonville. First class scrapper, eh? Devon blood! Blood of your wife! Coloured threads in the warp and woof of her county! Striae of red and gold! Her people! Friends of the great!"

"They had an aura of romance! It clung to them. Why, why you even were thrilled with the stories about them! Remember the chap who rode in Picton's charge at Waterloo? Stuck on his horse with one leg carried away? Blood of him in Denise. Tom-toms! Dreams in the little cells. Millions of them! Millions! The boy colonel at Ciudad Rodrigo! The—Oh, Lord, what's the use of talking to you! You're a Harland! Pedigree hunters! Fudge! Stable loungers!"

Sweat streamed down the face of Richard Harland. The desert, Africa—strong, terrible, unconquered, was fighting for Denise. Making excuses for her. Defending her conduct.

From far in front came the chant of Ali, the love-sick husband. The night breathed softly. The moon was a white-faced odalisque, the stunted camel-thorn bushes took on the shapes of black venuses around which, in a wild rigadon, danced the desert djinns that the winds made out of handfuls of sand. Richard Harland fought the night. Cursed it and the arguments it put forward.

Towards dawn the faint throbbing of a tom-tom came across the sand stretches. The little caravan was nearing the village of Ali. The song of the felloh grew louder. He led the strung-out line.

THE caravan halted under the mud walls of the sleeping village. Richard Harland carried Merrick from the litter to the tent the moment it was pitched. Merrick was in a low state. Harland wondered if he would last till he got him to Colomb-Béchar for the meeting with Denise. He prayed that the sick man might stand the journey. Thoughts of the confrontation brought thrills to him. "Thoroughbreds!" he muttered, as he laid Merrick on the stretcher. "I'll just see how they gallop when an ordinary plater like myself is at their shoulders. Gosh, it'll be fun!"

He straightened himself and listened. From the village came an ever-increasing wave of sound. The soft silence of the dawn was shattered. The yells of men and the shrieks of women were mixed with the wild yelping of mongrel dogs and the occasional explosion of a musket.

Harland, at the tent flap, peered across the stretch of sand that separated his camp from the mud walls. In the half light a spectral figure came at a gallop towards the tent, his amazing speed an indication that the clamour in the rear was not prompted by admiration.

The figure tripped as he rushed the tent. He seized the legs of Harland as he rolled towards him. Seized them and (Continued on page 110)

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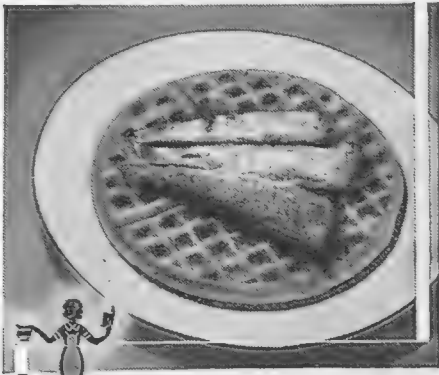
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shrieked for protection. The man was Ali, the camel man, who had sung of the beauties of his young wife!

Spare of words was Ali. Five hundred persons were seeking him. He spluttered out his story. The moment the caravan had reached the village he, Ali, had dived into the narrow burrow in which stood the hut that sheltered his bride.

Thinking to surprise her he had thrust his arm through a hole and pulled the secret string that held a bar of iron in place. The bar fell, and Ali, crying the name of his bride, rushed into the dark interior.

He took three steps forward and came into violent collision with an unknown who was seeking the out of doors with the same fine burst of speed that Ali was using to reach the bedside of his wife!

The two clutched, fell to the floor, the groping fingers of each seeking a strangle hold. The returning husband understood that it was no wifely caress he was receiving. The fingers that felt for his throat were of steel.

Ali had the good fortune to reach his knife before the other choked him. He buried it deep in the ribs of the visitor, then, as the screams of his wife roused the quarter, he turned and fled for the camp.

"Save me!" he cried, as he clasped the ankles of Harland. "He is the favourite of the village. He is the nephew of the Caid! He has three hundred cousins and uncles! They will kill me! They come! They come! Protect me!"

In the dim light Harland saw the advance. A black mass from which came an infamous clamour was moving across the sand. It flowed down upon the camp to an accompaniment of shrieks and yells and curses.

Harland stooped quickly and dragged the fear-paralysed Ali to the stretcher that supported Merrick. He pushed the Arab beneath the cot and hurriedly flung a blanket over the edge so that the fellow was concealed from view. In that instant he saw that Merrick was conscious. Harland swore and rushed back to the tent-flap to meet the swarm.

They wanted Ali! They shouted their demands. They screamed for the blood of the husband. The Caid himself made a claim for the fugitive. Ali had knifed his nephew who had made a perfectly proper early-morning call upon a lady acquaintance.

A fine and fearless protector was Richard Harland. His sympathy for Ali made him a rock against which the seeking hundreds surged in vain. He lied in a cold and convincing manner. Ali was not in the tent. He was not in the camp. Harland had seen him dash by in the grey light of the dawn and disappear in the wastes.

The Caid, a huge man, wished to look within the tent. He tried to push Harland aside. Harland was on edge. He caught the village chieftain by his flowing burnoose and hurled him backward amongst his followers. Hadn't he said that Ali had rushed out into the desert? Did the Caid wish to call him a liar? He, Harland, had told the truth. Not one of the crowd would be permitted to step within the tent!

Angry but cowed the Caid turned to the crowd and shouted an order. The mob streamed out across the desert. Harland watched their splay feet scatter the sand as they deployed in line formation to search the dunes for Ali. When the last gasping pursuer had rushed past the tent Harland turned, tore the flap aside and entered.

Merrick was conscious. He looked at Harland as the latter entered. Harland thought that there was a slight smile upon the drawn face of the sick man. Merrick had heard the argument, knew that he, Harland, had lied.

For the space of half a minute the two stared at each other, then Merrick wearily closed his eyes.

Harland pulled the blanket aside and routed out Ali. The road to Beni Abbès lay in the opposite direction to that taken by the searchers. The sun was not yet up; there was a chance for Ali to sneak out on the road the caravan would take that evening. Some miles from the village he could secrete himself and await their coming.

Hurriedly Harland gave him his instructions and pushed him out of the tent. He watched him as he fled. A pursued gazelle would have had a close competitor in Ali.

Harland stepped back into the tent. Merrick's eyes were open. The faint smile was again visible on the face of the sick man. Harland scowled.

Merrick moistened his lips and spoke with much effort. "Saved him?" he murmured. "Fine."

To Richard Harland there came a strong desire to throttle Merrick. It would be so easy. There was no one to make a searching inquiry. No argus-eyed police, no snooping coroner. If he rested his big right hand for a few moments on the neck of the fellow there would be no necessity to take him further.

Harland felt that Merrick guessed the thought that was in his mind. Sure that he guessed. The dark eyes of the younger man seemed to read the murderous thoughts of the other.

Land of the Mirage

Harland fought the impulse. He saw a bedroom at Colomb-Béchar, the arrival of Denise, himself as the sneering husband. "Madam, will you please meet your paramour! . . . And you, sir, are you not delighted to see your mistress? She has hurried from Oran to be at your bedside." . . . Hate, surging splendidly up within him, made him see the bare room of the desert hotel, made him feel the coating of sand that would grind crisply under his boots as he stood aside to stare at the meeting. He wiped his eyes angrily as if wiping away a transfer that fine spleen had stuck there.

The roaring sun fell upon the searchers in the wastes and drove them back to the village. They passed Harland's camp, dragging their legs and snooping with suspicious eyes. The Caid made another attempt to inspect the tent, fearful that he would lose face with his people through being assaulted by the big Englishman.

Harland had the look of a killer at that moment. The little devils of murder were rioting within him, and he thought if he killed the Caid they might be satisfied and let him take Merrick to Denise.

The Caid saw the fingers that groped blindly at the holster as he begged permission to look into the tent. Saw them and grew afraid. He said he would report the affair to the French authorities, then he walked back to his women and his sherbet. His nephew was a fool to chase the wife of a camel-man. She was pretty, no doubt, but the nephew should have been certain that Ali was not returning. The Caid wondered if the lady, now that her husband was a fugitive murderer, might not be worth looking at. Perhaps the lady might even then be thinking the Caid would look at her.

Harland, sprawling in his tent, seemed to know of this possibility. Know of the fleeting effect of the tragedy. The knowledge hurt him. He tried to make a wall of disbelief against it. He damned the land. He damned the heat, the throbbing sensuousness, the ever-present desire. . .

A drum in the village struck at the silence, a drum with a trembling note that stirred the blood. Harland tried to plug his ears against its continuous and unchanging assaults. It asked him questions—at least, he thought so . . . Did he love Denise? . . . Of course he loved her! Hadn't he married her? . . . Throbbing the drum. Questioning . . . Why, if he loved her, did he devote so much time to stupid affairs that took him away from her? . . . Well, a man had to do this and that. He couldn't sit all his life by the side of a woman. Mollycoddle stuff . . . But if one loved? asked the drum. If a man loved with all his heart, he would never leave a woman. If Ali had loved he wouldn't have gone away and left his young wife to stay through the long nights. The long, hot nights . . .

Harland retorted that the wife of Ali was a coloured woman. There was no comparison between her and Denise. None at all. Why, hell! Denise had the bluest blood of Devon in her veins.

The beat of the drum became, so Harland thought, a torrent of words. Words that struck at him. Struck at everything that he thought sacred in the relationship between men and women. Hadn't Denise the same hot blood in her veins that made that dashing cavalry officer oblivious to the fact that his leg had been shot away? The same fine pulsing stream! Wasn't she linked with the boy colonel who fell single-handed on the enemy at the Battle of Ciudad Rodrigo? . . . Can't play fast and loose with people of that breed, it sobbed. Bit of a fool, Dick! You don't understand thoroughbreds. No breeding yourself. Smell of the stable on you.

Harland rose and stamped out into the sunshine. By the mud wall of the village there passed a procession of women. Women draped in robes of many colours. Colours that stabbed at the senses. Colours that had, like the drum, the faculty of speech. Scarlets that were like spouting blood in the white light; azures that formed at times a flashing contact with the sky; queer magenta tints that were sinful . . . "Nothing neutral here," throbbed the drum. "Things are primitive, real, clutchable."

THREE kilometres from the village Ali crept out of a clump of camel-thorn and joined the caravan. His white teeth flashed in the moonlight. They told him that the nephew of the Caid was dead. He laughed. The teasing camel-boys hinted that the Caid had taken an interest in the young wife. The Caid's questioning of her had been very long. Ali grinned. Africa was big, there were millions and millions of women on its broad bosom. If he could escape the far-reaching hand of the French he didn't care. He cursed the French. They were bringing a new code into Africa. A fool code in love affairs.

Harland heard Ali (Continued on page 112)

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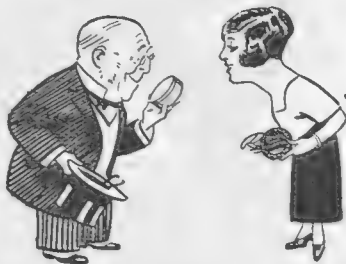
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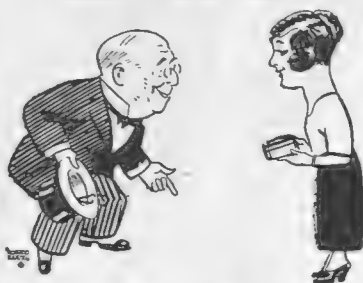
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discussing this code with one of the boys. His, Ali's, wife had a right to do what she did if she could get away with it. So had the nephew of the Caid. It was a little game that they played with love and chance. In Africa it had always been so, and always would be so, in spite of all the laws that the French brought in to control it.

"There you are," whispered the wind, as it brought the words of the argument to the ears of Harland. "These simple folk understand. Fine hot blood. Tom-toms in the heart! Romance! Ali, the supposedly injured husband, understands. Thought she had the right to gamble for a little amusement. No hate for the nephew of the Caid. Love is a game here. A fine game..."

Harland set his teeth and fought the arguments of the breeze and the warm, perfumed night. Harland was for the code that civilisation had put upon the world. Women were—well, women were the property of men who were kind enough to marry them. The property of husbands. It was no game at all. It was a very serious business into which knife-play or anything like that didn't enter. Not at all.

"Well, what will you do after all?" queried the wind.

Harland smiled grimly. "I'll see how two thoroughbreds act under the whip!" he growled. "Then—then—well, I'll see what a common plater like myself wants to do." Again came the vision of the hotel bedroom at Colomb-Béchar, the heat-shutters thrown wide so that he could see the faces of Denise and Merrick. Again he felt the fine layer of sand upon the tiled floor, saw the kalsomined walls, the dreadful bareness of the room.

The night rolled on. Ali and the camel boys tired of their discussion. Out on the sands a jackal howled his defiance.

At sunrise Beni Abbès rose out of the wastes. The soft blue of the palm trees of the oasis showed against the horizon. The camels quickened their steps, their snaky heads questing as they lurched forward. In their camel brains they heard the waters of the Saoura like soft music.

Camel-boys chanted softly. They laughed and joked as they shouted a farewell to Ali. Ali had dropped behind. He had no intention of making a public entry into the little village. In the night, perhaps, when the arm of France lay heavy in sleep he might creep into the ksar. He knew a woman there. Perhaps it might happen, if Mohammed willed, that the woman's husband was away on an expedition. Who could tell?

Harland rode with set jaw. He was possessed of a feeling of high exaltation. He had survived the pleadings of the wind; he had repressed the desire to throttle Merrick. Within twenty-four hours now he would bring Denise and the sick man face to face. The palms of Beni Abbès swept towards him with welcoming fronds...

Harland sent a wireless message to Denise. He asked her to come at once to Colomb-Béchar. He stated that they had returned on account of illness, but he left her to guess the sick person. He grinned spitefully as he pictured her anxiety.

He visited the bureau of the *Compagnie Générale Trans-Saharienne*. He made a satisfactory arrangement for a car to take himself and Merrick. They would leave Beni Abbès at seven the following morning and reach Colomb-Béchar, two hundred and forty kilometres away, at two o'clock in the afternoon. Harland rubbed his hands. The express from Oran would reach

Land of the Mirage

Colomb-Béchar a little after four. He would have time to fix Merrick in the hotel before the arrival of Denise.

IT was as Richard Harland had pictured. Merrick lay on the bed, propped up with two pillows. He was conscious, but the latter part of the journey had weakened him considerably. Harland had horrible doubts as to whether he would be alive to meet Denise. He had told Merrick she was coming, and he felt that the man was making a very definite effort to keep alive till she arrived. He pondered over this. Why should he fight off death so that he could get a glimpse of Denise? Why?

There was a flurry at the entrance of the hotel. It was Denise! Harland heard her voice questioning. "*Mon Mari? Est-il ici?*"

Harland called out to her. He was a little afraid. The man on the bed had heard the voice and he looked, so Harland thought, as if he was going fast. The clutch of the great reaper was upon him.

"This way, Denise!" he cried excitedly. "This way! Quick!"

She was beside him. "*Richard!*" she cried, excitedly. "I thought—I thought it was you! I—"

Rather roughly Harland took her by the shoulder and turned her into the room. He pushed her towards the bed, then wheeled so that he could observe their faces. It was just as he had dreamed it would be. Even the carpet of sand beneath his feet.

Merrick was speaking. The effort was tremendous. The fellow was fighting—fighting with death. Each word he uttered was agony. The perspiration rolled down his fever-sunken cheeks.

"Mrs. Harland!" he cried, "I—I have kept alive so that—that I could ask your pardon! Please forgive me?"

"For what?" gasped Denise, and the eyes of Harland swung from one to the other in astonishment.

"I stole something from your valise at Oran!" cried Merrick. "I—I don't know why. You—you were so kind to me! It—it was a photograph! A signed photograph! Please say—" He choked, raised a hand to his lips and fell back upon the pillow. Death had shut off the plea...

An hour later Denise and Harland stood together in the hall-way of the hotel. Harland was a little stunned. He had watched his wife closely. In an undertone he had communed with himself. "God! They were clever! He, Merrick, said he had stolen the photograph! That was good! *Stolen it!* And she—Denise! Lord, how she took it! *Cool!* Cool as a cucumber! Thoroughbreds! Both of them! Fact! Damned thoroughbreds! Blood! Breeding and—and all that."

Denise spoke softly. "That photograph Mr. Merrick spoke of?" she murmured. "Did—did you see it?"

"He must have dreamed it all," said Richard Harland. "Delirium, you know. Off his head. I went through all his stuff when he went down with the fever. There was no—no photograph there. Nothing of yours."

Harland's strong fingers hidden in the pocket of his coat, were grinding the photograph of Denise into a ball of pulp. He could be a thoroughbred too. Damned if he couldn't.

END

V.C.'s of the Great Slump

(Continued from page 13)

is still, in the pleasant Mancunian that she is wise enough to retain) to pray a little prayer before she started forth to what well might have been her premature Waterloo... but—was not.

It was not: infant Alan had chosen his parents wisely: and Live Wire Amy was started on the road that still leads her on. One wonders if she has noticed there's been a slump on? I think hardly. Except that daily she feeds some 600 unemployed with soup, from her own private purse. "I remember me hard times..." is her only comment. She does, too. When she was about eight her father fell out of work and little Amy took a jug to the soup kitchen in Stockport Road, Manchester.

And to-day—the telephone wires vibrate to that vivid description backed by a vivid personality: "I open my showrooms at 6 a.m., for the early workers: to while away the time I take music lessons and practise... for I mean to be a success, I have this motto in my room, 'I WILL SUCCEED.'"

It is the same "Live Wire Amy" who, when she first married, took her husband's kindly criticism of her accent to heart and who started out to learn the "Queen's English"—but had only got through one lesson (that Water Mill!) before she was teaching it to some six pupils at two bob a time...

UNDER a huge arched span of one of the most modern buildings in Britain, you will find the continuation of a story that began—on a cabbage patch that rumour insists was the foundation of the vast hangar. The story is told by the third of three "mad" young men—or so their friends said they were, just ten years back.

Sitting in his essentially modern office under the curved eaves of the hangar, Mr. Denman will tell you about Mr. Muntz and Mr. Norman—he will omit Mr. Denman. Three young men were up at Cambridge together—all taking engineering; when the Great Peace closed in on the "heroes" of the Great War they started civil work again and, for a time, all was peace and uneventful regularity with one of them in the Metropolitan Railways and the other with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. Then these two, Nigel Norman and Alan Muntz, took up that daring business, aviation, as a hobby. But, as it does, flying "got" them both: and Nigel Norman became the first man to be an aero owner-driver.

Shortly after this—about 1924 or so—according to their acquaintances, two young and respectable engineers in safe and excellent jobs went mildly mad. Their madness was definitely obvious in 1929 when Messrs. Norman and Muntz bought a cabbage patch off the (Continued on page 114)

"TRYING THIS AND THAT WILL NEVER IMPROVE YOUR SKIN..."

SAYS JANE SEYMOUR

Yesterday I was looking at a woman's dressing-table. It was absolutely loaded with pots and bottles—nearly all only half used.

'What's all this?' I exclaimed.

'Oh, I always like to try new things,' she said. 'You never know when you'll come across something that'll work a miracle.'

What childish superstition! And how unkind to the skin! The skin *cannot* be bullied or shocked into perfection. As I tell every client who comes to me: I *can* plan a simple home treatment for you that will make you ten times lovelier. But you must be faithful to it! Otherwise, I'd rather not treat you.

You see my creams and lotions *persuade* the skin back to health and youthfulness. They are made from the purest vegetable oils, and rare herbs. If you trust them, in a week you will see the fine, clear colour

of your face emerging — just like a flower growing in the sun.

But it's so much better if I can meet you and make a thorough study of your skin. Do come and see me. Then I'll be able to tell at once which preparations will help you most.

Here's another practical suggestion. I have packed all my most important preparations in a Trial Beauty Box. Generous supplies of Cleansing Cream, Wrinkle Cream, Foundation Cream, Astringent, Petal, and Hand Lotions, Complexion Milk, Cleansing Milk, and Juniper Skin Tonic—and a copy of my book, 'The Science and Art of Loveliness' — **all for 4/6**. Ask for it at any good shop which sells beauty preparations. If you have any difficulty write to me, Jane Seymour Ltd. 23 Woodstock Street, Bond Street, W.1.

Meet the GIRL MEN want to KISS



She knows how to Accentuate Natural Loveliness

HER lips are neither a coarsening streak of paint, nor a faded, colourless line. Instead she has accentuated the cupid's bow of her mouth with a lipstick that gives the healthy, youthful glow that men admire, without that painted look. Only Tangee could do this, for only Tangee incorporates the magic colour-change principle that makes it intensify natural colouring.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

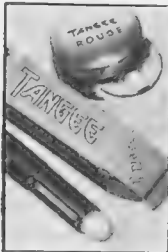
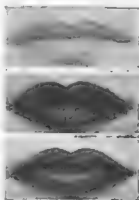
In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes on your lips to the one shade of rose most becoming to you. No smearing, and no red spots on teeth or handkerchief when you use Tangee. Tangee becomes a very part of you, instead of a greasy coating, hence is longer-lasting than ordinary "paint" lipsticks.

Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base so that it soothes and softens lips while it adds to their allure. No drying, cracking or chapping of lips when you use Tangee. Get Tangee to-day—4/6 and 2/6 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural colour, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives same natural colour as the lipstick.

Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the Store that gives you what you ask for.

Trial sizes of Tangee Lipstick Rouge Compact and Powder, are obtainable everywhere at 6d. each.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

LUFT TANGEE, LTD.
Johnson's Place, Pimlico, London, S.W.1

Great West Road and announced their intention of creating an airport...

You will remember what 1929 felt like... the shadow of the oncoming storm was noticeable—the Great Slump was closing in; but not on the two "madmen." Still under thirty and with little or no experience of administering large sums of money, of management of clubs or flying schools or restaurants—with only their conviction, courage and engineering knowledge to back them and a relatively small capital—they started serenely...

There are now three offices under the eaves of their tremendous hangar: each of the two pioneers has one and the third belongs to Mr. Denman, who is telling me this story; he, fired by the example of his two friends and that enthusiasm that takes no account of "Safety First"—left his work at the Science Museum and came to Heston; Heston that was rapidly becoming fashionable as well as most efficient. And so, one-time wireless instructor, he gaily helped them to further spectacular efficiency and confounding of faint hearts.

England, officially blighted by the economic blizzard, warmed to the impudence of her younger men and business flowed in to Heston—and England was not enough. Messrs. Norman and Muntz, looking for fresh cabbage fields to conquer, lighted (literally) on Egypt. "Air-work" made that bit of desert flower, aerially, like their English cabbage patch.

And so it went on: did they know there was a slump on? They did (and do) not.

The telegraphically brief interview ends—ends as we climb down the shell of the hangar by the office steps to watch the Jersey Service start and visualise England of to-morrow with its network of internal airlines...

Together these three are fighting the airman's worst and last enemy, *Fog*—and here Mr. Denman (that wireless expert) is the spearhead of the firm's advance. One success is by no means enough: the firm of aeronautic consultants, Mr. Norman, Mr. Muntz and Mr. Dawbarn (who designed this tremendous hangar and the modern air-town) are casting a wider net, roaming the countries of the world with a most aerially predatory eye for advance in commercial air travel—you see, they got off the mark first and so are now feeling the advantages of the first brave "mad" sprint...

THE ground was a sad place during the slump: one does not wonder that the younger moderns loved getting into the air—the commercial air was still apparently the one place that man had not—yet—muddled!

And because it was only reasonable to exploit a new element, the modern Elizabethans took to the air in more cases than one, or two—and when the rest of the world was digging itself in behind economies, I found two adventurers with an aeroplane, at Stag Lane. They had started with little capital except courage and ability—and a rather dogged staying power. But they were neither grim, nor male; but two unconsciously good-looking young women.

The story began at Stag Lane: when a young reporter is alleged to have found an overalled blonde female qualifying for her ground engineer's licence and (one imagines, for nothing else can justify her misleading of the poor young man) worried her with questions. What was she going to do when she qualified? It was inevitable that she should answer, shortly: "Fly to America..." and that the young woman working alongside should succumb to the same temptation as the earnest young man listened, and ornament the story with ridiculous suggestions of flying by the Northern route, alighting on icebergs—and so on. Anyhow, to the cold horror of the students of aeronautics the whole thing appeared in a certain paper... in all its idiocy! But, it gave the two women an idea—why not take this flying business seriously, together?

The adventure was not easy of accomplishment: parental and other opposition was overcome—and the first all-woman air taxi firm was founded just as the lean years began and the timid took refuge.

These two, Pauline Gower, "B" Licence Pilot, and Dorothy Spicer, Ground Engineer, had a struggle before they could launch their business;

V.C.'s of the Great Slump

the pilot gave lectures and violin recitals, and the engineer worked in a famous shop to raise the necessary cash. They were given a 'plane, and then they set themselves up in a field near Wallingford, living on faith and hope and the smell of a match: living actually in a hut with their dog; cooking and cleaning when they were not flying. And, at first, they did not fly too often.

At last, when it was seen that good looks were not a handicap to safety and efficiency, their Spartan three-seater was increasingly chartered for English and foreign flights, and the two first women to establish an air transport business succeeded—although they had had the impertinence to challenge the Slump as well as the conventions.

THERE is a quiet man in a tiny office in a new building on the fringe of greater London: past his office roars the motor traffic on the Kingston By-pass—the raw material of an amazing success. I would quote his name but that I have been categorically forbidden to do so. But nothing can prevent my saying that both Mr. X—and his brother (who is his partner) are very largely responsible for the newest of all recreations of the Moderns, "road-housing..."

Here is the story as it was told me... two brothers found themselves after the War trained as Civil Engineers, and with a fair prospect of success in carrying out Public Works contracts. One day, since they needed a yard for storing their heavy plant, one suggested, "Why not buy that corner site on the new Great West Road—build a modern luxury petrol station to help pay for the cost of the plant yard..." They bought it, and this, I think, was the first recorded instance of the series of famous "WHY NOTS" that led to the roadhouses we know now as the Aces of Spades!

For they bought the site. Then, "Why not start a repair shop?" They did so, and dealt with roadside repairs—and numerous crashes. "Why not some place for motorists to eat and wait while these repairs were being done..." Why not, indeed! And so, after certain trial and error vicissitudes, the thing succeeded. And why not a Night Service? That succeeded!

And so on—and ON! Soon a second site, this time on "that new Kingston By-pass." This venture materialised as a modern club, café, dance floor, swimming pool... rapid expansion during the winter for the summer rush and, finally, "Why not more floor space... out-of-door possibilities..." And so, through the Depression an increasing number of men employed planting the most carefully planned ideas. Thus was the Inn-of-the-Moderns born in mid-Slump by courage out of imagination, and reared on brain-waves and British labour!

SCENE: a famous club for actors and actresses: Stagers old and new, grouped grousing round the hearth... typical of the Depression which, in this room, you could "cut with a knife." It was therefore pleasant to find that the one woman in Britain who has started a—successful boxing school for women, started it as a sideline to her own stage work, because it is better to have to be up and doing than wait for hard times.

Patricia Cavendish has no mind for inactivity: she is rehearsing a new show, but "because the stage is so precarious I thought it essential to have a side line"—and the side line is belligerent indeed. *Boxing practised among women for exercise, health and fitness is one of the finest things imaginable*, and in her school at Streatham Patricia teaches her classes (half of whom are married women...!) how to deal with bandits and bag snatchers and—others. Patricia was trained by a great amateur sportsman and has done a tour of the halls in a boxing act; but she is first and foremost a competent actress, and takes her boxing as a fine recreation. A nice little business that is a firm rock in the shifting sands of a difficult profession.

PERHAPS the most impressive interview of all was an amazing ten minutes spent behind the scenes at the British Industries Fair with the chief executive, owner (Continued on page 117)

Let "RANEE" read your Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

Send for this 60 page
FREE modern Recipe Book

5

Advantages that have made the "MINETTE" the most popular gas cooker.

1 The cover folds down and covers the top of the cooker and the taps—transforming it into a pleasing piece of furniture.

2 Ideal for kitchenettes, flats, bungalows and for living rooms of small houses.

3 Beautifully finished in white and mottled enamel. Every part is easily rubbed down and cleaned.

4 Insulated door panel conserves the heat. Bars are flattened to prevent pans from tipping.

5 Mounted on a stand the "Minette" obviates the kneeling and stooping necessary with old-fashioned cookers.



PARKINSON

Ask to see the "Minette" at your nearest gas showrooms, or write direct to THE PARKINSON STOVE COMPANY, LTD., STECHFORD, BIRMINGHAM

*Clever sewing secrets ?
I call it clever thread!*



Says
**MERLE
OBERON**

(The famous Film Star)

PEOPLE who see Merle Oberon's needlework often marvel at the neatness of her stitches. But Miss Oberon refuses to take all the credit herself.

"Without Lister's IMPERIAL, I could never do such neat stitching," she declares. "Being silk

itself, this thread blends almost invisibly with the silk fabrics, and makes neater seams than any other thread I've ever used."

Obtainable from your draper in a very wide range of the newest shades.

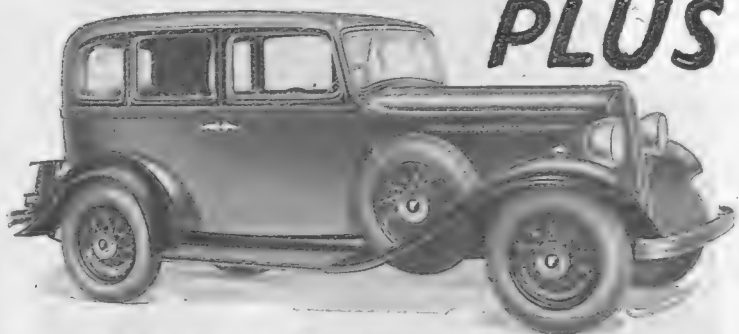
ALWAYS USE

Lister's **IMPERIAL**
Sewing or Machine SILK



L15B6

ALL THE FEATURES OTHERS HAVE GOT PLUS



+ "SQUARE" ENGINE

This new engine feature means greater power with lower engine speeds, greatly reduced wear and tear on all the auxiliary engine components, less strain on the whole transmission, and giving wonderfully silent, smooth flexibility. The technical experts of both the "Autocar" and the "Motor" agree concerning the effortless performance of the Ardita.

+ PILLARLESS BODIES

A clean break-away from tradition: FIAT ingenuity has eliminated the central pillar, so that getting in or out on either side is entirely unrestricted. No acrobatics!

REMEMBER THAT THESE ARE "PLUS" FEATURES

15 H.P. from £360. Other models from £190

The Ardita has, as well, all the features others have stressed, and are fully described in an illustrated brochure, sent on receipt of coupon below.

FIAT

A trial run in your own district carries no obligation.

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Address.....

FIAT (ENGLAND) LTD., 43/44, Albemarle Street, W.1.

'Phone: Regent 3650.

Works and Stores: Lancelot Road, Wembley, Middlesex.

VAREEN

● THE SATISFACTION LIQUID NAIL POLISH

A Pleasure to use. Durable in colour and finish. Gives an exquisite finishing tone to My Lady's Toilet.

● FAVOURITE COLOURS

Natural, Rose, Deep Rose, Brilliant Rose, Pale Coral, Coral Pink, White.

Liquid Nail-Polish 1/-, 1/6 & 2/6

Remover - - - 1/6 & 2/-

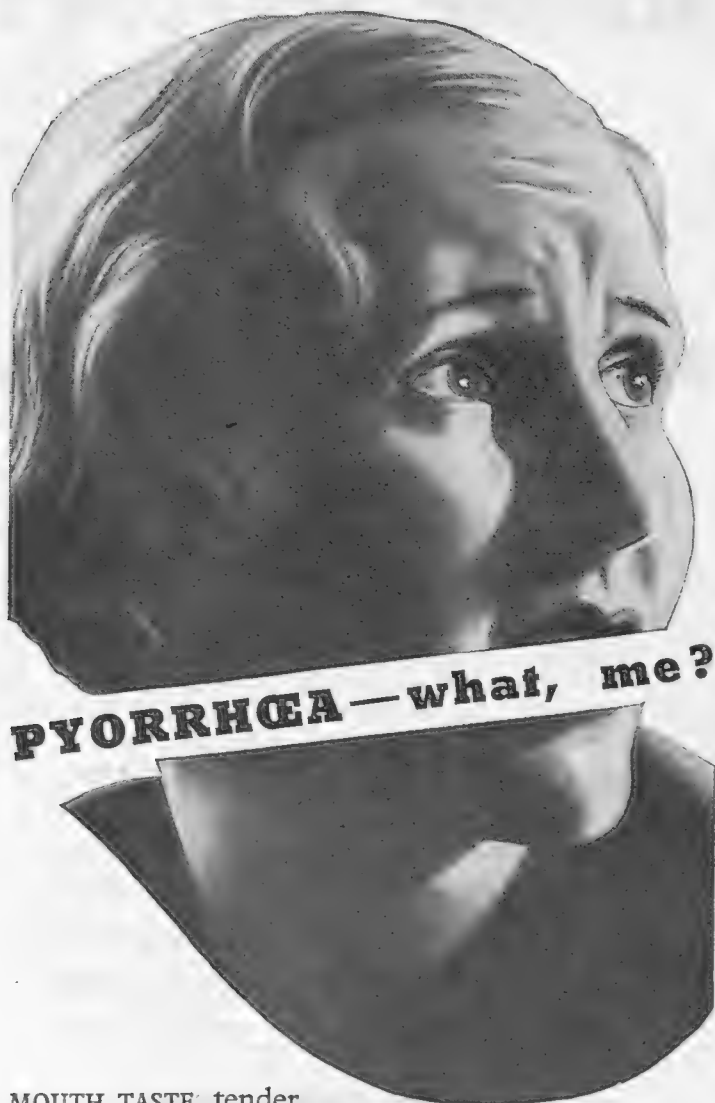
Cuticle Cream (softens and removes excess cuticle) 1/6 & 1/-

Obtainable from

Messrs. Harrods, Barkers, Marshall & Snelgrove, Selfridges, Whiteleys, all stores and chemists, including Boots Branches, Hairdressers and Manicurists

VAREEN LTD. London, W.11.





MOUTH TASTE, tender

gums, general lassitude are the danger signals! Fifteen years of undetected poisoning may elapse before pyorrhœa shows itself unmistakably, endangering good teeth which may then have to come out. All that time daily massage with Forhan's for the gums would check pyorrhœa; Forhan's used in time may prevent it altogether. Every civilised adult stands in this pressing peril; four out of every five over forty have pyorrhœa. Buy a tube of Forhan's to-day at any chemist. Give yourself this vital safeguard. If you have a family, see they get it too.

Forhan's

FOR THE gums

FORHAN'S LIMITED, ALDWYCH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2



Photograph: Walter Bird and Erik.

Nancy Burne

beautiful young stage and screen star,
now starring in "The Warren Case"—

decides to
**SWIM and BE
SMART—in SIRDAR**

All the signs for this season point to SIRDAR as the Wool for the smartest Swim Suits and Beach Wear.

Here is one design that will dominate many a gay gathering this summer. Note the threading of the straps at the back, ensuring support and preventing slackness in the water—the ribbing round the top... quite safe for the most boisterous beach play.

In SIRDAR ("So easy to knit") Wool, this little suit will make your holiday perfect, for SIRDAR has everything—non-shrinking, fast colours strength and elasticity and reliability...

LEAFLET No. 141

contains instructions
for this very smart
Swim Suit—from all
Wool Shops or 3d.
post free from makers.



SIRDAR

Sunshine

BATHING WOOL

Samples and nearest Agent from HARRAP BROS., BECTIVE MILLS, WAKEFIELD

VICHY-CELESTINS

The world-renowned **NATURAL** Mineral Water
Bottled as it flows from the Spring.



THIS famous **NATURAL** Mineral Water is invaluable in affections of the **LIVER**. Owing to the Salts and other mineral elements which it contains, it flushes the system and repels liverish tendencies. The unique properties of **VICHY-CELESTINS** are recognised by Physicians throughout the world.

VICHY-CELESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

Obtainable everywhere

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the **Sole Wholesale Agents:**
INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.
Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1.

Ideal Night Cap

A cup of "Allenburys" Diet taken just before retiring, ensures for the night that wonderful restorer—sound sleep.



is a perfectly balanced food made from whole wheat and fresh creamy milk.

It is easily made by adding boiling water or milk.

In tins at 2/1, 4/- and 7/6, of all chemists.

Send 3d. in stamps for a 4 lb. trial sample to

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3

V.C.'s of the Great Slump

and creator of a huge business. Only ten minutes—because she was busy. "She"—not he; Miss H. E. Mills, of "Milwata," who made rainy days bright and profitable . . . who insisted on making women of all countries bright, not drab, in the wet, and tailored figures rather than bundles of water proof!

Meet Miss Mills—quiet, competent, early middle-aged: extremely well dressed: and ask her how she led her venture through the Depression. It appears that she merely adjusted her forces, revised her plans and went steadily on; it was not too difficult, either, for she herself personally supervises not only her very many workers, but every order that comes in, every cheque, every design, every detail.

"Madame will see you . . ." said the tall, blonde woman who guarded all approaches to the sanctum behind the scenes; and the formal atmosphere was instantly dissipated by a cheerful "Bring her in, dear!" and I met "Madame." Here was a woman, famous in the world of her own business, who handled her vast interests and controlled her own creation, easily. No fuss time to look nice: time to be human: Miss Mills offered the Press a cigarette and told fragments of the romance that is behind her "one-man" business; the business that she has brought safely and sanely through the Slump.

The early days are interesting enough; the girl who went into raincoat business, specialising in this after her very early experience of fashions and styles; who decided that raincoats can be bright, smart and inexpensive; who divined what women want; who kept her finger on the pulse of the market . . . who never left any detail to chance, nor ever does.

Then came the moment when, working with a famous firm, she saw a necessity for leaving and starting on her own. "Madame" of the future did not hesitate; she walked (quietly, I am sure, for she talks quietly) OUT. She started on her own in the face of cut-throat competition; her assets, sound knowledge and an infinite capacity for taking pains . . . she, personally known to every buyer of importance, sold raincoats to every civilised country. Defied rain and dowdiness. Then the slump came; panic set in around; "Madame" kept a level head; she had her finger still on the pulse of the market; she dropped her prices and she made her designs still more attractive; she kept going on GOING ON; her staff is hand-picked; kindly enough as is the selection, only the best remain and "Madame" knows them all. Feminine intuition is harnessed to sound business sense, and a knowledge of needs and climates. You don't catch "Madame" napping, even on the details of average rainfall and its incidence . . . or whether women prefer hats to match their macks or not.

"Did the Depression affect you badly?" said I, rather incautiously. "Madame" smiled: "We had to adjust our policy and study our customers . . ." she said. But just then, when I was at last face to face with the quarry I had hunted throughout this article—the backbone of Britain's unshakable confidence—the blonde door guardian came in. There were buyers outside.

"All right, dear, I'll come . . ." said this successful woman who has her staff with her to a woman; and she went out. Perhaps I had hit on it after all—she had carried her workers with her through the lean years; the authentic officer touch that weathers every crisis.

I FOUND that again—this time it had flourished with its back to the wall in Hampstead when Ronald Adam led his tiny and fanatic band of workers to the establishment of the Embassy Theatre during the worst moments of the economic blizzard. With very little money, his whole career at stake and theirs, working by day and by night, mostly in a basement room, addressing circular letters, Ronald Adam, trained accountant and inheritor of tremendous stage background, fought his way, inch by inch, into his theatre and established it as a success.

Only a "madman" would have tried to run a luxury trade, good drama, when the world around was bowed to the economic storm. Only an inspired "madman" would have succeeded. He did.

Then, very briefly, two interviews: the first in a basement in Cromwell Road, where the only woman Master Mariner in Britain and a veteran of two wars—the first film camera operator to film any war—has weathered the Great Depression.

Then, during the War, it was "PEER'S NIECE IN THE TRENCHES," "DECORATED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE . . ." and so on. After the War—eventually how to keep going. Jessica Borthwick gathered together a team of talented Russian musicians in her basement; she is half-Russian herself and, (Continued on page 118)



When you select

your lovely 1934 Jantzen

take your time . . . it will be a very important item in your wardrobe... and one of the most admired . . . its perfect fit, close and snug to your figure, will give you confidence and comfort...and there's such pleasure in its loveliness of style and colour. The "SUNAIRE," which you see here . . . with its perfect brassiere . . . is one of the delightfully smart 1934 models designed for the girl and younger woman.

The Red Diving Girl identifies your Jantzen.

... FIT
... STYLE
... BEAUTY

Jantzen
Swimming Suits

PERMANENT FACE REJUVENATION

BY THE

Manners

TREATMENT

is guaranteed to make the Face look 15 years younger

A HAPPY YOUTHFUL FACE

is A WOMAN'S greatest asset.

Keeping up with the times, keeping young in looks as well as in spirit, keeping vital and interesting is what matters.

No one bothers about your age—so long as you LOOK young—but how often does one hear the remark "She must be getting on" when tell-tale lines from NOSE to MOUTH, WRINKLES around the EYES, SAGGING CHEEKS and NECK definitely denote that age is creeping on. The Manners Treatment makes all these disappear permanently, and without discomfort, in ONE VISIT. Call and have a chat with Madame Manners—it will be a revelation to you to hear her explain her treatment and prove definitely what she can do to restore YOUR Face to its former youthful appearance, and incidentally give you a new lease of happiness.

Madame Manners is an ENGLISHWOMAN and the only woman giving this treatment.

Doctors will personally recommend.

Personal Consultation Free. Hours 10.30—6.30.

MADAME MANNERS, Ltd., 43, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

Fee from 5 guineas

Phone: Regent 2683



Drinks of Supreme Merit



SEAGER'S EGG FLIP

Unrivalled as a pick-me-up—an original full strength compound of the yolks of English New Laid Eggs and fine Wines—that gives vigour and vitality to young and old alike. "The very essence of convalescence"—*vide original testimonial*. A modest demand on your purse—it only costs you 5/6 for a full size bottle.

FREE RECIPE BOOKLET

● Write for your free copy of "Egg Flip" in the Kitchen"—an interesting booklet giving numerous recipes for the use of Seager's Egg Flip as a delicious culinary asset.

SEAGER'S Genuine BRONX COCKTAIL

The most popular full strength cocktail—an outstanding example of skilled blending, appetising, exhilarating, and zestful at all times. No essences are used; it's the fresh orange that gives such a delightful flavour to Seager's Bronx. 5/6 per full size bottle.

● Both these Seager Products are guaranteed full strength, and every bottle bears the gold label of Purity awarded by the British Analytical Control.

SEAGER, EVANS & CO. LTD. LONDON, S.E.8
Distillers and Proprietors of SEAGER'S GIN.
Famous since 1805.

V.C.'s of the Great Slump

as she also says, "trained them on faith, hope and the smell of a match. . ." A famous Russian émigré airman to help her, and a successful television turn to register progress . . . Jessica Borthwick, limping still from her wounds, Vladimir Launitz, the Russian airman, Miss Borthwick's mother—these have "held the fort" for their art against slump and, intact, have survived the depression.

BECAUSE all gallantry is not confined to Bactual business, there is interest in one of the most amazing careers of the younger men of to-day in modern art. Meet Hugh Perceval as he is now: outside his windows is Wardour Street; and Mr. Perceval is the British Production Supervisor of Columbia Pictures and has steadily advanced in the most difficult profession of all through the slump years. He joined the film industry as—office boy; that was the only way in! Gradually he has made himself indispensable to those who value the most accurate knowledge of stories, casting and every detail of film production. Hugh Perceval has built up those files of his that are worth a king's ransom to the film trade; a few years back he made up his mind to do this; and now, after those intervening years, *slump years*, the ex-office boy has a four-figure salary and success. . . .

Not long after the war Arundell Clarke sat—an ex-officer of Indian cavalry—on an office stool—then he took a chance on an idea. Modern post-war incomes demanded efficient home equipment at a reasonable price . . . he believed he could design furniture fit for modern purposes at a price within the crisis bank balance.

He started at the beginning of the Depression; when things were at their worst I would disentangle Arundell Clarke, if I then wanted to see him, from a mass of plans and electricians and designers; he was extending his business; when things got worse still he bought short leases and decorated his own flats which he, later, let; and when only recently the economy brigade came out of its funk holes, it found the ex-Indian cavalryman had advanced on all fronts under the barrage! In company of those who kept British Business in the field.

END

From Nursery to Playroom

(Continued from page 63)

which is quite as important, especially when there is no garden. Ideally, one wants certain simple apparatus. I have seen a very successful climbing-frame installed in one corner of a not over-large room, also a wooden rod designed for jumping over, resting in a series of slots in a doorway and poised so as to tip easily when touched. I have met, too, a swing from a ceiling-hook, a vertically hanging rope, parallel-bars, a punch-ball, and an indoor see-saw, not to mention varieties of the rocking-horse.

None of these, however, can be said to be really essential. My own children have always concocted their apparatus for themselves, their favourite climbing-frame being evolved from a step-ladder, a barrel, a clothes-horse and a dis-used ironing-board; they have also used the board effectively as a see-saw and a chute, and swung from a broomstick balanced between their chest-of-drawers and a stout shelf of convenient height. In doing this sort of thing, children naturally tend to damage not only their apparatus, but the room itself; for one thing, their laced walking shoes are considerably harder on paint and polish than their booties in wool or kid used to be. It is, however, possible to reduce damage from kicks by enforcing soft shoes for indoors, or even bare feet when it is warm enough. And, by the way, overalls should be compulsory, too; if they are sufficiently unbabyish in design, like an engineer's dungarees or a carpenter's apron, no objection is likely to be raised.

END

Gossamer Threads woven into Loveliness

(Continued from page 60)

aristocratic of stockings are ready to charm the money from susceptible purses. This firm were, in fact, the pioneers of the British-made sheer silk stocking and were, until comparatively recent times, the only manufacturers in this country with the machinery to make stockings of the gossamer quality which women were beginning to demand.

The policy of discarding everything less than the best, both in connection with manufacture and materials, has proved overwhelmingly justified. It can almost be said that women have been educated by Aristoc to know what comfort, perfect fit and superlative appearance mean.

I have seen the scientific care that goes to the shaping and finishing of these stockings and I know their worth!

Perspiration Odour



Here is the modern way of dealing with perspiration odour—PERSTIK, the size of a lipstick and applied like a lipstick. Just a touch or two under the arms once a day, is all that is needed. Pure, white, greaseless—quick to act, pleasant to use.

★ For excessive perspiration PERSTOP is needed. Dries quickly, protects for days. 2/6 a bottle.

Perstik

2/6, from all high-class Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers.

Merchandising and Service Corporation Ltd.,
64 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Your summer kit!



10/- worth of VITA-CLEANING free

3-DAY
EXPRESS
SERVICE

if remittance
sent with
order.

Clark's
pay
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postage.

—by using Free Vouchers in the New Booklet all about VITA-Cleaning. A postcard brings it. This will show you how you can have new Summer Kit without buying new. You will never go back to dry cleaning once you have tested VITA-Cleaning. See how little it costs:—

VITA-Cleaned.
Tennis Frock 3/-
Sleeveless Jumper 1/6
Blazer 2/3
Suit, Costume, Frock or
Long Coat 4/-
Trousers or Plus Fours . . . 1/6
Raincoat (with reproofing) 5/6

Extra if Fur-Trimmed. Also for
Ruching, Repeating, or Repairing.

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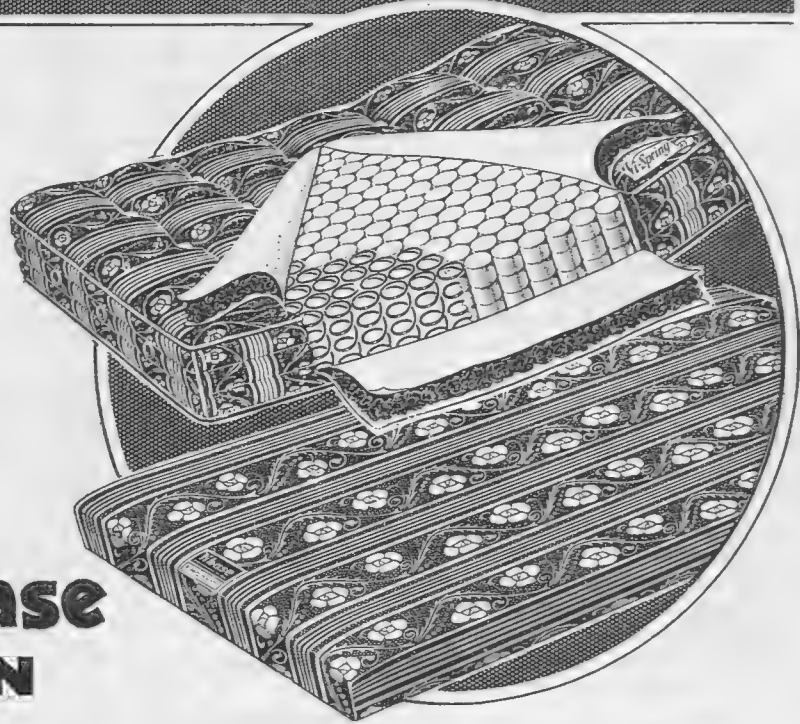
Clark's DYE WORKS LTD. Retford

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The Children's Salon and Competition Circle Conducted by "LEVANA" COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, February 15th

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Book Jacket. Prize 10s. Awarded to Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841. Hon. Mention: Zenobia Forster-Brown, G.C.S. 5958; W. G. Robertson, G.C.S. 6003; G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843; Marianne Birch, G.C.S. 5968.

Literature Competition.—The First Three Hundred Words of a Novel. Prize 10s. Awarded to Catherine Lawrence, G.C.S. 6013. Hon. Mention: Jane Castle, G.C.S. 5902; Martha W. Walker, G.C.S. 6000; Grace Street, G.C.S. 6022; Iris M. Collier, G.C.S. 6012; B. Little, G.C.S. 5832.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between C. Mylchreest, G.C.S. 6018, and Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578. Hon. Mention: Pleasance Warren, G.C.S. 4949; Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583; Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Cretone. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mollie O'Reilly, M.C.S. 3430. Hon. Mention: Brenda Milligan, M.C.S. 3345; Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242.

Literature Competition.—Verse Advertising Cigarettes. Prize 10s. Awarded to Jean Lawes, M.C.S. 3319. Hon. Mention: Margery Hall, M.C.S. 3342.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Illustration to a Nursery Rhyme. Prize 5s. Awarded to Ann Casswell, A.C.S. 1597. Hon. Mention: Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 5s. Awarded to John Harris, A.C.S. 1037. Hon. Mention: Rachel Cunningham, A.C.S. 1472.

Award of Prizes, March 1st

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Portrait Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to D. A. Hart, G.C.S. 5999. Hon. Mention: Irene Weir, G.C.S. 5985; Dahlia Anson, G.C.S. 5806. Dorée M. Waller, G.C.S. 6021; Ursula A. C. Moss; G.C.S. 5995.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Kay Holland, G.C.S. 5868. Hon. Mention: Gwendoline Allen, G.C.S. 5969; Aldyth Martinson, G.C.S. 5959.

Needlework Competition.—Anything White. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Kathleen Whittaker, M.C.S. 3230. Hon. Mention: Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242; Elizabeth King, M.C.S. 3481; Evangeline Weir, M.C.S. 3605; Kenneth Walker, M.C.S. 3472.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Veronica Ward, M.C.S. 3290. Hon. Mention: M. G. Pillay, M.C.S. 3397; Olive Pingree, M.C.S. 3400.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Divided between Veronica Price Harris, A.C.S. 1281, and Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422. Hon. Mention: Betty Smith, M.C.S. 3455; Barbara Barker, A.C.S. 1470.

Literature Competition.—A Poem on a Favourite Animal. Prize 5s. Awarded to Sanchia Grimsdale, A.C.S. 1072. Hon. Mention: Anne C. M. Brown, A.C.S. 1560.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS (March 1)

Florence E. McCoy.—An interesting little study. It would have been still better if some space had been given to the evidence which was submitted for and against the accused in the second case.

Betty Crowther.—The idea is well worth while and there is almost enough in it for a light novel. As a short story it suffers from the sudden changes of scene, the resultant effect being far too disjointed. As always, the detail is very capably invented.

Stephanie Weir.—Bold and attractive in method but very false in colour. Don't confuse a still life sketch with poster work. The simplicity of the method is charming, but even so facts must be respected in such a study. The brown shadows have nothing of nature's subtlety.

B. Gardner.—This is good, but the rapid manner in which, after complaining so bitterly, albeit in amused fashion, you let all the virtues descend upon the anatomised one, won't do. You must introduce this *bouleversement* more delicately!

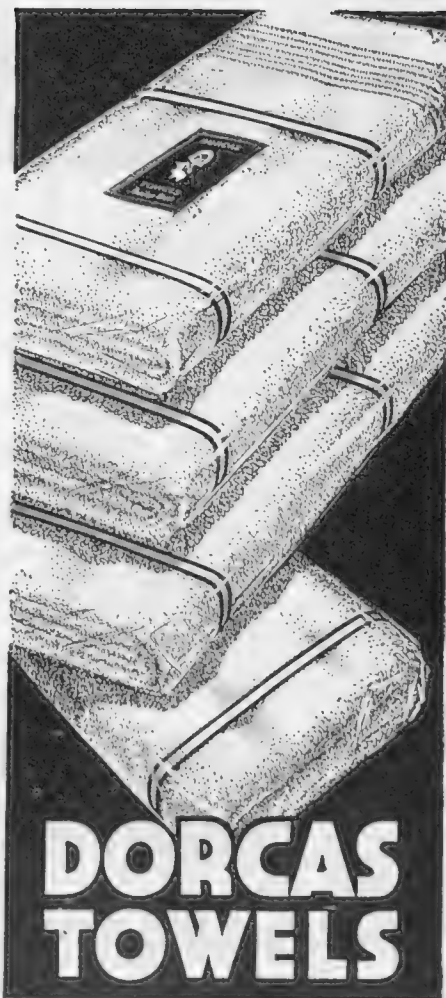
Catherine Baldwin.—You are possessed of a very sound philosophy, and although getting it on to paper isn't easy, you do manage to convey its spirit. A very interesting and stimulating little paper.

Kathleen Whittaker.—A strong and beautifully drawn group, slightly inclining towards blackness, but extremely vivid and clever in technique. A rather more shadowed background would have balanced the composition better, but fine work.

Maud Schwabe.—A lot of very careful and praiseworthy imitative work, of which the apple is easily best; the other objects lack breadth and repose, and the reflecting plane continuity. Capital colour, however.

D. A. Hart.—A very bright and lively sketch, harsh in tint but full of life and character. The vital pen work is very expressive, but the heavy containing line hurts rather than helps. On the whole, however, brim full of life and expression.

(Continued on page 122)



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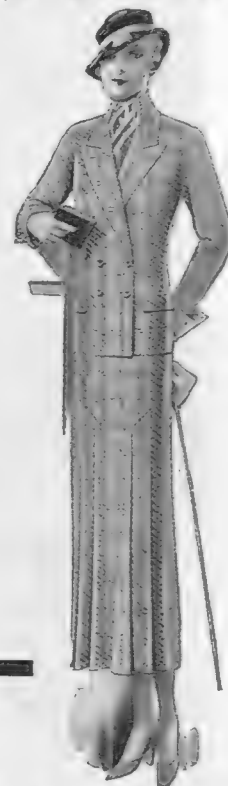
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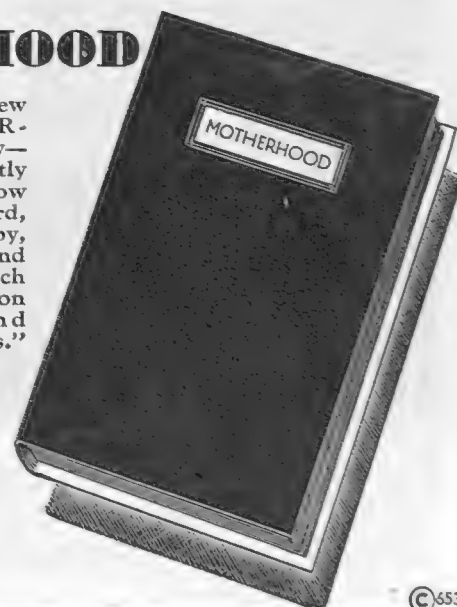


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A discovery which will do more for you than all the cosmetics in the world

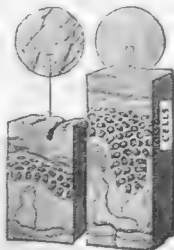
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B.E. May.

The Children's Salon

Joan Gibling.—A charming group, excellently drawn, and tender in colour scheme, though not quite strong enough to give textures and glitter a real chance. High lights, by the way, are seldom white.

Rachel Cunningham.—An amusing caricature, but you must study such details as the make of ears and nostrils, and wouldn't dark hair be an improvement? Plenty of spirit and go, which are useful qualities.

Irene McCoy.—Very well handled. The arguments are interestingly presented all through. The one fault is that the subject as a whole is a little blatantly brought forward. I confess it is difficult to see how this can be avoided.

Mary Gordon.—A sensitive little study, but as so much space at the beginning is assigned to the chimney-pot as spectator of the drama, it should be brought in again, similarly, at the close.

Catherine Mylchreest.—Such a plot is more suited to a long book than a short story, which, wherever possible, should deal with a single episode. The publication of the notice in *The Times* is a weak point, also. It would be almost impossible to keep the matter quiet after that.

Dora T. Malfatti.—The characterisation and the theme would have far more force if treated more naturally. The language is stilted, a tendency which has, I think, been growing on you of late. Guard against this. A living literature reflects its own age, remember.

Catherine Lawrence.—The first two verses are excellent, the last, as doubtless you are aware, shows signs of strain to preserve rhythm and rhymes. I am sure you can easily get round this.

Zenobia, Forster-Brown.—A bit disjointed but interesting and graphic. You do not correct with sufficient care, thus little slips are left in your manuscript, which should not be there.



The Children's Salon 14th Cot endowed in the Streatham Babies' Hospital

Jessie Stewart.—It is essential with such verse that the metre should everywhere be correct. You get a good rhythm going, and clearly you are capable of keeping the scanning accurate. Work at this again, therefore. It is worth the extra trouble.

Jane Castle.—A charming little tale. It is a fault, however, to introduce the swallow if there is to be no further reference to him, and the blending of the fairy element and the prosaic isn't quite happy. Still, you may be able to improve this later on. A story must be true to type all through.

May McCoy.—A very difficult theme which you handle well for the first page or so. After that there seems scarcely sufficient interest, and one looks in vain for a climax. A plot is as necessary for an effort of this sort as in the case of an ordinary story.

Beatrice Little.—The account of the plays is interesting, but the method of introducing it is rather clumsy. Also, the beginning suggests developments of a rather different character.

Veronica Ward.—Some very good drawing and colour but the reflections are very curious. The jar has been omitted, apparently, so that the reflected stems of the flowers seem to spring from its base. Work on larger sheets of paper. This size is a handicap. The story is excellent—such slight material, and yet because it is real it interests all through. These are the lines on which to work.

Jean Weir.—An ordinary pencil would help you to record facts more easily. Crayon isn't of much assistance and destroys the delicacy of the drawing when used in this fashion. You are beginning to appreciate line and form much more intelligently now.

Penelope Burra.—The background makes the effect a bit too hot to be pleasant and robs you otherwise charmingly painted group of much of its lovely colour. A cool background was an essential for success with such a study.

(Continued on page 124)

"I am glad they have put the Kirbigrips in these handy little wallets. Have you had yours?"

Elise Randolph



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KIRBIGRIP

is now sold in handy wallets for your handbag; these are supplied in various colours free of charge with 12 KIRBIGRIPS to the value of 6d.

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ing Case in limp
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Dr. Walter R. George

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The Children's Salon

Desirée Picton-Seymour.—The essentials have been well seized and stated and the perspective is distinctly good. A little more "colour" would have helped the effect. Try using a softer pencil.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—The eyes are a bit smudgy but considering the difficulty of using charcoal successfully on this paper you have come out of the ordeal remarkably well. Look for the "points of rest" in curves and adopt a rather more angular style. Very sound in modelling.

Gwendoline Allen.—The great point about this is that it rings true all through. These are real boys. Rather slight, otherwise, but certainly an interesting piece of work.

Jessie Wilkes.—Such things might well be in the minds of the people present, but I feel they would remain unspoken. Some allowance must be made for the usual reserve upon such matters, especially as nothing is said to show that these people are unconventional, in fact, quite the contrary.

M. J. Howarth.—This is the method for a book rather than a short story. It is important to bear the difference in mind. Long descriptions should be avoided and the plot evolved as rapidly as possible. This is too leisurely, particularly at the beginning.

Our Literary Competition Circle

Results of 172nd Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to Myra Ryam.

Hon. Mention: Gertrude Pitt, Kenneth Walker, Enid M. Norman, May Belben, "J. A. B.," Alix Boyd, "Ro.," "Stella," Victoria Tyrrell, E. Adams, G. Rideout Rowe, M. Scott Morris, Reginald Victor, "G. G.," "E. G. Y.," Ella Watson.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best completion of a Limerick beginning "There was a young barber of Brighton."

Awarded to "G. G."

Hon. Mention: Victoria Tyrrell, Alice Middleton, R. F. Pickwood, "Stella," B. Gibbs, Catherine Lawrence, R. C. Vine, "C. A. P.," J. H. G. Gibbs, F. Peel, Alix Boyd.

Results of 173rd Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to Lettie Cole.

Hon. Mention: "Bycullian," Elizabeth Adams, Penelope Bowers, "M. A. James," Kenneth Walker, "J. A. B.," F. Peel, Edward W. Hasnip, M. W. Harrison, Elizabeth Nicholson, Enid Norman, Alice Georgano, Alix Boyd, E. G. Atherstone, G. M. Hudson, "G. R. R.," D. Avril.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short argument constituting a lovers' quarrel.

Awarded to Ruth Pickwood.

Hon. Mention: E. G. Atherstone, Alice Georgano, E. G. Robins, Barbara Maile, Victoria Tyrrell, "G. G."

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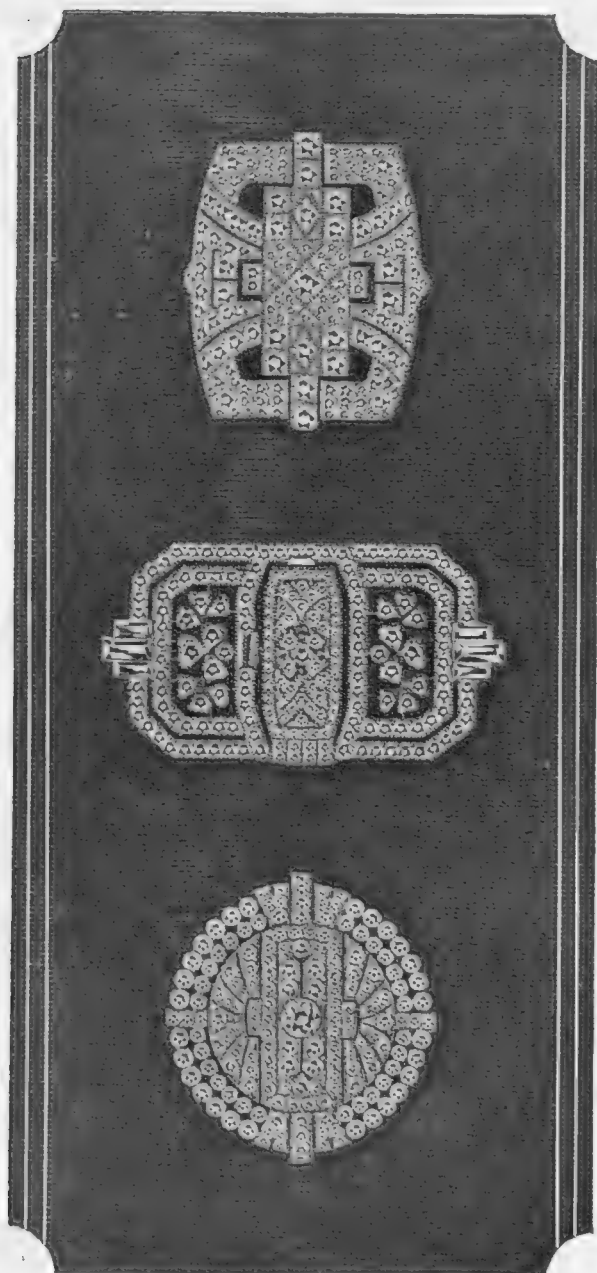
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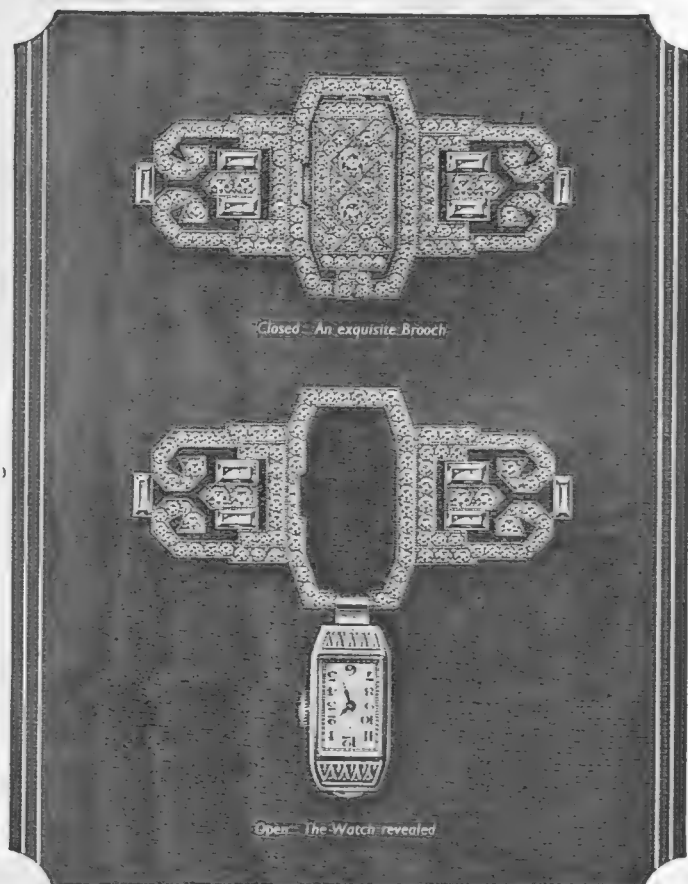
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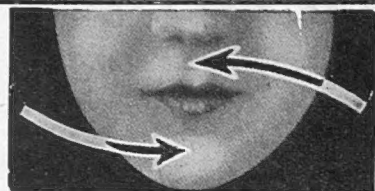
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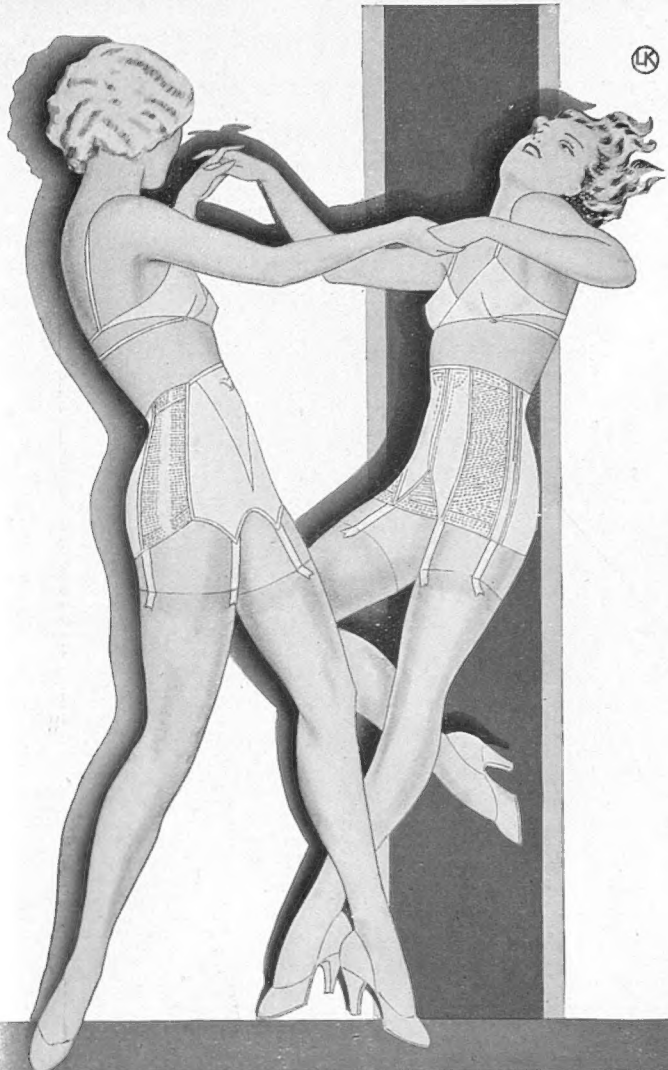
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